The Saturday Evening
POST
May 3, 1958 – 15¢

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BEREA, OHIO

Senator McClellan Tells What He Learned About Labor Gangsters

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
JACQUES BARZUN

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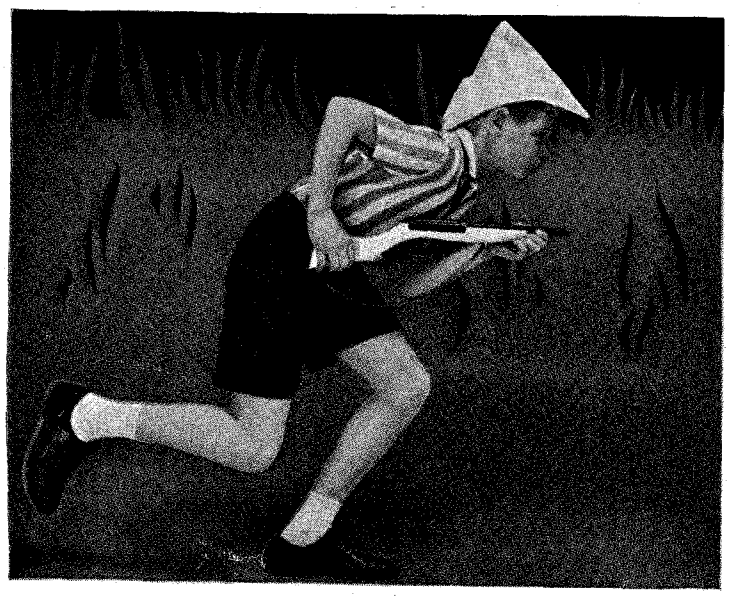

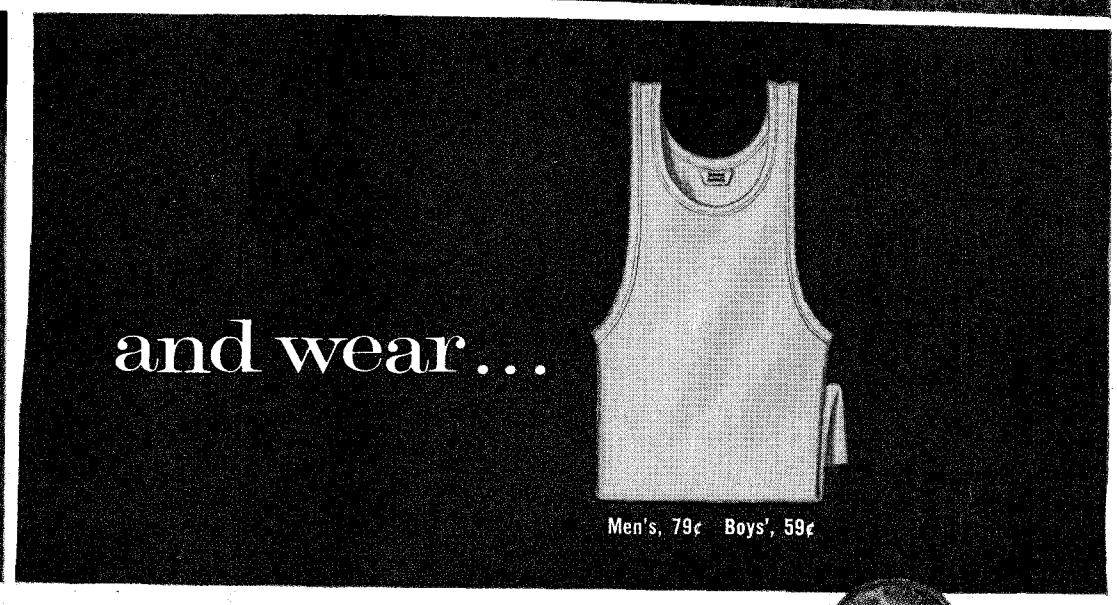

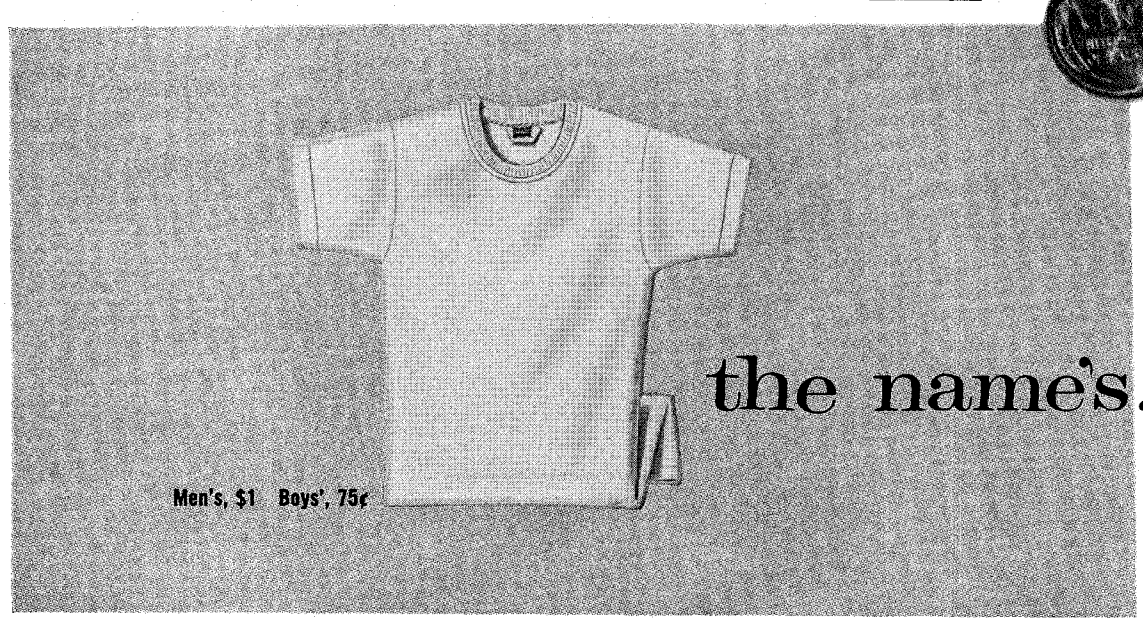

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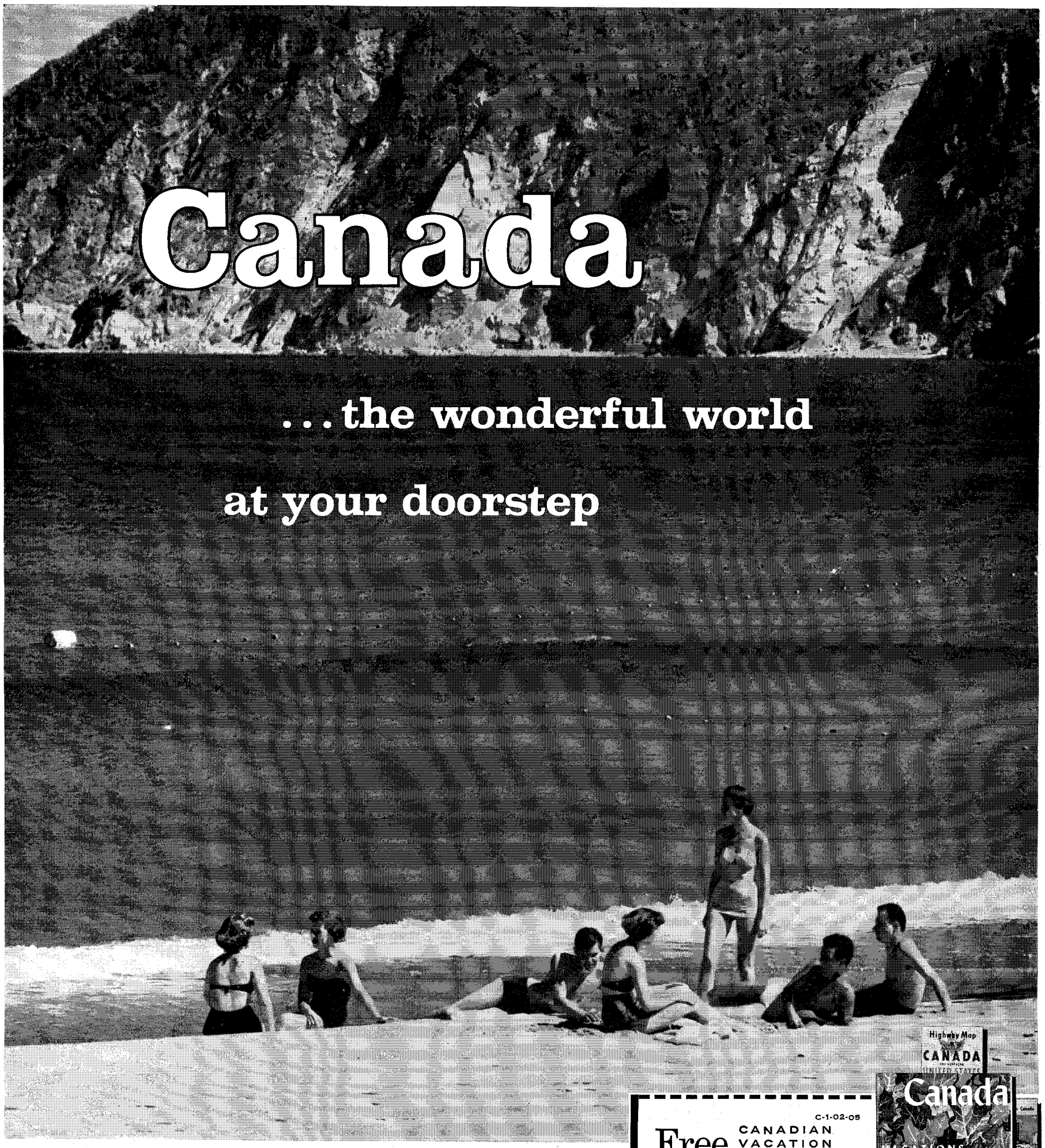
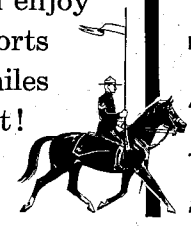


Summertime . . . when life is pure delight on Canada's golden beaches. Come abroad this summer and discover the fun of a foreign vacation in this friendly, nearby land. In Canada you can enjoy some of the world's best fishing . . . stay at luxurious modern resorts . . . play golf amid spectacular scenery . . . roam 29,000 square miles of National Parks. All this on a surprisingly modest travel budget! Remember, Canada is easy to reach . . . no passports required. Start planning by mailing the coupon today.



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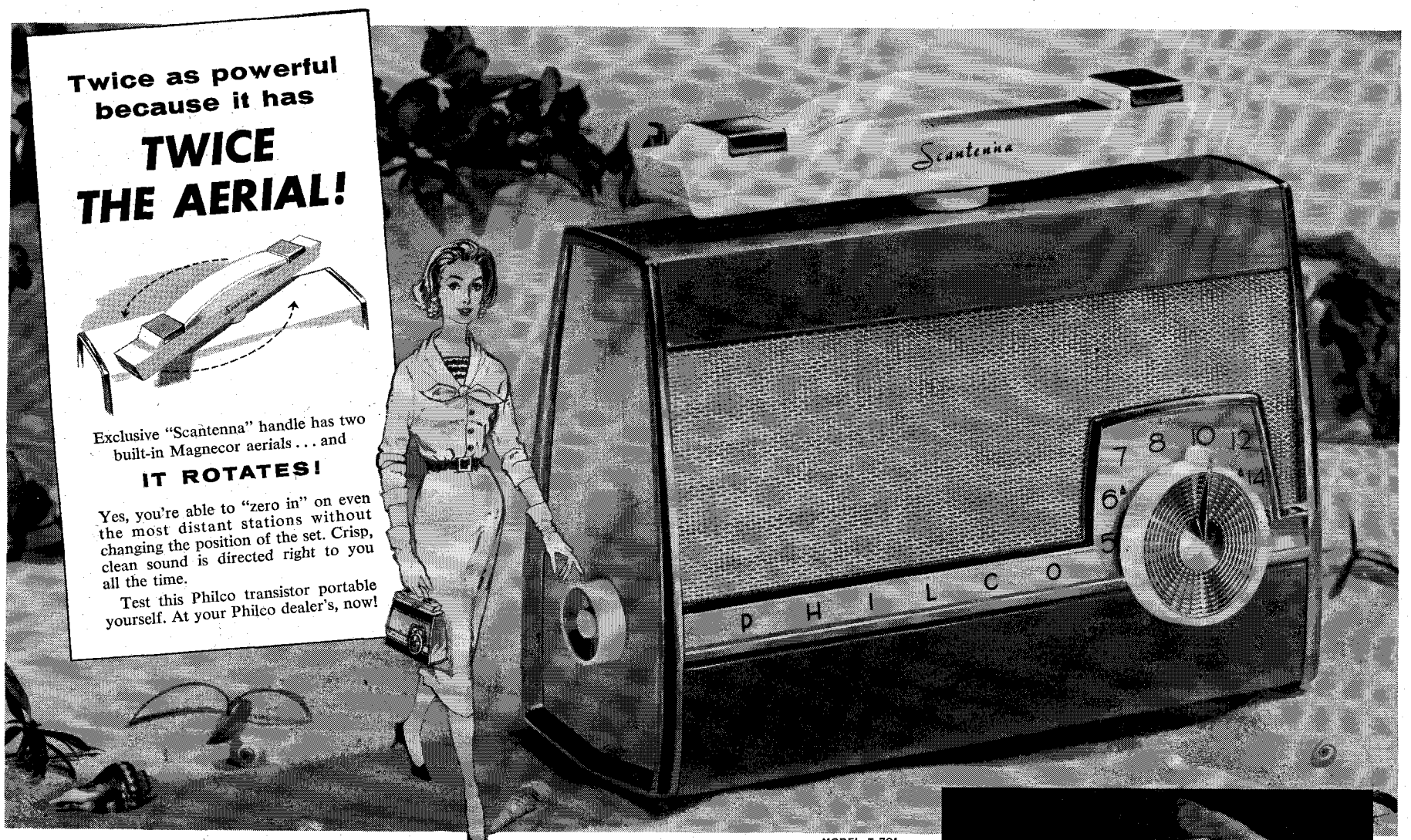

Twice as powerful because it has
TWICE THE AERIAL!
Exclusive "Scantenna" handle has two built-in Magnecor aerials . . . and
IT ROTATES!
Yes, you're able to "zero in" on even the most distant stations without changing the position of the set. Crisp, clean sound is directed right to you all the time.
Test this Philco transistor portable yourself. At your Philco dealer's, now!
Scantenna
PHILCO

MODEL T-701

This new Philco delivers big, console performance everywhere. The seven rugged Philco transistors take up far less room than ordinary vacuum tubes. This allows Philco to use a bigger, more powerful speaker.

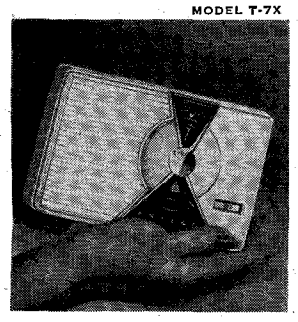
It's tops in style, too! New Tapered Profile, gleaming brass end plates. Choice of two colors. Shock-resistant styrene case.

Operates on regular flashlight batteries! It actually *costs you less* to operate than an ordinary radio running on regular house current. You can't beat that for value!

See the complete line of Philco transistor radios at your dealer's today!

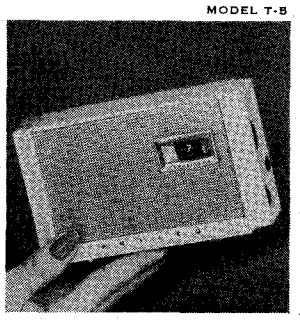
Choose from seven outstanding models, ranging from the vest-pocket Philco Veep to the incomparable seven-band Trans-World short-wave portable. Compare Philco transistor radios to any others! You're sure to agree, "Philco is first with the finest in transistors!"

MODEL T-7X



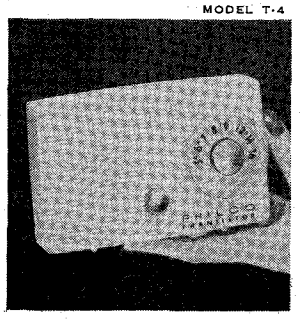
Champion of pocket-size transistors! Brilliant tone with plenty of volume. Has seven Philco transistors; uses regular flashlight batteries.

MODEL T-5



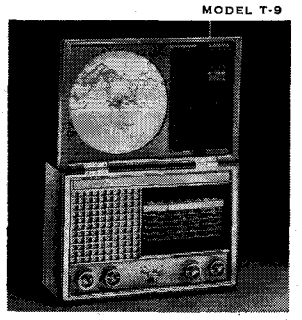
Tops in the 5-transistor class! Fine tuning. Plays on just four penlight batteries. Handsome ivory, black and gold case. Attractive carrying case available.

MODEL T-4



World's finest 4-transistor radio! Unbeatable value. Built-in Magnecor aerial pulls in the most distant stations. Plays on just four penlight batteries.

MODEL T-9



The Trans-World short-wave radio! Tune in the whole world on regular flashlight batteries. Nine transistors. Seven bands. Lightweight, fully portable.

EVERY PART GUARANTEED 5 YEARS!

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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VeeP
VEST-POCKET RADIO

No bigger than a pack of cigarettes, but packed with power. The Veep is designed for personal use, with a private ear speaker . . . brings in every station bright and clear. Three transistors. Operates on two tiny mercury cells. Perfect at home, at the game . . . any place, any time! $19.95

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose*

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FIRST WITH THE FINEST IN TRANSISTORS!

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THE COVER

The theory that a woman never gets dressed on time for a scheduled appearance is herewith refuted in the nick of time. When Mrs. Keyes, the organist, makes her entry at 10:56 o'clock she must be pessimistic about that chaos behind her, yet right at the tick of 11:00 everybody is in the choir loft except half of one chorister, and even *her* voice is inside. Those girls (who aren't portrayed with exact likenesses) are friends of artist Thornton Utz's daughters, Wendy and Merrily, in Sarasota, Fla., and since Utz has put together details of various local churches, they can all feel spiritually at home in the painting. They can also, it might be added, feel thankful that the congregation in their composite church is unable to see the left-hand side of our cover.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Just dial the coffee strength you desire
—from mild to strong!
Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
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Automatically delivers the Strength you select

- **Strength Selector Dial is easy-to-set**
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- **Has Stainless Steel pump—won't stick or corrode**
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The Sunbeam Automatic Percolator gives you *greater value* through *quality construction* for extra years of superior performance. Strength Selector Dial *automatically* gives you coffee the way you like it—*from mild to strong.* Coffee is kept at perfect drinking temperature *automatically.* Resets itself for next brewing cycle. In 8 and 10 cup sizes.

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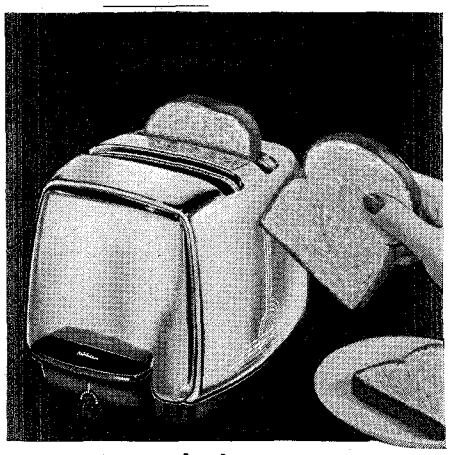

The ONLY completely Automatic Toaster
—Automatic beyond belief!

- **No levers to push—Bread lowers automatically**
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- **Exclusive Radiant Control automatically adjusts toasting cycle to moisture content of bread**
- **Always uniform toast—whether bread is thick or thin—frozen or fresh—rye or white.**

You get *quality* and *economy* with the Sunbeam Toaster. Sunbeam in-built quality construction gives extra years of dependable service. Gives you toast just the way you want it. You can even reheat cool toast without burning. Be sure the Toaster you get is a Sunbeam . . . for years of *dependable, satisfactory* service.

Remember Mother on her day, May 11

The MARK OF QUALITY Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE
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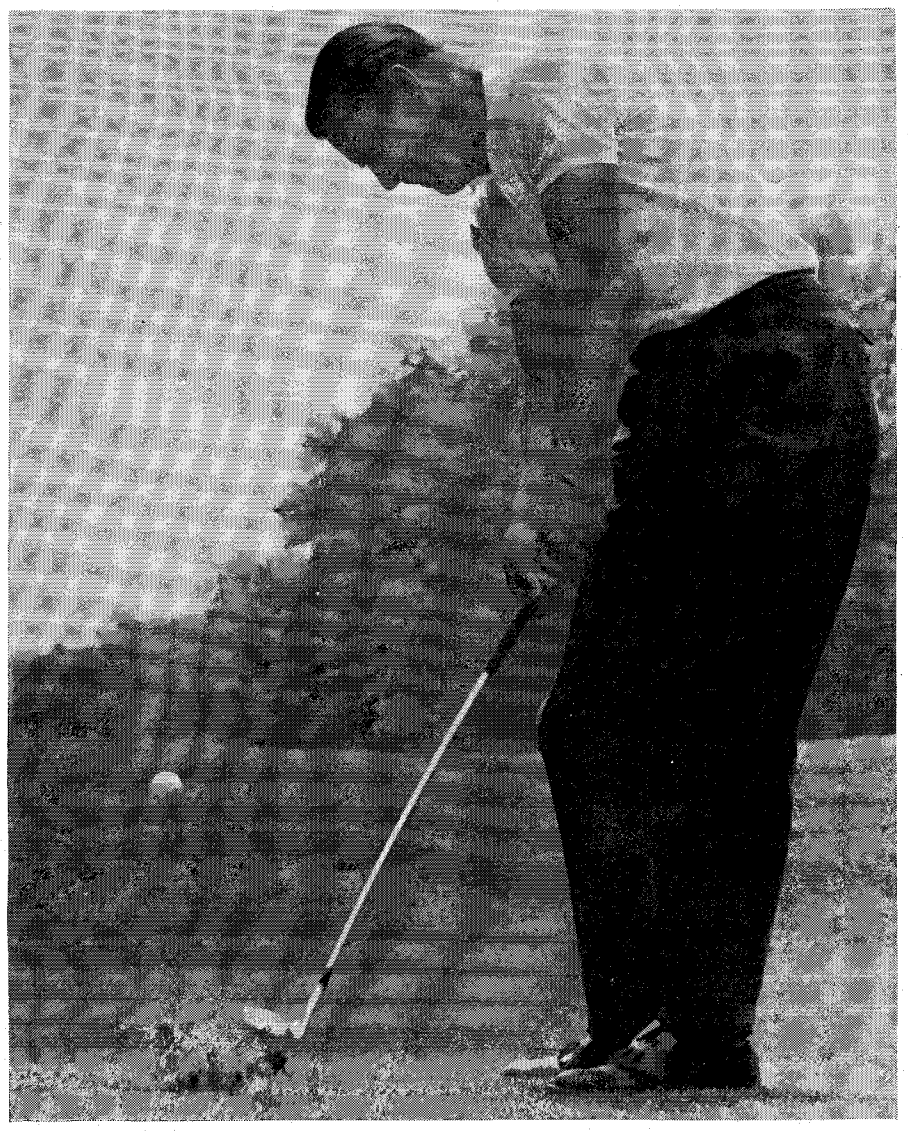
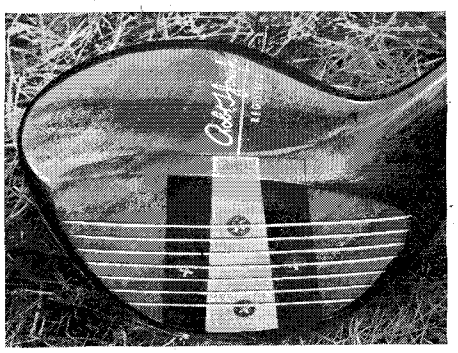




If you can break 100—you deserve these new Spalding clubs

(If you can't, you need 'em)

Spalding's great new 1958 Registered BOBBY JONES clubs have a built-in advantage that can really help you play better golf.

Here's why. BOBBY JONES clubs are SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs. This means that every club in your set swings and feels alike. There are no strangers. Result—your game gains a great new consistency.

Built To Last

Shafts of the BOBBY JONES irons are reverse-threaded into the heads—there's no pin to work loose. BOBBY JONES woodheads are HYDROSEAL PROCESSED, impregnated and coated with plastic for extra strength, virtually impervious to water damage.

Swing the new BOBBY JONES clubs at your Spalding dealer's soon. Feel for yourself how much they can help *your* game.

P.S. Your sporting goods dealer has Spalding clubs for every golfer's game and pocketbook. Like all Spalding products, these clubs are guaranteed . . . *unconditionally!*

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

Letters

Battle of the Sexes

Dear Sirs:

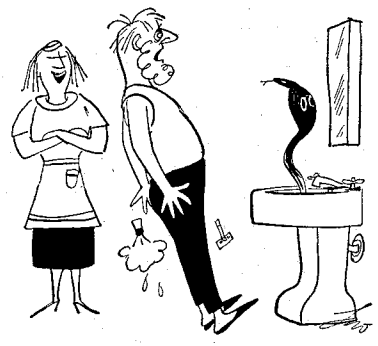
I protest! In the March 22 issue of the Post you ran an article entitled THINGS WE NEVER TOLD EACH OTHER UNTIL NOW. You mentioned that Mr. Robert Paul Smith was a well-known author, but in true male fashion, you ignored the fact that Mrs. Elinor Goulding Smith is an author worthy of merit also.

Her two books, The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Housekeeping and The Complete Book of Absolutely Perfect Baby and Child Care, are the only two books I felt merited a hard-cover edition in my library.

DOROTHEA R. QUEENAN
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I wish my husband—like Mr. Smith—would act as if he were facing a king cobra when he finds a strand of my hair



accidentally left in the washbasin. Instead, he lifts it to the w. c. much as one would carry a dead mouse by the end of its tail. How nice it would be to see him freeze with terror instead of with horror.

MRS. E. D. JEWETT
Yuma, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for presenting my two favorite writers, the Smiths.

My idea of a whale of a time would be to move Jean Kerr (Please Don't Eat the Daisies) in next door and then be a mouse in the corner.

FRANCES COOPER THOMPSON
Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sirs:

It may be that Mr. Smith is a well-known author, but I am sure if I sent in an article for you to publish containing such incoherent, jumbled-up sentences as was in Mr. Smith's SOMETIMES I HATE HER, BUT . . ., it would find its way very quickly to your wastebasket.

MRS. RUTH E. FARREY
Woburn, Mass.

Off the Deep End?

Dear Sirs:

I would like to dispel the impression given in the article DEATH AND I AT 60 FATHOMS by Norman (Smokey) Ream, as told to Eric Mick Nathanson, Mar. 22, that diving to great depths is necessarily a "harrowing ordeal" from which the diver is fortunate to survive. While this may be so for the uninitiated and unschooled diver, the U. S. Navy's deep-sea divers make routine dives to 385 feet as a part of their student training. These dives are, without exception, uneventful and without "bends," and are accomplished with the use of the same U. S. Navy helium-oxygen decompression tables which Mr. Ream unfortunately modified to suit his individual physical structure. . . .

It is only by great good fortune that many of these thrill-seekers survive their attempts at record-setting dives. . . . If this article serves no other purpose than to discourage divers with similar goals, it will have performed a very worthy function.

LT. CMDR. R. D. WORKMAN
Medical Corps, USN
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Smokey Ream stunt article drives us (the diving fraternity) to the pen that writes underwater. . . .

The U. S. and several other navies have sent numerous helmet divers far below Ream's 370-foot "record" on oxygen-helium. The chemical and physiological factors of mixed-gas diving are the same for helmet men and free divers. If anything, the helmet dress gives the experimental deep man more trouble than the independent rig. Ream's story had merely a macabre interest for divers because of how badly he botched the dive.

Ream has the impertinence to cite Frédéric Dumas' Aqua-Lung descent to 307 feet (on pure compressed air) as one of the "records" he had eclipsed. A number of your readers know that the absolute depth limit of compressed-air divers is about 300 feet, while helium mixtures have extended divers to 600 feet. Brother Ream is bragging that he overtook Dumas' bike with his motorcycle.

JAMES DUGAN
New York, N.Y.

● *Ream's record applies only to diving with Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus (SCUBA). This is the only record claimed in his article. As for "botching" the dive, Ream says, "If I had botched it, I would be dead."* —ED.

The Death Sentence

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the penetrating article, MERCY IS A LONELY BUSINESS, by Gov. Averell Harriman, as told to Murray Teigh Bloom, in your issue of March 22.

We residents of the state of New York may well be proud that we have as its head a man of such simple dignity, deep sense of responsibility, great insight and compassion.

FANNIE LAMBERT
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The execution of murderers serves a deep, realistic need in a community of human beings.

S. OSBORN BALL
Attorney-at-Law
Provincetown, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

In behalf of all of the members of the Federal Press Room in San Francisco I would call to your attention the incorrect caption which identifies newspaperman Clyde Bartel, of the Associated Press, as clerk William Sullivan, of the California Supreme Court.

WILLIAM H. BANCROFT
San Francisco, Calif.

● *Reader Bancroft is right. A picture-agency caption led us astray.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot understand why you used the pictures (Continued on Page 6)

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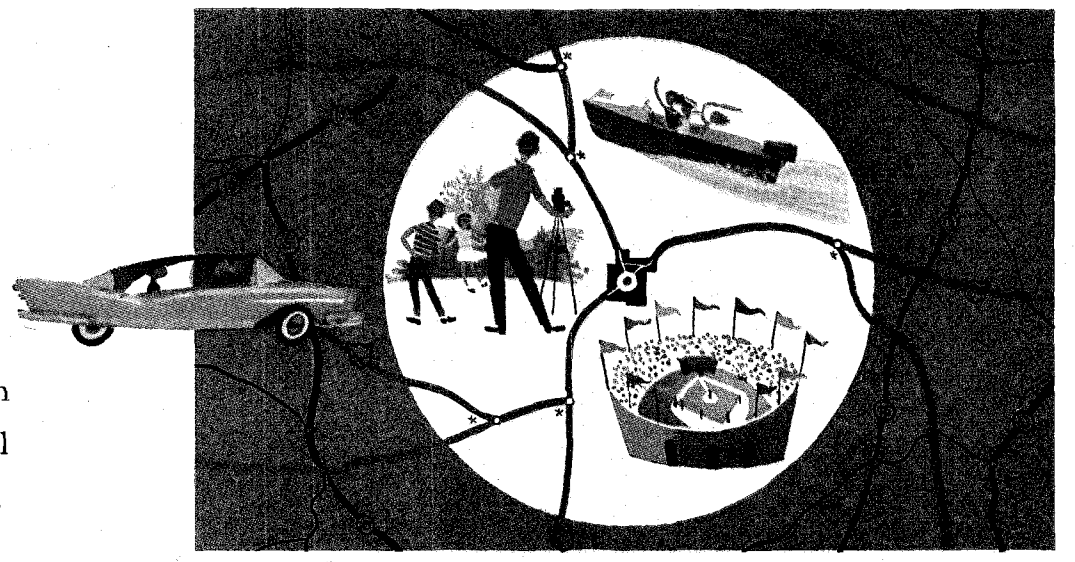
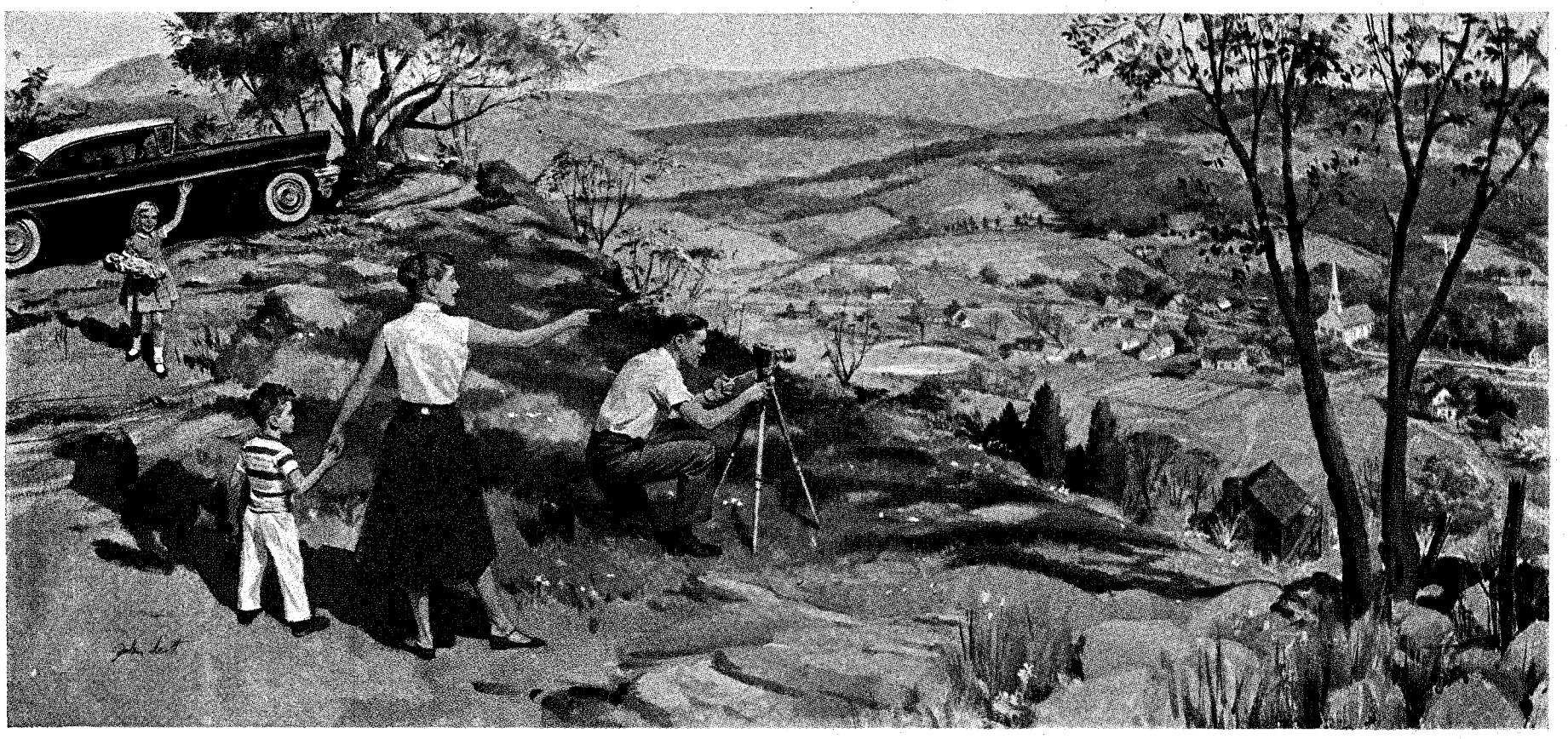
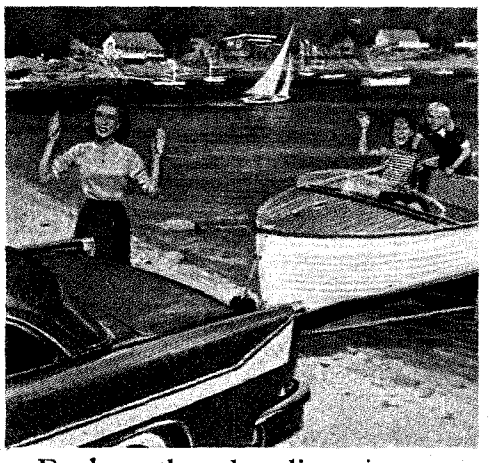
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle



Pick a direction—any direction—then get in the car and start going. You'll find the fun is as big as all outdoors.



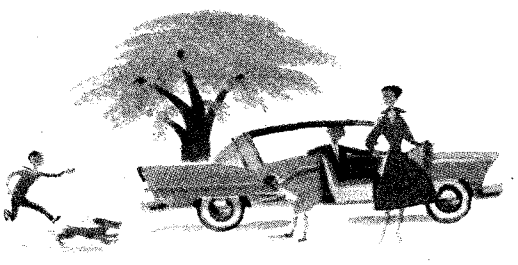


Explore the shorelines in your Magic Circle. Your car can be the happy way to launch your boat, go fishing, hunt for shells, or simply take a waterside walk at a nearby lake.

Follow the home team wherever they go. There's fascination for everybody in baseball, real fun in rounding up a car party, seeing the sights on the way to and from the game.

Come out and play . . . by car. A world of sunlight, soft breezes and new spring scenery awaits you. No password needed. Just put the family in your car and start living. Start driving.

Your Magic Circle is full of fun anytime, anywhere you drive. It makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life. And from start to end of any trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make it a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or your next vacation.



DRIVE MORE . . .
IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE
YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE

"ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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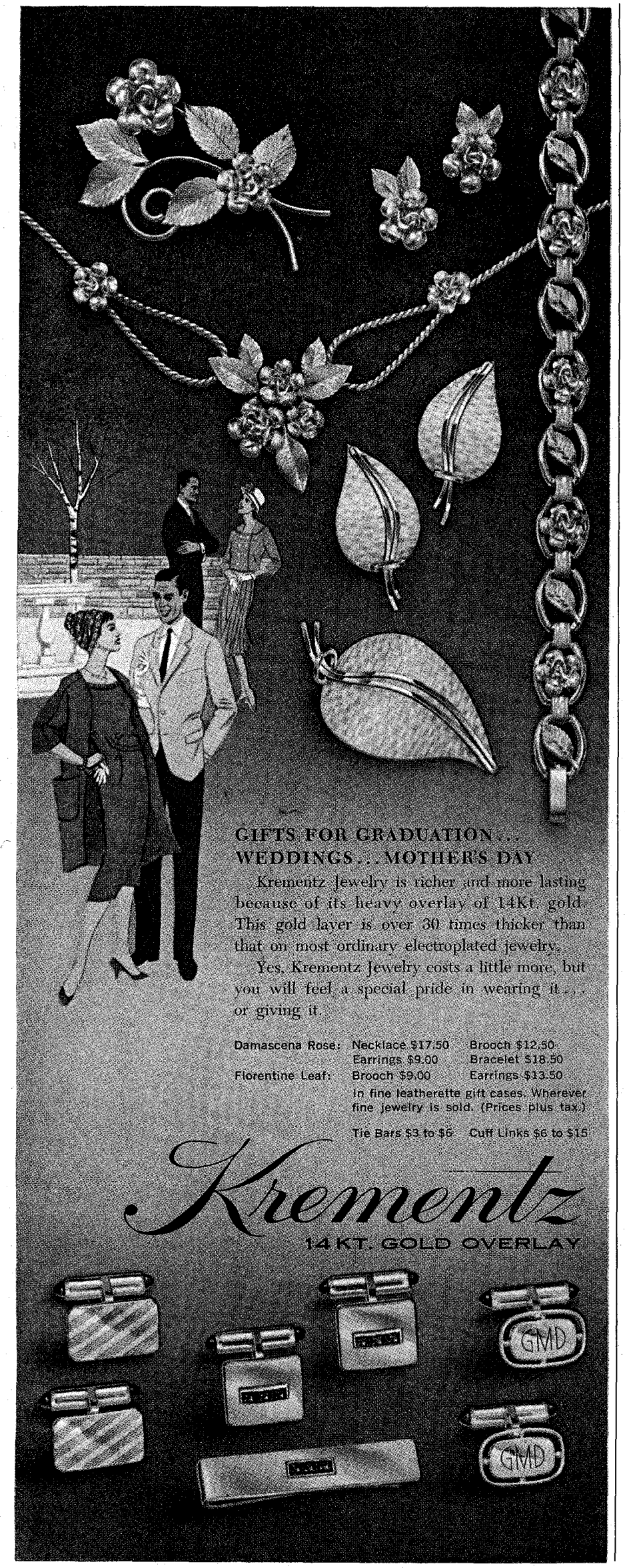

GIFTS FOR GRADUATION...
WEDDINGS...MOTHER'S DAY
Krementz Jewelry is richer and more lasting because of its heavy overlay of 14Kt. gold. This gold layer is over 30 times thicker than that on most ordinary electroplated jewelry.
Yes, Krementz Jewelry costs a little more, but you will feel a special pride in wearing it . . . or giving it.
Damascena Rose: Necklace $17.50 Brooch $12.50
Earrings $9.00 Bracelet $18.50
Florentine Leaf: Brooch $9.00 Earrings $13.50
In fine leatherette gift cases. Wherever fine jewelry is sold. (Prices plus tax.)
Tie Bars $3 to $6 Cuff Links $6 to $15
Krementz
14 KT. GOLD OVERLAY
GMD
GMD

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

concerning the Burton Abbott case here in California. . . .

Over one of the pictures you said that Burton Abbott was executed two minutes before his reprieve came through. Then over the other picture you stated that Governor Knight was on a ship at sea. May I tell you the actual facts as they happened because I was there. . . .

Governor Knight had handed down his decision weeks before that there was no evidence that required a stay of execution. *That* morning, Abbott's attorneys got in touch with Knight and asked for additional time. Knight gave them an hour. . . . Two minutes before the execution, Abbott's attorneys called the Governor (by radiotelephone) and said they had something new. The Governor talked to the prison and found out it was too late. . . . Knight was as available as if he had been in his own office and the Governor had no intention of granting a reprieve. He only inquired as to the status of the execution in case there was something new.

MEL RIDDLE
Stockton, Calif.

● *Reader Riddle is right, according to Governor Knight, who now says, "At no time was I given any information which would cause me to prevent the execution of Burton Abbott." But at the time of the incident, newspapers reported that Knight had agreed—too late—to grant a last-minute stay of execution.* —*ED.*

Goethe: A Swine With Women?

Dear Sirs:

Would you please convey to James P. O'Donnell congratulations on an interesting series of articles on Chaplin. (CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE, March 8–22). What especially prompts my letter today is my objection to a slanderous description on page 110 of the March 22nd issue. There he writes that "the poet Goethe was a swine with women. . . ." Unless Mr. O'Donnell has had access to materials on the conduct of the poet which none of the many Goethe scholars throughout the world have had, this statement can only be termed as nonsense. The other conclusion that Mr. O'Donnell makes (or draws), that supreme lyric poetry came from Goethe's swinish treatment, is equally unfortunate.

I am certain that Mr. O'Donnell could have found far better examples to illustrate his point; in fact, Goethe strikes me as being a very poor model.

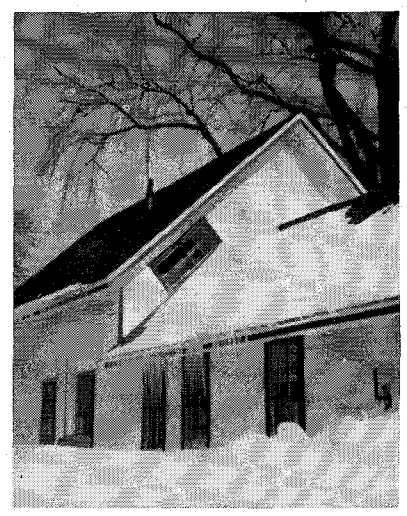
KARL F. KOENIG
Department of German
Colgate University
Hamilton, New York

● *In a cable from Paris, author O'Donnell stands firm: "There's Friederike, Kaetchen, Lotte, Lili, Emilie, Marianne—and then there was Gretchen."* —*ED.*

"Evil-Eye Window"

Dear Sirs:

Under "Letters" in your March 15th issue Mrs. Constance Heacox, of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, asks if any Post reader has ever seen a window to match the inclined one shown in the picture of her old Vermont home. I am enclosing a picture of a similar window shown in a house in Hartland, Maine, which was built about one hundred years ago, and in which I lived for some years as a boy prior to 1910. . . .



This just goes to show that evidently Maine and Vermont have something more in common than the 1936 presidential election.

MERRILL A. MOORE
Hartland, Maine

● *Older readers will recall that in 1936, Alf Landon carried only two states, giving rise to the Democratic-inspired saw, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The windows have an "evil-eye look" that cannot be excelled for scaring away crows, traveling salesmen and lightning. If you have an afternoon to kick around sometime, try hanging a pair of drapes on them, though. It's quite a feat. If drapes aren't hung, the sunshine that seems to thrive particularly on such odd spots fades the wallpaper near the window in a most unbecoming, lopsided manner. This design of wallpaper is hard on the eyes unless one has one leg a great deal shorter than the other, which naturally puts one eye higher than the other.

MELODIE J. MORRILL
Claremont, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

There is a house at South Troy, Vt., in which my wife and I set up housekeeping that has just such a window. Such windows are not uncommon in Vermont.

Look at the pictures of the house bought by Mrs. Heacox's father. A straight-up-and-down window there would have been too small. Vermont carpenters know their business.

W. G. MCGINNIS
City Historian
Perth Amboy, N.J.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Merrill A. Moore. • 19, 20, 21–Austin Briggs. • 22–Ollie Atkins, International, Ollie Atkins, International. • 23–United Press, two from Wide World; International, two from Wide World. • 24, 25–Edwin Georgi. • 27–Philippe Halsman. • 28, 29–Esther D. P. Pruett. • 30–Larry Kritcher. • 31–United Press, Bill Shrout. • 32–Hans Knopf, two from Metera Baby Center. • 33–Philip Clarke, Hans Knopf. • 34, 35–Fred Ludekens. • 36–Gus Pasquarella. • 37–Paul Nonnast. • 38, 39–Eugene Kammerman. • 43–Robert Meyers. • 104–Philip Clarke, Brown Brothers, Canada National Defense Photo.

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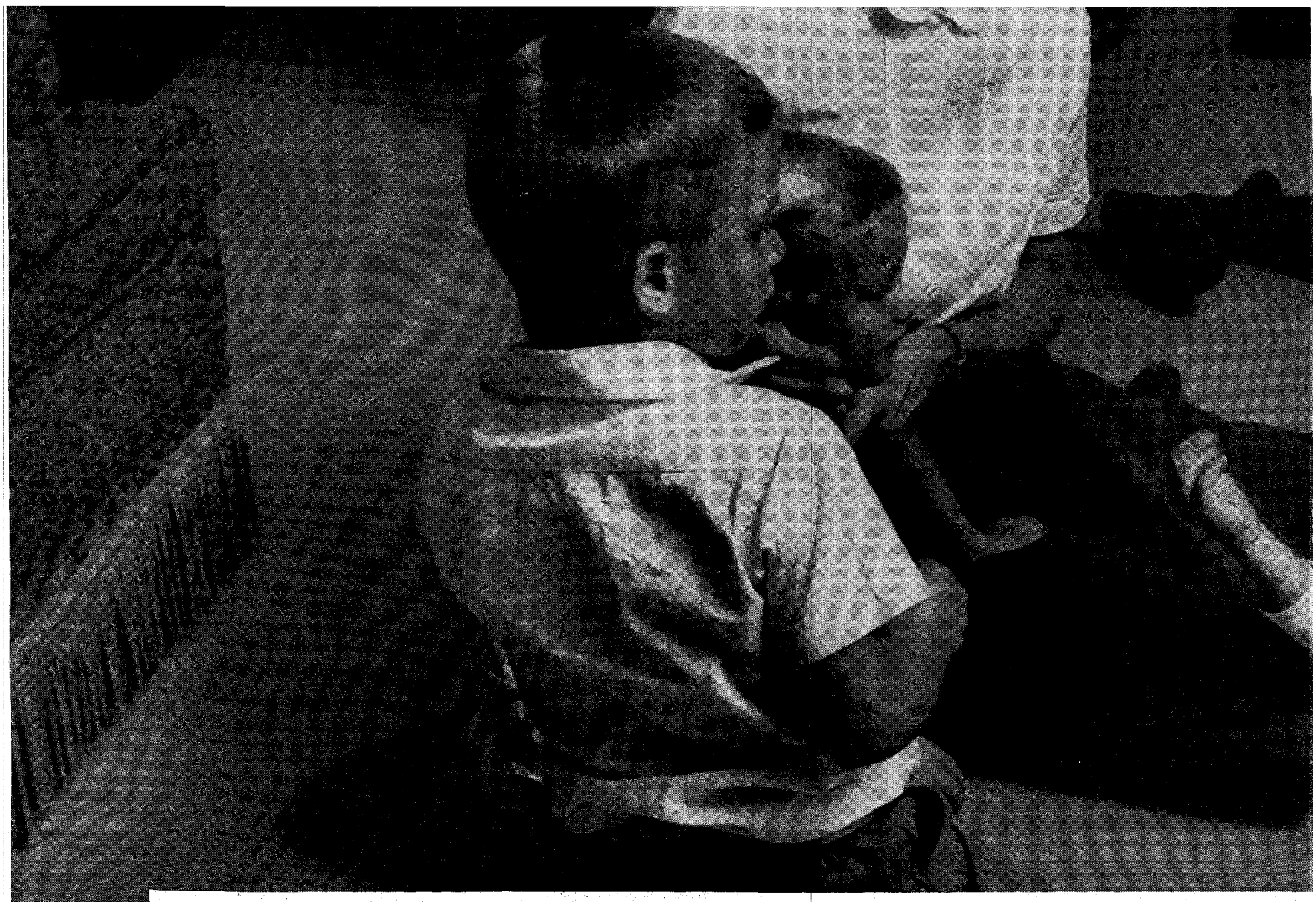

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"Sunday Afternoon" by Esther Bubley

:e pays off for the living

ıelp you to send your children to college, to meet major medical :xpenses, or to protect your home. And, at retirement age, it can ıelp make you independent of a job.

These are just a few among the many examples of *Living* Insurınce in action. Ask the Man from Equitable about any form of ›rotection for you and your family. *The Equitable Life Assurance ›ociety of the U.S., 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

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Editorials

Germany's Free Economy Outpaces Socialist Rivals

From time to time a Communist dictator takes time out from the day's occupation of bumping off "rightists" to repeat the Marxist dictum that "capitalism will die of its own inconsistencies." Actually, of course, it is Communism which has the "inconsistencies," and these would probably have proved fatal long ago except for the curious capitalist habit of rescuing socialist and Communist regimes from the consequences of their system. Yugoslavia's Communist "planning" destroys agriculture in the bread basket of Europe, and along comes Uncle Sam with a wheat loan!

On the other hand, West Germany, a nation beaten down to rubble by war, has staged a revival which has its socialist and half-socialist neighbors, with their "built-in depressions," talking to themselves. The American Enterprise Association recently published a brochure by Prof. David McCord Wright, of McGill University, in which he discusses this phenomenon.

Professor Wright, basing his conclusions on a statistical analysis by Prof. W. O. Thweatt, of Cambridge University, points out that under its relatively free economic system, Germany has outstripped its "planned" and socialistic neighbors in almost every field. Real wages have gone up at a far more rapid rate than in England while retail prices, which have risen rapidly in planned England, actually fell in free-enterprise Germany.

Professor Wright believes that Germany accomplished these and other miracles because she has resisted the impulse to impose controls on industry, has devised a tax system which encourages investors and, perhaps most important of all, has managed to avoid the strikes and captious work stoppages which have plagued the rest of Western Europe.

Apparently in the belief that capitalism needed a boost on the theoretical side, an economist named Louis O. Kelso teamed up with philosopher Mortimer J. Adler to produce The Capitalist Manifesto (Random House), the thesis of which is that our national income should be more equitably distributed through the creation of more capitalists rather than through the constant procession of "laboristic" wage increases. To get more capitalists, the authors propose a variety of devices, including one of dubious merit—tax laws requiring corporations to pay out all their earnings to stockholders instead of plowing the profits back into the business.

This last suggestion would prevent the necessary reinvestment of the profits of industry in plant expansion and replacement of obsolete equipment. In an era of inflated costs, it is easy to imagine what would happen to an industrial corporation which had paid all its earnings to stockholders.

In this country, at any rate, progress toward the wider ownership of industry has already been extraordinary. The New York Stock Exchange reports that approximately 40 per cent of the companies whose securities are listed on the exchange sponsor some type of stock or option purchase plan. This, of course, takes no account of the investment which individuals of all income groups have made on their own account, or of the investments made by labor unions, investment clubs and other institutions. There are now nearly 9,000,000 individual investors in publicly held American corporations, an increase of 33 per cent since 1952. Furthermore, according to the Stock Exchange, the small investors have held onto their stocks, even during the recent decline.

If this process continues, it could just possibly produce an effective public opinion in opposition to trends which threaten the security of investment—things like uncontrolled public spending, exorbitant taxes, wage increases forced by union pressure regardless of productivity, and so on.

The "inconsistencies" which threaten the survival of capitalism are its dabblings into socialism which cloud the picture. The German story indicates what can happen when private enterprise is given its head.

Our In-and-Out Policy on Minerals Could Hamper America's Defenses

By EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

Today the minerals segment of our economy is in trouble. World prices of copper, zinc, lead, tungsten and other metals essential to our industries have toppled to the point where U.S. producers, who pay miners from five to twenty times what foreign miners receive, just can't compete.

In Butte, long famed as the "richest hill on earth," 5300 men were working in the mines in January of 1957. Today fewer than 2000 are employed, with more layoffs expected. It's a sort of chain reaction. With a smaller ore output, the smelter in Anaconda needs fewer men and the refinery in Great Falls lays off workers too.

This current crisis in the feast-and-famine minerals industry is a result of the patch, mend and improvise Government policy on U.S. mining. During World War II, when enemy submarines were sinking a shockingly high percentage of the ships bringing strategic minerals from Africa and South America, we depended on our ability to produce these minerals at home. The industry's response was a decisive contribution to winning the war.

After the war, in 1946, Congress passed a Strategic and Critical Materials Stockpiling Act, but failed to implement it with necessary appropriations. Since then, Government agencies have spent some billion dollars to aid and develop minerals production abroad while doing little for domestic producers.

The Korean crisis again put metals mining on a crash basis, and U.S. producers came to the rescue. After Korea, in 1953, Congress passed measures and appropriations to continue buying strategic minerals, and the General Services Administration operated this program. Congress voted in 1956 to continue the program, but was slow about putting up the money. In the absence of immediate appropriations, minerals producers were encouraged to continue production on the assumption that deficiency appropriations would be forthcoming. They ended up holding the sack.

Tungsten is the key component of heat-resistant alloys vital in jets and missiles. With unlimited use of tungsten for aircraft engines, Russian designers turned out a hotter-burning jet, which gave their MIG-15 better climbing and altitude capabilities than our F-86's showed over Korea. It was only because of other design faults in the MIG that we came out ahead. Our designers were handicapped by limitations on the use of tungsten because the Defense Department rated it short. At the same time another Government agency was trying to shut down domestic tungsten production because there was too much! It wasn't until December, 1956, that our aircraft engineers were told to use all the tungsten they wanted in engine design. This delay may have played a part in putting us behind the U.S.S.R. in the missile race.

When the Korean crisis caught us unprepared, tungsten prices soared from $25 a unit to $100. The current price on the world market is $13. While this low price has shut down even our most efficient domestic producers and put miners and processors out of work, the Government continues with contracts to buy another $60,000,000 worth of this product abroad at $55.

We need a long-range minerals program which will enable the industry to operate with reasonable continuity and stability.

This does not mean that we should shut off all minerals imports, nor should we bail out obviously inefficient producers. We should determine realistic price and volume levels which will keep efficient U.S. mines in operation and encourage needed exploration. We should then set import bases that will permit the importation of needed mineral products without forcing our producers to shut down.

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FIVE BIG REASONS WHY YOUR NEXT STATION WAGON SHOULD BE A *Plymouth*

If you're driving a wagon now, you've already moved ahead into that pleasant realm where motoring is a little more interesting . . . a little more satisfying . . . than it is for the owners of less exciting cars.

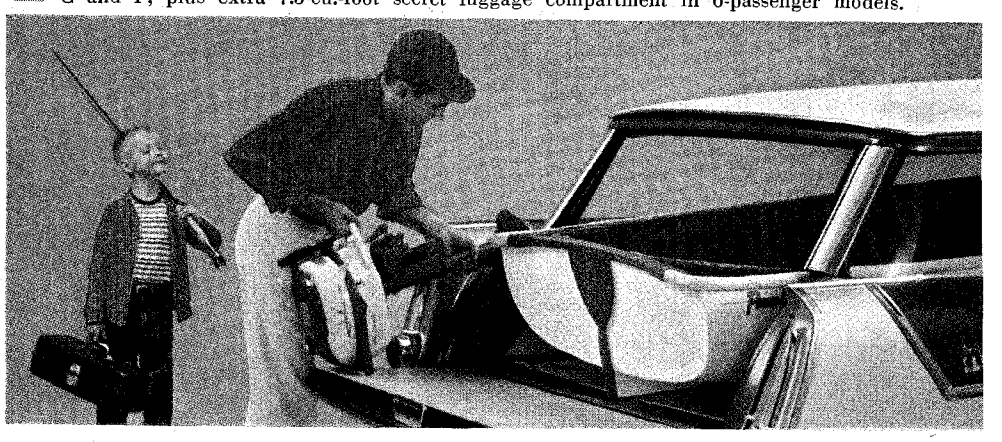
But are you paying an undue premium for your fun? Are you getting all that station wagon money can buy at a low, low budget price?

Plymouth has a story for you if you're driving a wagon of any other make. Size, for example: it's the biggest of the low-price 3. And value: you can pay almost twice as much and not get an inch more room . . . an inch bigger car. (You just can't buy a bigger station wagon at *any* price.) There are other interesting advances and features that put Plymouth far ahead now and make it worth more when you trade. Wouldn't it be wise to see what this most exciting of all station wagons has to offer?

Nobody wants to put *enjoyment* solely on a bookkeeping basis, but a good look at the Plymouth wagon . . . a ride in it . . . a study of its low cost and high value . . . is very likely to satisfy you that this time you can own a wagon-load of glamour and save money as well.

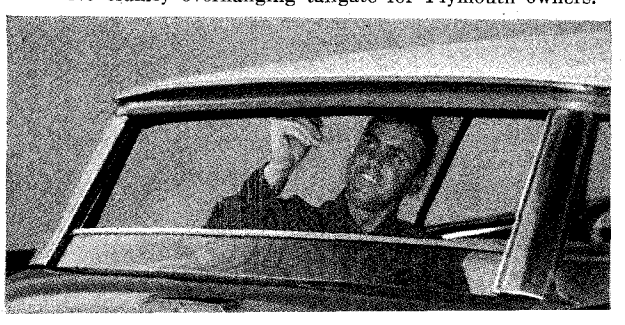
1 BIGGEST IN THE LOW-PRICE 3! Longest over-all. 122-inch wheelbase. Cargo deck a foot longer than in "other two." Big as wagons costing thousands more! Ideal for vacation trips.

2 HOLDS MUCH MORE THAN THE "OTHER TWO"! 7 cubic feet more cargo space than wagons C and F, plus extra 7.5-cu.-foot secret luggage compartment in 6-passenger models.

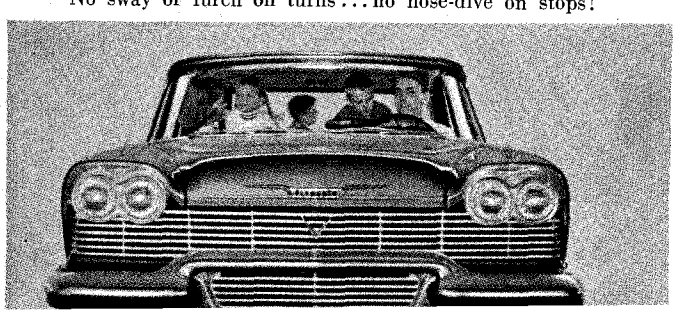


3 WIDE-VIEW OBSERVATION SEAT! Easy to enter. Folds flush in floor when not in use. A Plymouth low-price 3 exclusive. You have to lift out 3rd seat of "other two."

4 REAR WINDOW DISAPPEARS! Another Plymouth exclusive in its field! Window rolls into lower section. No clumsy overhanging tailgate for Plymouth owners.



5 AND IT RIDES WITH BIG CAR LUXURY! Floating Torsion-Aire Ride—Plymouth's top-luxury ride at no extra cost! No sway or lurch on turns . . . no nose-dive on stops!



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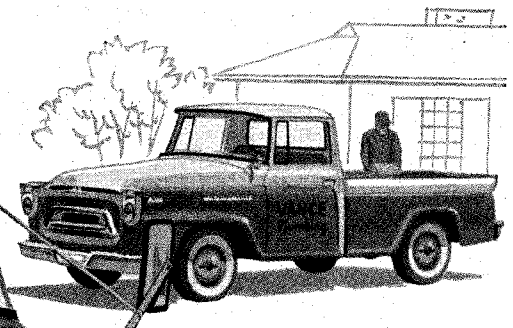
These are rugged trucks picked at random from the world's most complete line. International Trucks, of course. Engineered to combine *economy* with *comfort* and an *ease of handling* you can best understand after one turn at the wheel.

Roomy, easy-riding International pickups offer bonus loadspace bodies up to 8½-ft. long. Colors here, Timber Tan and Whitecap White.



Easier to handle in traffic, easier to park! This compact International cab-forward model is short in length, low in height and price—yet full-size in comfort. Shown in Marlin Blue. See your International Dealer.

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* First in heavy-duty truck sales 26 straight years. * First in six-wheel truck sales 23 straight years. * First in multi-stop truck sales 20 straight years. * INTERNATIONAL offers you more models... ½-ton pickups to 96,000 lbs. GVW.

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Being enjoyed privately—Motorola Super Americana Portable TV. Comes with Magic Mast antenna. 17" over-all diagonal picture, 155 sq. in. viewing area. *Specifications subject to change without notice. UHF and earphone optional, extra.*

MOTOROLA

The TV that plays by ear. You can tell what he likes best about our Americana Portable TV. The earphone attachment lets him enjoy it any time, any place without bothering a blessed soul. When others want to hear too, a big loudspeaker cuts in as the earphone plug is pulled out. And the Magic Mast antenna brings in pictures sharp and clear—as pictures should be. All good reasons why you get *More to enjoy.* From Motorola, of course.

Motorola® TV

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"My clothes wash whiter and brighter . . . and I use only half as much soap.

"Ellyn and Wayne love bathing in soft water suds, and there's no bathtub ring.

"No more spots on my dishes, glassware or silver. Now they really sparkle.

"My hands are in water often during the day—and they stay soft and white.

"Shampooing with soft water is marvelous! It leaves my hair shiny, easy to manage."

"Imagine! All these wonderful suds from just a pinch of soap in soft water," exclaims Mrs. Jack Pahr, Park Ridge, Illinois.

This busy mother loves soft water...and the lift it has given her life

Mrs. Pahr knows that homemaking is more efficient, more economical with soft water. Now *you* can have all the sparkling, filtered soft water you'll ever need, all through *your* home . . . *automatically*. You never even press a button! To enjoy *unlimited* soft water, regardless of family size or water usage, call your nearby Culligan dealer. He's the water conditioning expert in your community.

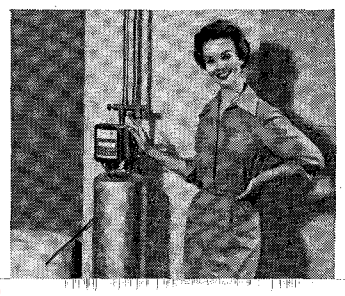
Completely automatic! Yes, now 3 ways to have unlimited soft water...automatically!

Culligan Soft Water Service. Your Culligan serviceman exchanges this portable water softener at regularly scheduled intervals. No equipment to buy, no work to do. Quickly and easily installed at any convenient location. Over a million satisfied customers!

Culligan Automatic Service Unit* Regenerates itself automatically. Culligan dealer owns this unit, and the serviceman calls just once or twice a year. It provides *unlimited* filtered soft water for every need.

Culligan Automatic Home-owned Model.* Own this distinctive Automatic at a budget price with easy terms. Assures unlimited soft water, guaranteed to be *fully* automatic. 10-year Warranty.

***Regenerates while you sleep!** Culligan's exclusive Electro Regen-a-rator smoothly, silently, automatically activates the cycles of backwashing, brining and rinsing...all at night, while you sleep!



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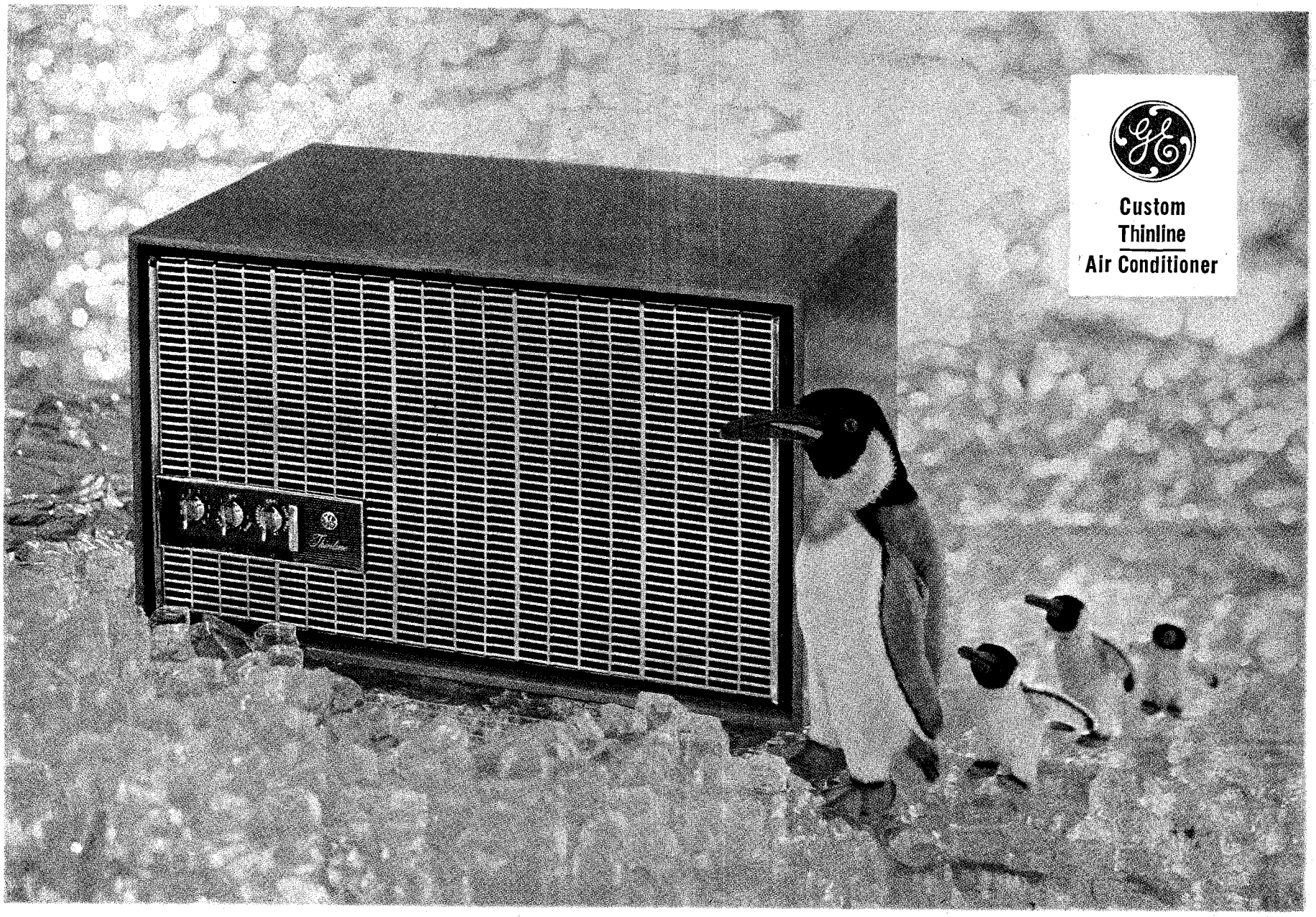

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20% Smaller...Big-As-Ever Cooling Power

Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, 16⅞ inches deep, 26 inches wide. *No side vents*—install it flush or through the wall. Compact size—yet full, big-unit cooling power in the newest General Electric *Thinline*.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

You get all the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinline* models—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up 1/5 less space.

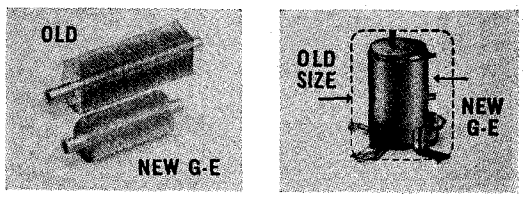
One General Electric Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour on 115 volts—it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

Both are so quiet you only know they're working by how comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent filter. Simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-56, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM



Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into compact cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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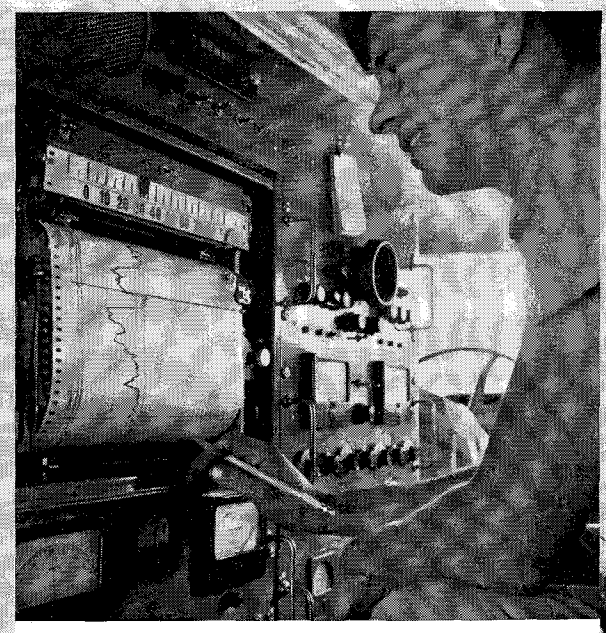

This recording chart inside the logging truck gives us a clear picture of the strata where the oil is blocked

Radioactivity helps PURE recover more oil from "stubborn" wells

How radioactive tracers tell us what's happening thousands of feet underground

Many people have the idea that oil is found in underground pools, and that once you tap the pool with a well, the oil flows automatically.

Unfortunately, that is seldom the case. Oil is generally found in porous rocks, such as limestone or sandstone. Frequently, producing formations have "tight" spots where the oil is blocked in and can't flow to the well.

When a new well doesn't produce up to expectations, we set about to determine the actual underground conditions. We pump fluids into the well under great pressure, fluids that contain radioactive isotopes. These radioactive tracers tend to concentrate where the rock is most porous and permeable. By running a Geiger counter down the well, we can measure the radioactivity at various levels and draw an accurate profile of the formation.

Once the tight zone is located, we can open the pores of the rock with acid or by hydraulic fracturing. In either case we are able to correct the well's "stubbornness" and boost the production of oil.

Harnessing radioactive isotopes to reduce guesswork in oil production is just one of the ways we put the *sure* in PURE. You'll see what we mean at any of our nearly 16,000 service stations in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E.Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.

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Move into your new home sooner...the Insured Savings and Loan Way

There's nothing more exciting than moving into a new home of your own. Room for everything and privacy, too . . . and a good place to bring up those wonderful children.

If you're building or buying a new home and need financing, the best place to go is your Insured Savings and Loan Association. Here's why:

1. These Associations know more about home loans, because they make more of them than any other type of financial institution—1,000,000 of them last year, totaling nearly $10 billion.

2. You get friendly understanding and attention to detail from a staff which is experienced in home financing.

3. You repay your loan just like rent. A single monthly repayment is usually set up to include principal, interest and property taxes as well.

And remember, if you don't have that down payment, your Insured Savings and Loan Association is the ideal place to save for it. Your money earns excellent returns, and is insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation.

Look for this symbol of safety where you save

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

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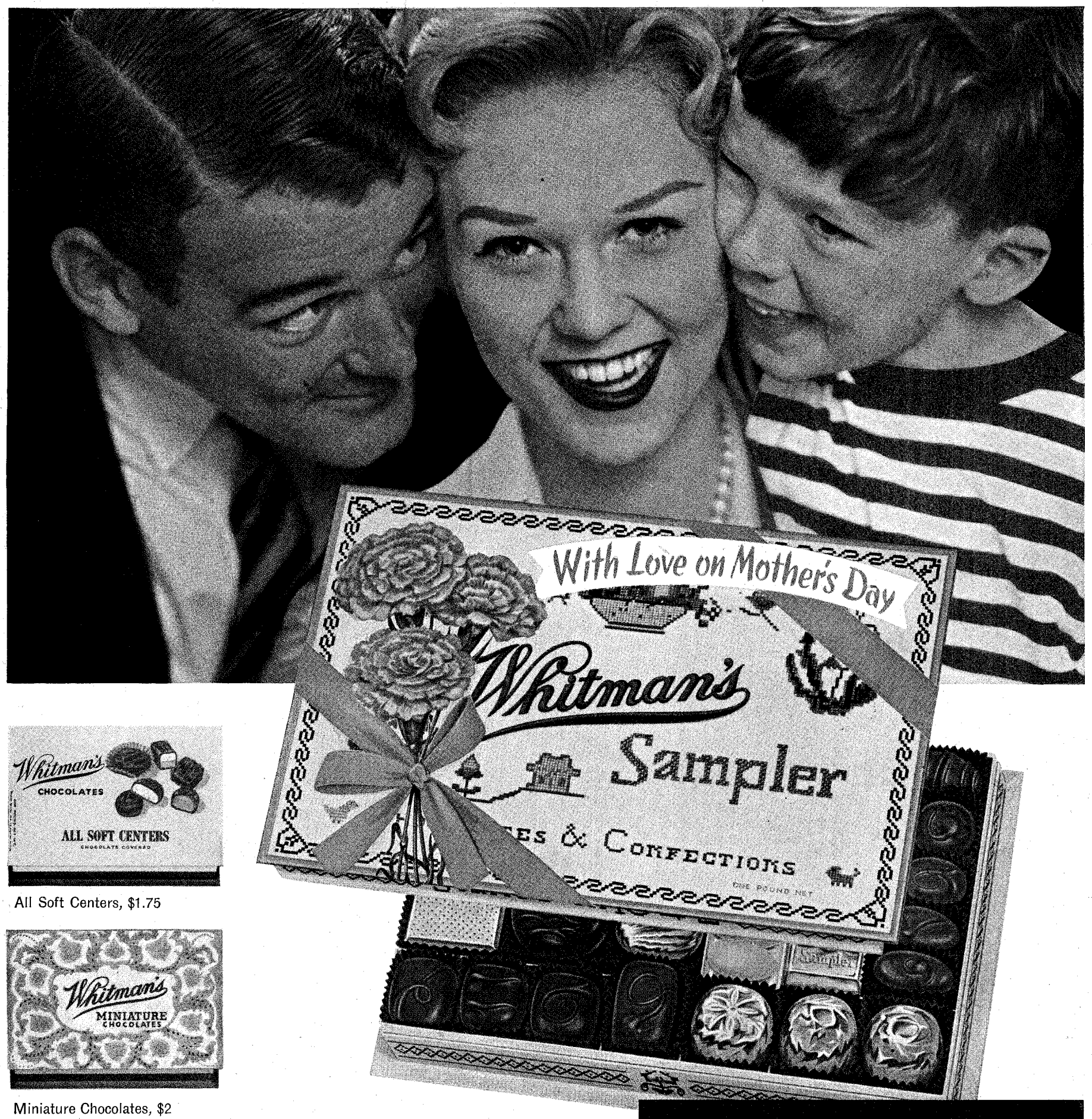
Something special for someone special



All Soft Centers, $1.75

Miniature Chocolates, $2

Remember Mother's Day

Sunday, May 11

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Whitman's

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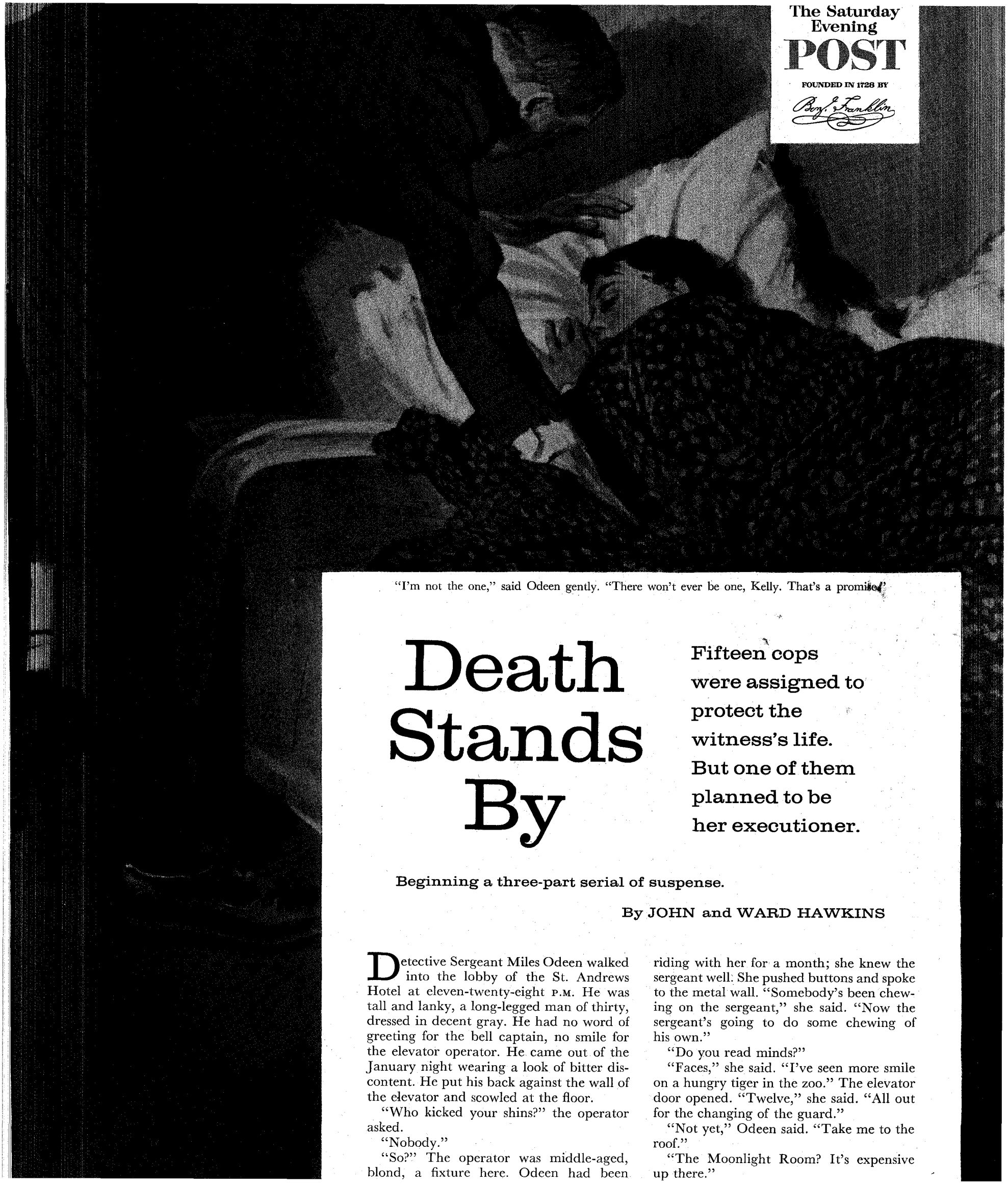

The Saturday Evening POST

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

"I'm not the one," said Odeen gently. "There won't ever be one, Kelly. That's a promise."

Death Stands By

Fifteen cops were assigned to protect the witness's life. But one of them planned to be her executioner.

Beginning a three-part serial of suspense.

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Detective Sergeant Miles Odeen walked into the lobby of the St. Andrews Hotel at eleven-twenty-eight P.M. He was tall and lanky, a long-legged man of thirty, dressed in decent gray. He had no word of greeting for the bell captain, no smile for the elevator operator. He came out of the January night wearing a look of bitter discontent. He put his back against the wall of the elevator and scowled at the floor.

"Who kicked your shins?" the operator asked.

"Nobody."

"So?" The operator was middle-aged, blond, a fixture here. Odeen had been riding with her for a month; she knew the sergeant well. She pushed buttons and spoke to the metal wall. "Somebody's been chewing on the sergeant," she said. "Now the sergeant's going to do some chewing of his own."

"Do you read minds?"

"Faces," she said. "I've seen more smile on a hungry tiger in the zoo." The elevator door opened. "Twelve," she said. "All out for the changing of the guard."

"Not yet," Odeen said. "Take me to the roof."

"The Moonlight Room? It's expensive up there."

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"One of the police will kill her," she whispered, "for fifty thousand dollars."

"So I hear," Odeen said. "Let's go."

There was a circular bar in the center of a vast, glass-walled room. A barman in a white mess jacket smiled at Odeen and reached for a paper napkin, a clean ash tray.

"Yes, sir," he said. "What'll it be?"

"Nothing," Odeen said.

"My error. Sometimes people buy a drink."

"All right if I look around?"

"The view," the barman said, "is free."

The Moonlight Room, sixteen stories above the street, was almost empty on Monday night, the band's night off. Two men were sitting at the bar, two waiters talked in a shadowed corner. Miles Odeen walked along a row of tables, his hands deep in the pockets of his topcoat. He had big ears, thick brows and large gray eyes. His nose was large and his mouth was wide. All in all, a pleasantly homely man, a head taller than most, looking at the view, but enjoying it not at all.

The city was out there, big and busy and sprawling, all its lights gleaming in the clear, cold night. Miles and miles of street. Thousands and thousands of homes and apartments. Fine schools and more abuilding. Plenty of parks. A million people doing whatever people do when a raw east wind booms in the eaves and the mercury clings to ten above and the pavements are sheathed in ice. All kinds of people—the good and the bad and the in-between—adding up to a decent town.

"By and large," Odeen told himself.

Not the best, but a long way from the worst. The city had its sorry citizens. Odeen, like any working cop, could name a hundred or more. And there were trouble spots. He could see the lights of a couple from where he stood—known and watched and slapped down regularly. There were thieves around. And there was vice—a million people, all that money—there was always vice. But the slots were gone and the books weren't functioning. All things considered, the city was on its way to becoming a good place to live and marry and raise a batch of kids.

"Except for Mario," Odeen said silently.

The glass wall of the Moonlight Room was a mirror of sorts, holding a dim image of Odeen's face—thick, scowling brows, flatly angry mouth. Durable was about the best you could ever say for it, Odeen decided. Tonight it was something to scare the children and sour the milk. Tonight Odeen had trouble on his mind.

He was a journeyman cop, nine years on the force, six in plain clothes. He had no illusions about his fellow men. He'd learned to live and work within the existing fences, knowing no government or set of laws had achieved perfection yet. He had seen the guilty wiggle free—it happened now and then, a hazard of his trade. He seldom let it bother him, knowing the averages hold up. Good breaks and bad, it evened out, but there were days when it was hard to go on believing that.

Mario Marcotte, important and feared and No. 1 on Odeen's list of people he could do without, was in Odeen's thoughts again. Mario was in the county jail, locked in a maximum-security cell, charged with murder in the first degree. Seven days hence Mario would hear the gavel fall as his trial opened. Later he would hear a good and competent witness say she'd seen him point the gun and pull the trigger and kill Jack Nevada, a burly thief, who'd come from Europe wearing another name. Other witnesses would supply motive and corroboration, and the sum of the testimony should be enough to put Mario in the chair in the glass house where he would breathe cyanide and die. But Mario was no ordinary hoodlum. He had an important brother, many friends, much influence in high places and a vast amount of money.

"And he isn't worried," Odeen said.

That was the crux of it. That was the reason Odeen's brows were knotted in a scowl. He'd just come from a meeting with an informant, a woman. He could still see her face in his mind and hear her soft, accented voice. "They were worried, Mr. Odeen. Much worried, as if they had no hope. Yesterday it—it changed. Now Paul is—how you say?—confidence. Like—like the trial it was over and Mario is free." Odeen had doubted that; he'd sent the woman back to find out more. "If I can," she'd said. "I will telephone."

Then Odeen had called the jail. "Well," the jailer had said, "now that you mention it, Mario's not sweating like he was. He eats good, sleeps good. He's even started telling a few bum jokes." Confirmation—somehow the fix was in. Mario Marcotte was sure he'd walk out of the courtroom a free man.

"How?" Odeen asked himself savagely.

If the eyewitness testified, Mario Marcotte was dead, literally. And the witness was going to testify. Odeen stared down at lights he didn't see, his long face bleak. Mario had tried bribery and threats. He'd tried to kill

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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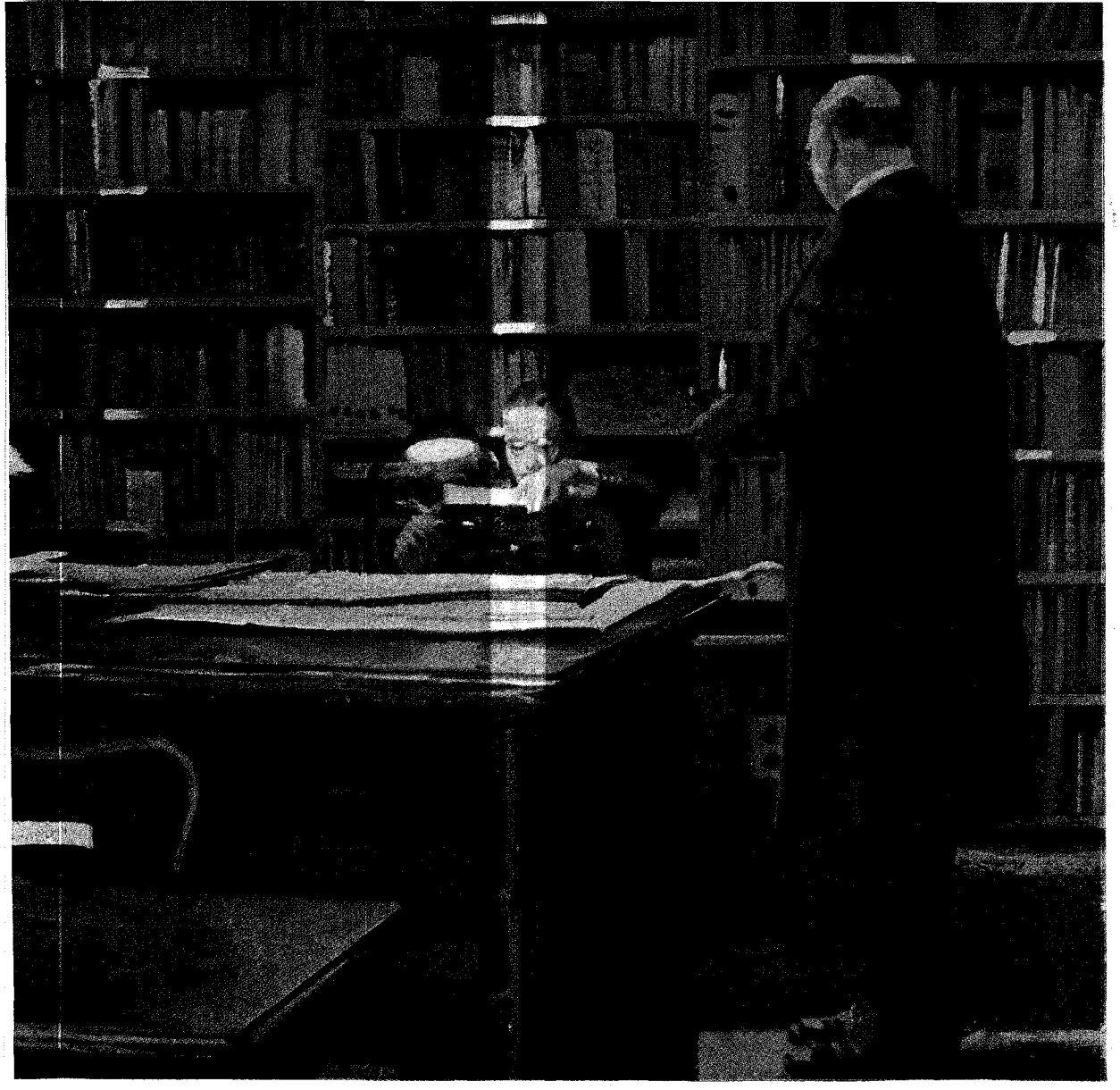


the witness, importing East Coast talent to do the job. The witness had a wisp of bullet scar across her temple—that close, but still a miss. She was in protective custody now, in this hotel, and had been for a month. She was under police guard twenty-four hours a day. In spite of that, Paul and Mario Marcotte were all but celebrating an acquittal. Odeen rubbed the arch of his thin nose. He wanted very much to talk to the soft-voiced woman again, but she was beyond his reach, and would be until she called—if she ever called.

"Miles," a voice said. "What's up?"

Ben Silcox had walked up behind Odeen—no mistaking the gravel in that voice. Ben was a veteran, round face, round brown eyes, button nose, a rumpled man who looked as mild as milk. There was cigar ash on his vest; his razor'd missed a patch of gray whiskers on his jaw. Ben was crowding retirement, a widower, with one boy in the Navy, one in the Marines.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Odeen said, "Nothing's wrong."

"The elevator girl told me you were up here." Ben's brown eyes were bright and searching. He read the lie in Odeen's face. When you've worked partners with a man for five years, he can't hide much from you. "When did you get kicked in the belly?"

"About an hour ago."

"Want to talk about it?"

"Not now," Odeen said.

"Money trouble? I got a few bucks I can spare."

"Along with the shirt on your back," Odeen said.

He looked at Ben's round face. The man's color wasn't good—red veins in his cheeks, bloodshot eyes. Ben lived alone in a big old house, doing his own cooking when he thought of it. He'd been a good cop once, a sharp cop, but now, with his wife gone, he seemed content to do no more than he was told.

"It isn't money," Odeen said. "Thanks."

"Let me know if I can help."

"Sure," Odeen said. "Let's go to work."

They rode the elevator to the twelfth floor and walked down the hall. Glen Squires, plain-clothes man, was sitting outside the door of 1210. His chair was tipped back against the wall, his hands were laced across his stomach. He was yawning. Squires was a middle-aged man with worried eyes. Ben Silcox asked how things were with him.

"Terrible," Squires said. "No sleep for a week. Right now, standing up, I could sleep like a baby. As soon's I get home, not a wink. I'm driving my wife crazy."

"See a doctor," Ben said.

"Who can afford a doctor?" Squires got up and offered his chair. "No television tonight, no radio. You might as well look like a guard."

Ben Silcox took the chair.

Odeen went into 1210, a suite of rooms, an apartment. The sitting room was large and softly lighted. There were good prints on the walls, comfortable chairs scattered about, an overly large davenport against one wall. A kitchenette and dining area were behind closed folding doors on Odeen's right, a bedroom, bath and dressing room were behind a partly closed door on the left. Max Proudfoot, officer in charge of the first night relief, got out of a chair, putting a magazine aside, and came quietly across the deep carpet to Odeen.

He looked at the partially closed bedroom door and spoke softly because of it. "We've got a real unhappy girl in there."

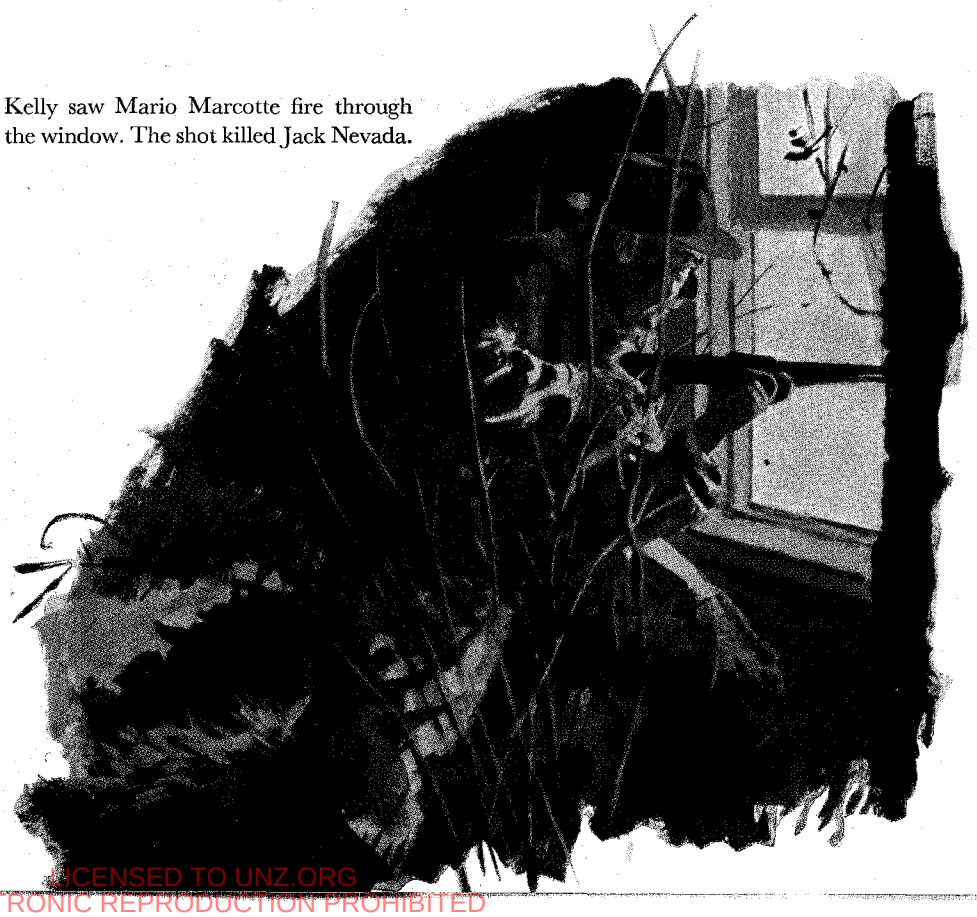
"Kelly's unhappy? Why?"

"She won't say. She's waiting for you." Max Proudfoot was a neat, gray-haired man, short and compactly made. He appeared more confident than he was, more thoughtful than he was, but he had been a good police officer for a good many years. "She wouldn't watch Lucy on TV," he said, "and you know how she is about Lucy. Won't listen to the radio, won't read, won't sleep. What's more, she won't even talk kids with Iris. I haven't seen her like this, Miles."

Odeen's thick brows came down. Anger stirred in him again, but he forced it away as unreasonable. Kelly couldn't know that Mario was eating well and sleeping well and telling jokes. It was something else—nerves or some beef about her food. He rubbed a hard palm across the back of his neck.

"Cabin fever," he said. "I'll smooth her out."

(Continued on Page 79)



Kelly saw Mario Marcotte fire through the window. The shot killed Jack Nevada.

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Investigators at work: (from left) Senators Pat McNamara, Sam Ervin, Barry Goldwater, and the author, Chairman John McClellan.

WHAT WE LEARNED ABOUT LABOR GANGSTERS

A startling report from the head of the special committee which probes racketeering in labor and management. It may shock, even disgust you, but every American should read it.

By Sen. JOHN L. McCLELLAN as told to Beverly Smith, Jr.

PART ONE

We think of human bondage, in the United States, as a thing of the distant past, ended nearly a century ago. The grim fact is that in recent years there has grown up among us a new form of slavery—insidious, semisecret and sinister. Today's captives are those rank-and-file union members who have fallen in helpless thrall to crooks and gangsters disguised under the title of "labor leaders" or "employer representatives." Keep in mind, however, that they make up only a fraction of the total union membership of some 17,000,000, but the fraction has grown shockingly large.

JIMMY HOFFA: A RUTHLESS YOUNG MAN . . .

An early arrest: In 1940, 26-year-old Hoffa was jailed in Detroit for illegal activity in a labor dispute. He had just begun his climb to power in the Teamsters Union.

August, 1957: A wily Hoffa "testified freely and suavely"—and evaded more than 200 questions put to him by the rackets committee about corrupt use of his powers as a union leader.

This FBI photograph shows Hoffa (right) with the spy he tried to plant on the rackets-committee staff. Hoffa was tried for bribery, but acquitted.

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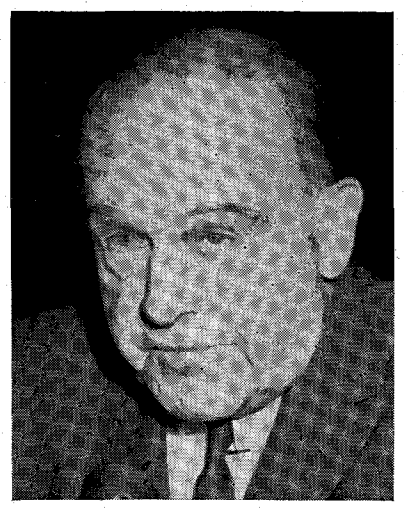
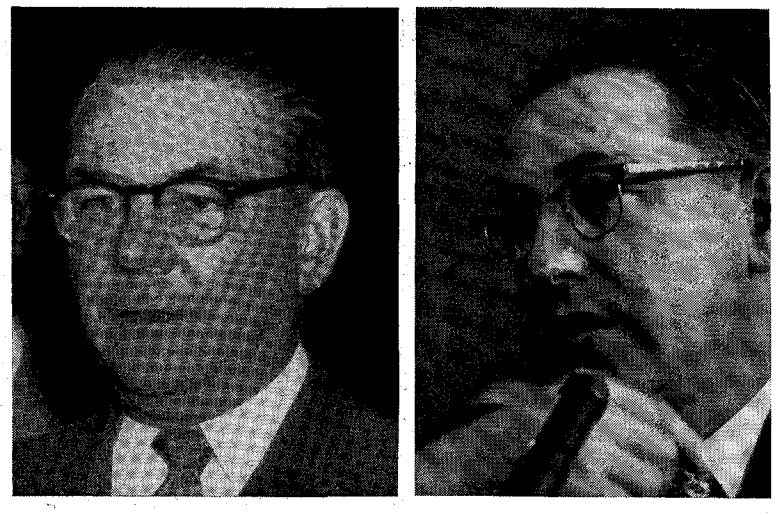
Mrs. Nathan Ehrlich points out James Cross, head of the Bakery Workers Union, as the man who assaulted her husband, a dissatisfied union official. The union has been expelled from the AFL-CIO.



Joey Fay, a notorious racketeer, gets a $12,600-a-year pension from the Operating Engineers Union he looted.



Father and son: William De Koning (left) and William, Jr. "For years they have treated their Long Island Local No. 138 of the Operating Engineers and its members as their personal property."

From my study of the evidence, I estimate that those now in bondage must number more than 1,000,000. Some put the figure as high as 4,000,000—which happens to approximate the number of American slaves in 1860. One well-informed witness, executive secretary of a large group of decent trade-unionists, testified that the number of victims may approach 1,000,000 in New York City alone. No exact nationwide count is possible. Certainly the malignant growth exists in most of our large cities, with tentacles reaching into every section of the country.

Fifteen months ago I would have considered the above statement about modern "slaves" the exaggeration of an antiunion zealot. Then, in February of 1957, I was elected chairman of the new bipartisan Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field. (So far as my personal life and comfort are concerned, I sometimes regret that this burdensome and unpleasant public duty was thrust upon me.)

In my first year as chairman I presided during each of the 105 long days of hearings. I listened to more than 4,000,000 words of sworn testimony from 486 witnesses, most of them union officials (Continued on Page 64)

McCLELLAN'S APPEAL TO LABOR LEADERS

I believe these two articles—this and the one to follow next week—embody some of the most important statements I have made in my nearly quarter century in public life. I am happy to have them in The Saturday Evening Post, where they can be read and pondered by millions who have not time to follow congressional proceedings or who, if they tune in to a speech on radio or TV, may retain only a fragmentary memory of vital details and relationships. Here is a record you can keep and think about.

It is a tragic situation with which we have to deal. First, I wish to give a general picture of the first year's testimony before the Senate Rackets Committee, with examples of its sordid disclosures. Without this, most readers would find the story incredible—as I myself did at first. Then I will outline some urgently needed new laws.

I will not here enter the controversial field of unions vs. management, an area thus far only partially explored by the committee. The laws I suggest now have one primary purpose: to protect rank-and-file members of those unions which have been taken over by corrupt leaders and gangsters, and who are often in collusion with corrupt employers. If any reader thinks my proposals may have in them even a trace of so-called "union busting," I trust he will first give these articles a thoughtful reading. I think he will then agree that the legal remedies proposed herein will benefit not only the public and those union members now betrayed, but will also help, not hurt, decently run unions and their leaders.

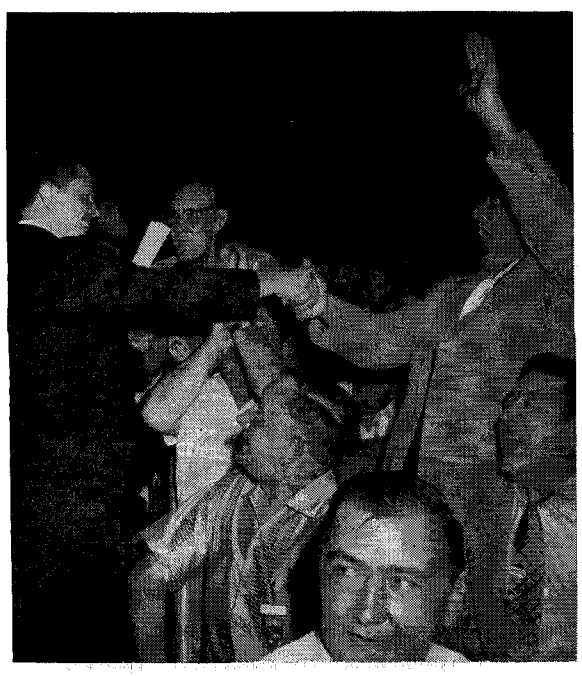
I would like to express a further hope: that these articles will be read by the thousands of honest labor leaders—honor to them!—ranging from small locals up to the heads of great national unions. Under the present loose laws, some labor leaders are beset with such temptations to corrupt self-enrichment that it takes a man of strong character to resist them. I know many such men and respect them. They cherish "the old faith" of the labor movement. Unfortunately, they tend also to cherish certain traditional habits of thought which are no longer adequate to cope with the crookedness which threatens decent unionism today.

I ask these men, as they read, to lay aside for a while ingrained ways of thought, to reflect with open mind, and to consider whether they, themselves, do not desperately need the power of sensible new laws to help them uphold the principles they stand for. I make this appeal because any legislation that Congress may pass, to be fully effective, needs the support not only of the public but of every honest influence in the union movement, from the rank and file to the top.

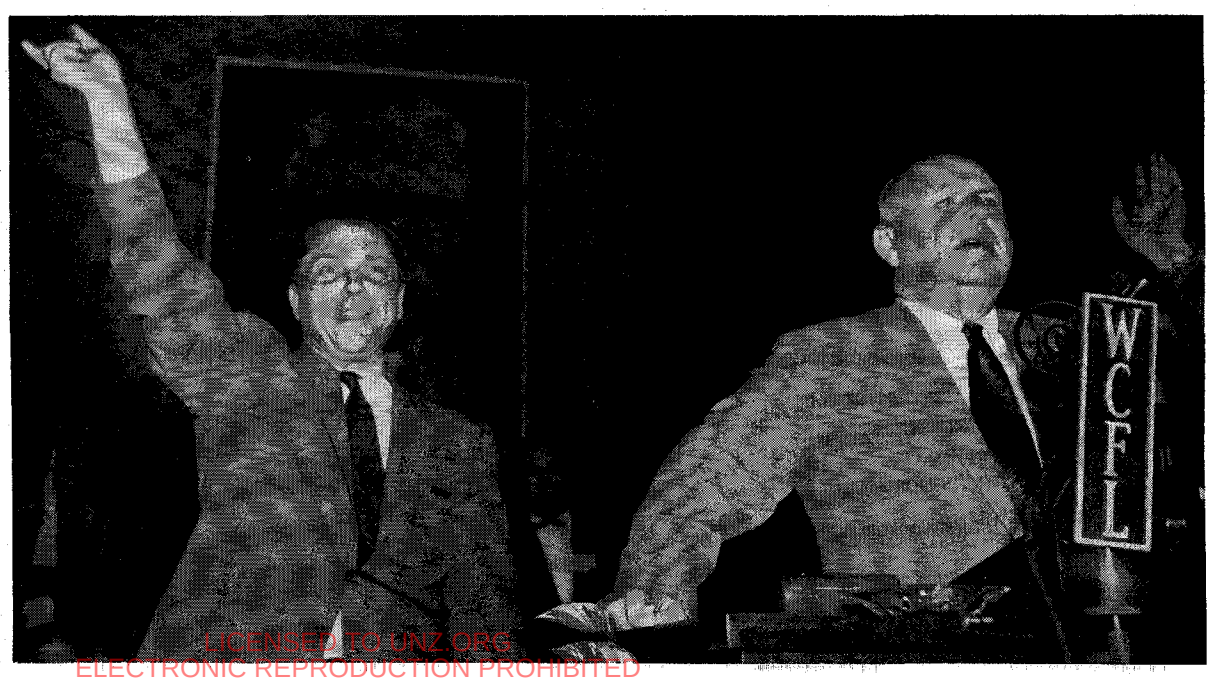
JOHN L. McCLELLAN

. . . WHO BECAME DICTATOR OF 1,500,000 WORKERS

Hoffa's dirty record did not lessen his popularity at the Teamster convention in Miami Beach. Half the delegates, McClellan declares, were chosen illegally.



Hoffa (left) and Dave Beck rejoiced at the Teamster convention when the Supreme Court removed an injunction against the union's rigged elections. The author calls Hoffa, who succeeded Beck as Teamster president, "the more dangerous of the two—younger, craftier, more ambitious . . . with even closer ties to the criminal underworld."



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One Last Dream

A man is entitled to make a fool of himself at least once in his life.

By JOHN REESE

Mr. Elwood C. Charters, better known in town as "Doc," was late getting to the bank this morning. His elderly secretary, who thought she dominated him, merely grunted at his cheerful "Good morning, Mrs. Shire!" She did dominate him, although not so much as she thought she did, and she would have been very upset indeed had she known why he was late today.

"Attorneys want to file on Wade," she said, her deep voice tracking him to his desk as she swiveled in her chair. "Your son wants you to call him too."

"Yes," said Doc. "Will you hold my calls for a few minutes, please? Couple of things I must do."

He fiddled with the files she had put on his desk, but all he really wanted was a few more moments before his day began. A little time in which to surrender to the oddly mystical excitement that remained from last night, before it vanished forever.

He sat there dreaming, a tall man who parted his graying hair on the side. At the age of fifty-four, the president of the bank was in love. Barbara Compton was a stunning blond divorcee of thirty-five. She could do a lot better than a stodgy old widower; so nothing would come of it, of course. But Doc was used to that. Nothing much ever came of things for him.

His boyhood dream had been to study medicine, but he had married early, and had had to go to work in the bank. He had wanted a big family, too, and had bought a ranch just outside of town, so his kids could grow up there. But Deora had died at Ben's birth, Doc had sold off the ranch for groves and subdivisions, and now there was not a square foot of it left to leave to his grandchildren.

If he ever had any. That, too, was beginning to look like another dream. Doc adored his brilliant daughter-in-law, but Nancy apparently was not going to be rushed into having a family. A mind of her own, that girl.

It was a very old bank, but a very new building, in a prosperous little city halfway between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific. Across the wall above Doc stretched a huge mural of the modern, muscular school, entitled The Trail of the Spaniard in America. It began with the death of Cuauhtemoc. The last Emperor of the Aztecs was clad in his ritual feather robes. In his burning eyes was a glitter of supernatural emotion. A few yards away, Cortes leveled a blunderbuss at the young man's breast.

Between them sat Doc Charters, dreaming of Barbara Compton. The hum of voices, the clack of posting machines and the tinkle of silver in changers played a limpid obbligato to the last dream he would ever dream. He knew nothing would come of it, but if just for a few minutes ——

He gave a little start as Mrs. Shire tiptoed heavily over and laid a typed memo on his desk. Mrs. Shire was a buxom woman of sixty, powerfully corseted and anything but light on her feet.

"Nancy phoned," she said apologetically. "I told her to call back. You said to hold your calls."

Doc detected a strange note in her voice. He looked up and saw her staring at the mural with a strange look on her face. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"That horrid picture!" she said.

"You mean Cuauhtemoc?"

"Whatever his name is. It gives me the creeps, him staring at me with his silly popeyes." (Continued on Page 85)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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Barbara was standing on tiptoe, looking up at him. "Do you want to kiss me good night?" she said

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Science vs. The Humanities

By JACQUES BARZUN

A Truce to the Nonsense on Both Sides

During the past year, events at home and abroad have made Americans question some of their oldest intellectual institutions. One of these institutions is the school, and the question that has been put is: "Does it properly train the men we need in the present expansion of technology and competition in science?" The answer has generally been "No," and advice for immediate changes in our schooling has poured out, mixed with complaints and denunciations.

At times the note of panic has been heard; some have wanted to convert our entire educational apparatus to the mass production of scientists and engineers, evidently believing that this not only should but could be done. Others argue that disaster awaits us if we do not also cultivate the humanities.

This debate is not new, nor is it limited to the United States. It is going strong throughout the western world and particularly in England. The well-known diplomat and writer, Sir Harold Nicolson, testified to this when he told a B.B.C. audience a few months ago, "Everybody, in Great Britain at least, is now considering whether we have not in the past fifty years devoted too much of our time and money to what is loosely called 'the humanities'—namely, the teaching of classics, history, languages and the arts. . . ." And he concluded, "So I suppose that all the little boys and girls in this island will henceforward be taken away from the history books and the literature primers and set down to sums. This prospect fills me with gloom." At once and *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)*

About the Author

"The test and the use of a man's education," says Jacques Barzun, "is that he finds pleasure in the exercise of his mind." Dean of Faculties and Provost of Columbia University, author of numerous books and essays on human freedom, music and literature, Dean Barzun calls himself "a student of cultural history." He was born in France, the son of a distinguished writer and scholar, Henri Barzun. He accompanied his father to this country in 1919, attended Columbia University and later taught history there. Jacques Barzun's writings have been distinguished, in the words of the critic, Charles J. Rollo, for "monumental scholarship; elegant and eloquent writing; the pervasive imprint of a deeply civilized mind; and a wealth of insight into the life of art." Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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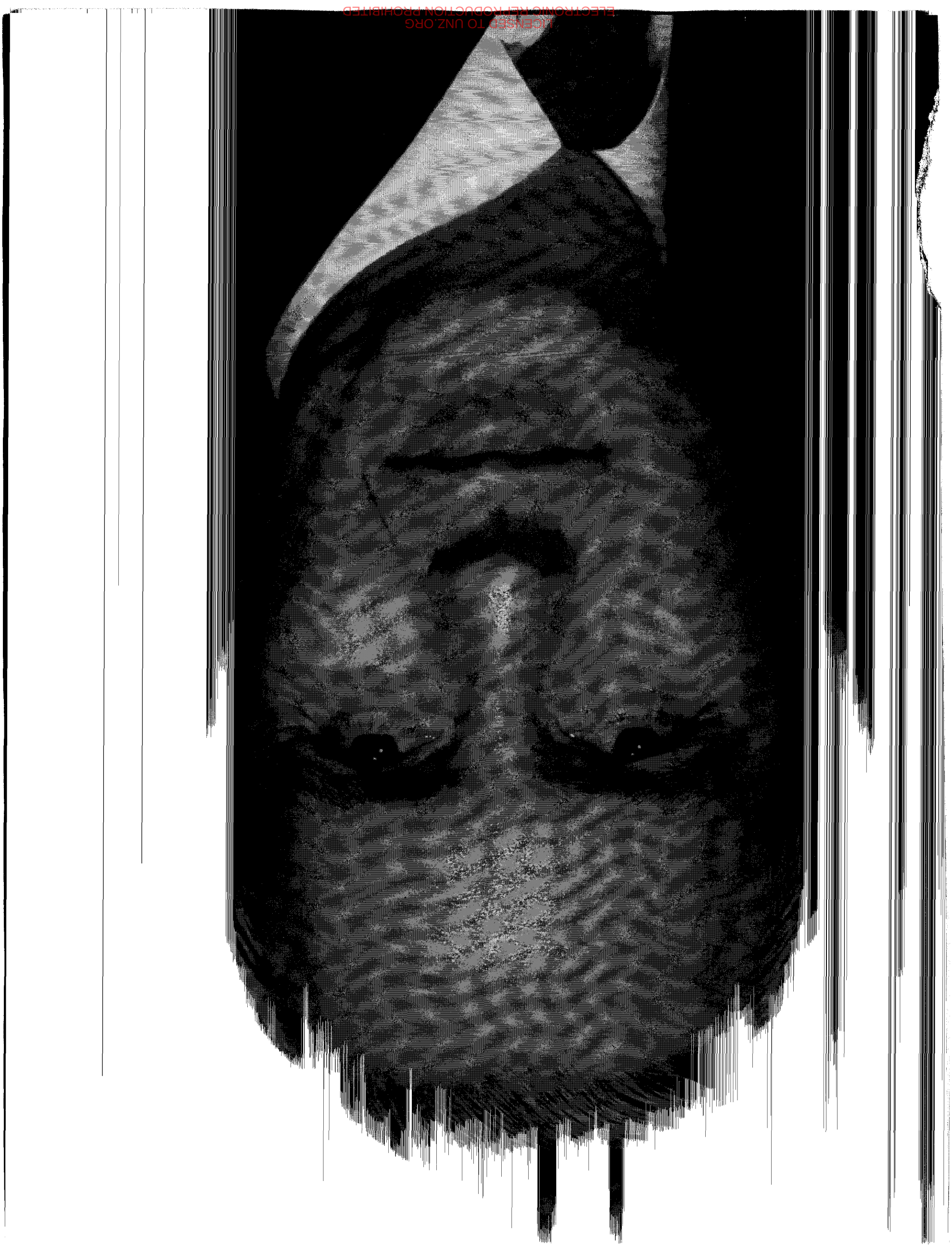

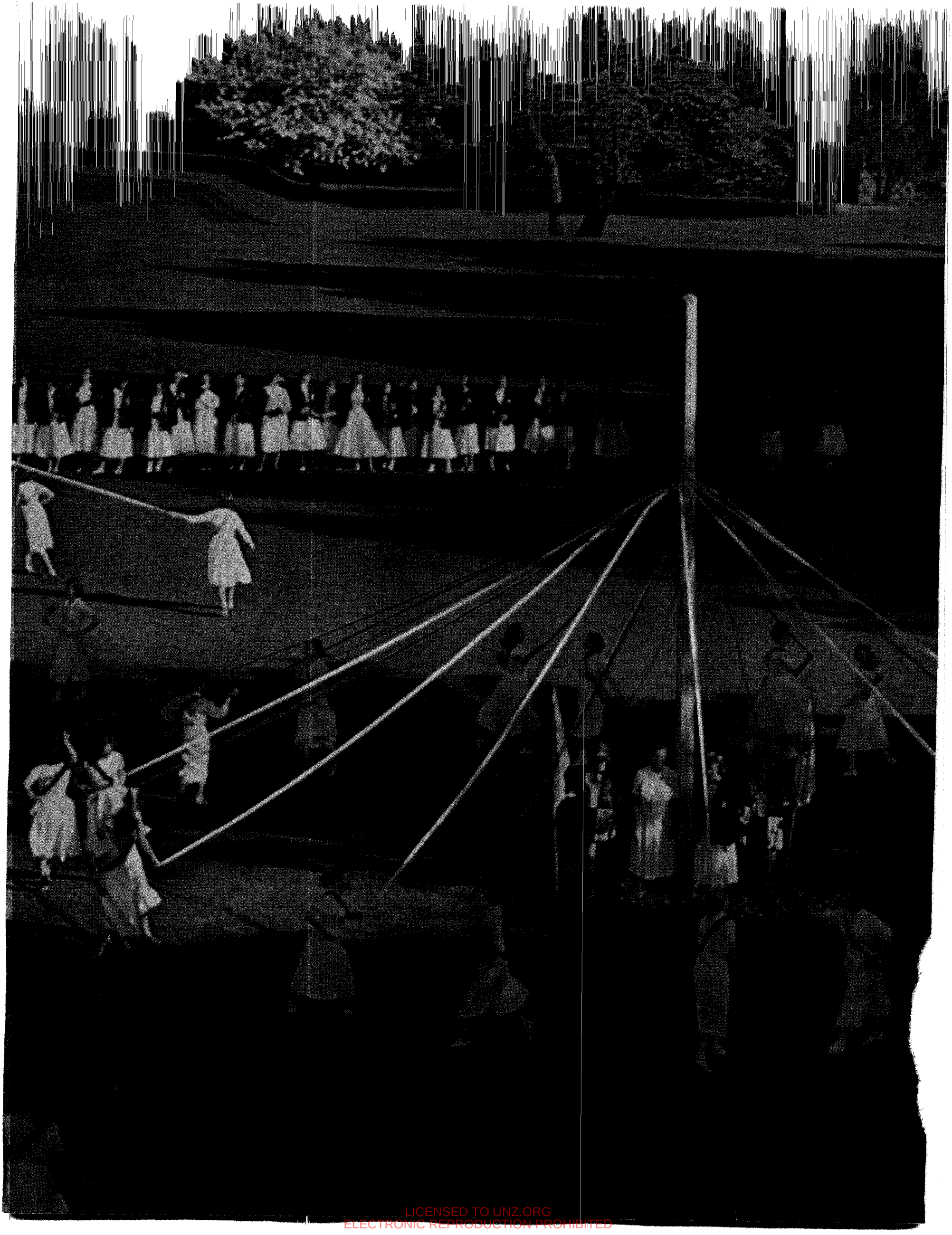

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The Face of AMERICA

Since Ancient Times

Paganism dies hard: This week,
for example, at many American colleges,
nymphs will dance; youth, beauty
and fertility will be praised in ceremonies
borrowed from the Maytime frenzies
of the ancient Romans and Celts.
Around the Maypoles—they were declared
illegal in Puritan England—virginal
hosts will run in circles, carrying floral
offerings. So runs the script today,
so it ran a couple of thousand years ago.
Today's May Queen is no longer
chosen for mere beauty, but also for
scholarship and other estimable qualities.
Here at Bryn Mawr, a Pennsylvania women's
college, you see last year's May Day,
when a Baltimore girl, Sheppie Glass,
was queen. Sheppie, the girl in
the red jacket, was also president
of the senior class; she now teaches at the
International Girls' School in Madrid,
Spain. On Thursday of this week
Bryn Mawr will crown her successor,
Barbara Pinney, of Washington, D.C.
● Photograph by Esther D. R. Pruett

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He hauled Mervin, twisting and clawing and biting, from the forepeak.

THE WIDOW'S KID

Joe gave up a way of life to marry her. Now he had real trouble on his hands.

By ARTHUR MAYSE

When word got round that the widow who'd gaffed Joe Beckett tended to look on any boy in thigh boots as a gypsy scamp, Joe's friends began to think twice before putting in at Protection Creek for a bite and a powwow. The boats would pass, fish-chasing their way along the British Columbia upcoast, and Joe Beckett would watch them, with sea gulls mocking him from the brown-earth furrows.

Don't get it wrong; he had set his hand to the plow and he proposed to keep it there, even though the farm he'd taken on along with his Isabelle was naught but a rocky stump ranch. He loved his wife truly and deeply, and he stood ready to be a proper dad to his stepson, Mervin, would that cantankerous little hellion ever allow him.

But you don't turn a trollerman into a farmer overnight; and when Joe, in mid ax swing, noticed a vessel opening the creek mouth, he all but sank that double-bitted swamper in his boot.

"Why, here's Bill Hadrada come calling in Skyliner," he said to Isabelle on the farmhouse porch. He stood smiling, a lean, dark, patient man with Indian-black eyes set wide in a bony face. "I've told you about Hadrada, honey. Him and me, we partnered once."

Isabelle just barely looked up. "He'll be staying for supper," she said, and with a little sigh, she added, "of course."

Quick as an echo, young Mervin put in his saucy say from where he was doing a slow-motion act at the woodpile, "Look, ma, look at the size of him! It'll take three hens to stuff that gut."

"Well, Mervin," Joe said, mildly as always, "you grow to be even half the man Hadrada is and you'll have done good enough."

Isabelle, for all her low opinion of gas-boat folks, was never one to underfeed the guest beneath her roof. (Continued on Page 93)

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New Golden Boy

By FRANK ECK

One of the most remarkable—and controversial—young men in sports today is blunt-talking Bill Hartack, who earns over $200,000 a year as America's top jockey.

It isn't only their small size that sets the leading jockeys apart from other athletes these days. It's also the amount of money they make. The little men who ride the big Thoroughbreds are now the golden boys of professional sports. Ted Williams, for example, with his reported $125,000 baseball pay, isn't even close to the No. 1 jockey. In the entire field of athletics today, only a prize fighter in the Sugar Ray Robinson or Carmen Basilio class could hope to exceed the earnings of the top race-horse riders—and then only in an exceptional year.

Horse racing has boomed like no other sport since World War II, with purse money in 1957 reaching a new high of $73,388,891—about five times as much as in prewar years. Among the gutty little guys now benefiting from this bonanza, the one who has been striking it richest is Bill Hartack. Last year Hartack's mounts earned the unprecedented total of $3,060,501 in purses. Hartack's personal take—even after his agent's 20 per cent commissions—can be conservatively estimated at over $200,000.

Only twenty-five, and in his sixth year as a jockey, Bill Hartack is the youngest and newest of the big-three race riders who have headed the fiscal parade in recent years. The others are twenty-six-year-old Willie Shoemaker, who has about nine years in the saddle; and old-pro Eddie Arcaro, now in his twenty-seventh year at forty-two.

The lean, dark and good-looking Hartack has led the nation's jockeys in number of races won for three (Continued on Page 69)

Hartack (right) on Tim Tam, a Kentucky Derby favorite, came from behind to win the $119,000 Florida Derby.

"I'm in a serious business," says Willie, who is 25. Below he mounts an entry (Mt. Olivet) in Hialeah's paddock.

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The Clarkes and their new son, Nicholas, who is an infant alien. He is now 13 months old and will become a U.S. citizen sometime in 1959.

The Lad and I Came Through

Here's a true story with everything:
international "smuggling" of a beautiful baby,
suspense, mother love and a fantastic battle with bureaucrats.
No other husband ever had an adventure quite like this.

By Philip Clarke

Not until the plane had climbed through the overcast out of Idlewild Airport did I fully realize my predicament. Here I was, on my way to Greece for what should be a carefree, two-week press junket, carrying—of all improbable things—a tartan zipper bag containing a dozen disposable diapers, four nondrip baby bottles, two pairs of rubber pants, an infant's sleeping bag, a copy of Doctor Spock and a Mickey Mouse that squeaked.

Just eight days before, I had, as usual, returned home to our suburban apartment on the 5:52, kissed my wife, Carol, patted Missy, our cocker spaniel, and later, over dinner, broken the news about the trip to Greece.

Queen Frederika (right) told the author, who was having a hard time making a decision, "Perhaps the babies choose us."

Dr. Spyros Doxiadis (above), director of the Metera Baby Center, helped Clarke by-pass a tedious investigation. When he at last announced, "We will give you Nicholas" one of the nurses wept for joy.

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Carol and her new son.
For her current status as a mother,
see Keeping Posted, page 104.

Since Carol couldn't go—the Greek Government's invitation was for working journalists only—I thought it would be nice to soften the blow.

"Wouldn't it be nice," I said, "if I could bring back a baby?"

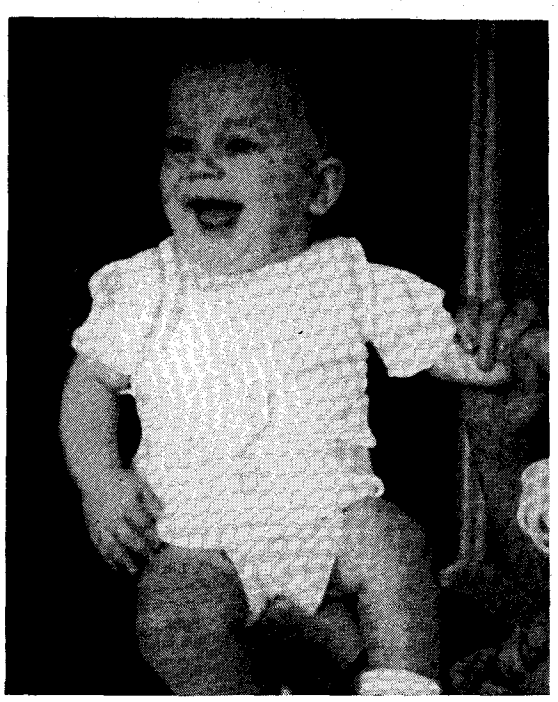
Carol's reaction was not at all what I had expected. "Do you mean it?" Carol demanded. "Do you really mean it?"

I didn't, really, and tried to laugh it all off. Carol and I had at times talked rather vaguely about adopting a child, especially since we didn't have any of our own. But adoptions, we knew, usually took months, lots of luck and more money than we thought we could afford.

None of this bothered Carol now. My pleasantry about bringing back a baby from Greece had given her an idea which quickly became an obsession. I soon found it impossible to convince her that a man simply could not be expected to fly 5000 miles to a foreign country and find, adopt and return home with a child he never had seen before—all in two weeks.

Carol began making up lists of likely-sounding names, such as Nicholas and Melissa, and scanning ads for cribs, play pens and baby carriages. She also got a line on a baby orphanage in Athens, the name of a Greek lawyer someone had recommended, and prodded me into getting testimonials from my employer and from our minister, banker, village mayor and doctor. Carol supplied another declaration, agreeing—somewhat rashly, I thought—to be the mother of any child I might adopt. All had to be notarized, certified by the county clerk, then stamped by the Greek consulate in New York.

One formidable complication remained, however. Foreign orphans adopted by Americans must have visas and residence permits, like all aliens. The Refugee Relief Act, which gave priority to adopted orphans, had expired months before. Congress had yet to pass a new immigration bill, without which no orphan adopted abroad (Continued on Page 72)



Clarke made his choice from this picture. "Never had I *seen such a wonderful, beautiful, laughing face.*"

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Suddenly there were children in the path of the jet bomber, and it was too late to stop it.

Panic on the Runway

By ALICE LENT COVERT

Three on a Match, they were called in their Training Command days, for no good reason save that in off-duty hours they usually knocked about together. The tag stuck, even after two of them took wives and left the third to carry on in single blessedness alone.

Commander of this three-man B-47 jet crew was Capt. Mitch Sprague, a lean, hard-muscled young man with sandy hair and level blue eyes. His copilot was Lt. Duke Halloran, a homely Irisher with a tall sense of humor. Lt. Jerry Parsons, a lanky Texas boy, was the observer. The three shared a common dream, and now they were SAC Crew N-82, sweating out the changing of the prefix N-for-Nonready to the all-important R.

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They had spent an afternoon in mission planning, and the crisp autumn evening was cloaking the hangars, blotting out the details of the field, when they came back to the flight-line gate.

Jerry drew a deep lungful of the cool, tangy air and exhaled it noisily. "Only one more river to cross. We do good, huh, team? I reckon we're good as the best."

Duke laughed. "Don't give me that jazz, dad. We are the best!"

Mitch said nothing at all. He wouldn't let the way he was feeling spoil their elation. Two days ago they had completed their crew-co-ordination check flight. The whole crew had to work together on that, but from here on in it was strictly up to Mitch. Duke wouldn't even accompany him on the final check flight tonight; Jerry would ride along only to satisfy regulations that an observer be aboard. Whether N-82 became an operational crew, capable of making an overseas flight on its own, lay on Mitch's shoulders: on his performance tonight, on the check pilot's report.

He felt sick. Major Duckworth, who was to have flown with him as check pilot, was on sick leave. Riding in his place tonight would be one Maj. Bradley J. Thomas—and if Major Thomas had his way, N-82 would be broken up into support personnel! He would be honest in his evaluation, according to his own lights, but he could hardly be expected to admit that he was swayed by a personal prejudice which would never show up in a critique!

You walk into a room, there's a guy there you've never seen before, you're introduced, and in five minutes you can't stand each other. It happens sometimes. It had happened when the major and the captain met for the first time, six months ago; and it had got worse instead of better. One slip on Mitch's part tonight, and all the worry and sweat of the past six months, of having Major Thomas constantly riding his back like a witch on a broom, could be chalked up to experience.

There was irony in knowing that it was his own wife who had first sparked the antagonism between them. The very thought of Kay, now, was like the blow of a hard fist to the belly. They'd said a lot of things in that final, uncompromising (Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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"If a person's work doesn't fall within the scope of his basic interest," says Jack Klein (above), "the chances are he'll be fired or quit."

Too Smart for Your Job?

If you think you're a misfit or feel you never got the breaks, consider this revealing report on how businesses are testing employees for both placement and promotion.

By STANLEY FRANK

A thousand years before psychologists began coining fancy words and money, the Chinese anticipated the modern clinical approach to a timeless problem. On a male child's first birthday, toys symbolizing various vocations were placed in front of him. The first toy the child seized supposedly indicated his natural inclination for the work he would pursue as an adult. In this age of scientific marvels it is refreshing to learn that the essential principle of the primitive Chinese aptitude test still is observed in advising men and women on the most important decision of their lives—the choice of a career.

Sometimes, it seems, we enter occupations through circumstances as capricious as an infant's preference for a toy. You probably have wondered whether you would be in a better, more exciting field now, had there been a slight change in any of the events which influenced your choice of a trade or a profession—where you lived, the schools you attended, the friends you knew, the ad you answered. Speculating on what might have been is a futile pastime, experts assure us. Sheer accident exerts a negligible effect on the course of careers. If you were given the opportunity to make a fresh start, it is an odds-on bet you'd wind up in much the same sort of job you're holding today.

Psychologists contend we have basic interests which eventually lead us, like a built-in radar, to the work best suited to our talents and temperament. An individual's predilections in dealing with people, ideas or tangible things are well defined in adolescence and rarely change after the age of thirty. Also, we are told, an individual's personality and basic interests are so closely related that his distinctive traits, which can be tested, will reveal his proper niche in one of seven general job categories.

Surveys show that most of us are fairly well satisfied with the work we are doing. Sure, we complain about the boss, the salary and how long it takes to get a raise, but these gripes stem mainly from pressure of family demands that exceed earning power. A man who appeases his wife's social ambitions by switching to a job that pays more or carries more prestige, but holds no (Continued on Page 100)

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BIG MAN FROM TEXAS

A lot of men wanted to kill him, but most were too scared to try.

By ED MONTGOMERY

Old Clem Rogers' boy, Will, that went away and got to be a trick roper and one thing and another, used to say he never met a man he didn't like. It would be interesting to know whether he ever ran across Big'un Logan, back when they were both punching cows in the Cherokee Nation. Back before Big'un met Catherine Bright.

He was just about the biggest target ever came out of Texas, Big'un was, but nobody had got him killed, though lots had wanted to and some had tried. And no woman had ever made him look at her twice, they said. Up till then.

He'd come out of the Cherokee country and across the Osage. He rode into town the first morning of the April term of criminal court. Must have been riding the biggest bay gelding between the Arkansas and the Red. He picked Bud McKay out of the crowd in front of the courthouse by his deputy's badge.

Bud had been told off to try and keep order, which wasn't easy, because everybody outside the courtroom was mad about not being in it. Big'un kneed his horse through the crowd till he got to where he could look down on Bud the way a cow looks down at a terrapin.

"Hi, Big'un," Bud said. He'd never seen Big'un in his life, but he knew who he was, all right. Everybody in sight knew who he was, except some of the kids, and they were busy finding out.

"Who they tryin'?" Big'un asked, nodding toward the courthouse. "And where could a man find him a worth-while poker game?"

"They're tryin' Al Morgan, that murdered Fred Jenkins. . . . Poker's again' the law, and even if it wasn't, you couldn't get up as much as a two-handed game in King's back room till people find out how the trial comes out."

"Then I'll watch the trial."

"Courtroom's done packed. Fred Jenkins had a lot of friends."

Big'un nodded. "I heard about it clean over the other side of Inola."

"Jenkins a friend of yours, was he?"

"I haven't got any friends," Big'un said. "Don't need 'em. But I know Morgan and I never liked him. And I knew Jenkins and liked him all right. And besides that, I didn't like Morgan killin' Jenkins while Jenkins owed me money out of a poker game."

He turned away and walked his horse right up to the courthouse steps. John Addington was standing there. Big'un got down and handed him the bridle lines without looking at him.

"Hold my horse," he said.

Well, you know Mr. Addington owned about fourteen sections of land and hired enough hands to populate a town. He didn't get that way from letting people run over him. But what he (Continued on Page 76)

Five of the best poker players in the Cherokee Strip were waiting for him with blood in their eyes.

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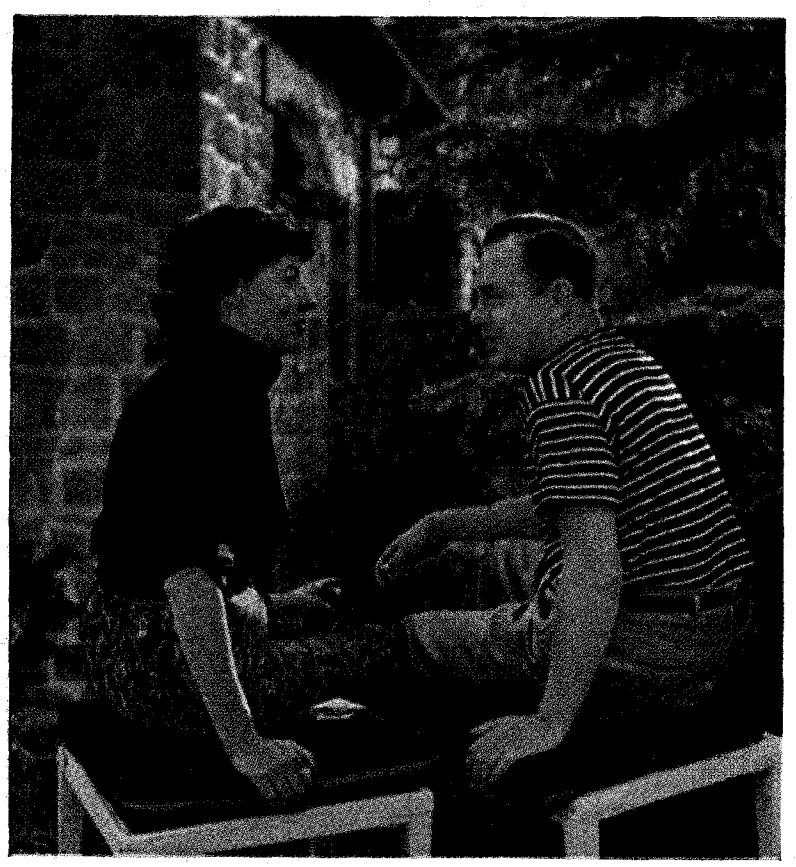
There's No Place Like Our Pillbox Home



The lady of the blockhouse and her husband, Post editor James O'Donnell.

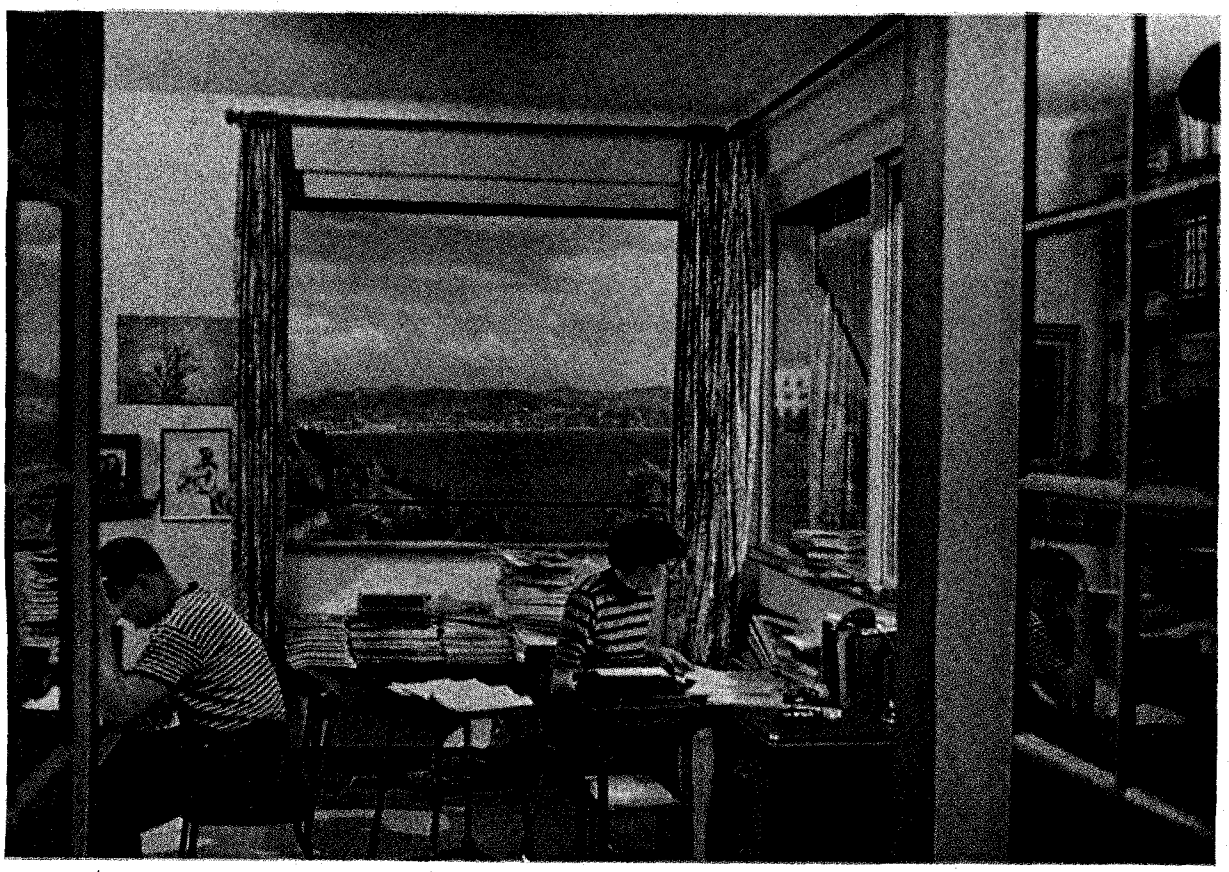
When Hitler's *Wehrmacht* built this bunker to repel our invading troops, they never imagined that an American couple would one day turn it into their dream house.

By TONI HOWARD

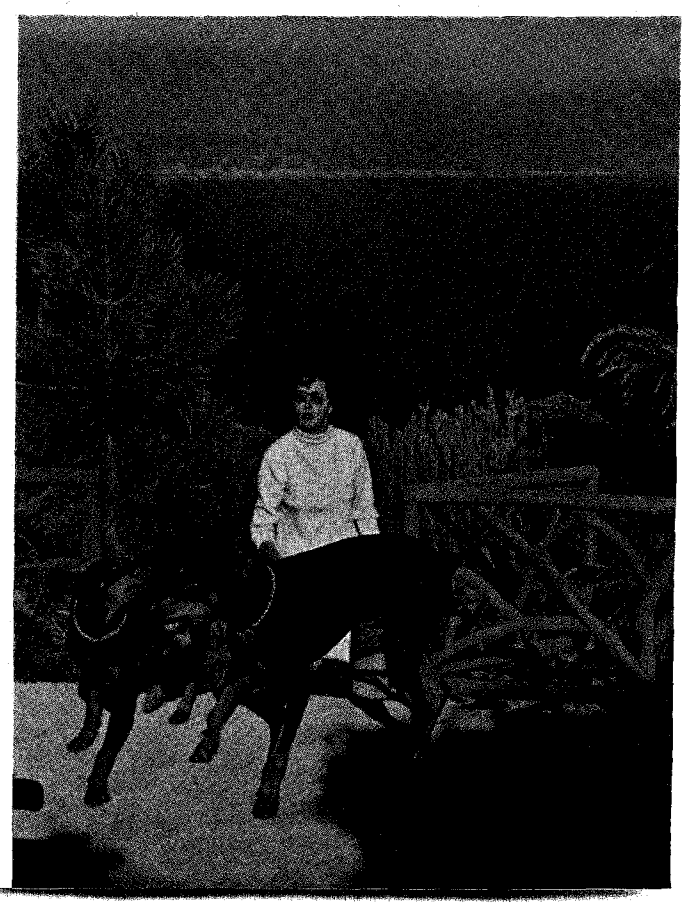
THÉOULE, ALPES MARITIMES.

Readers of The Saturday Evening Post may not have thought of it recently, but in time of war a German blockhouse is a very handy thing. It is very handy to defend a coast against an Allied invasion, to house shore batteries that can blast the living daylights out of an approaching fleet and pick off incoming LCI's and LCT's like so many sitting ducks. Because its walls are thick and cool, on a blistering day it is a convenient place for *Wehrmacht* officers to sit and shoot the breeze, to keep from having sunstroke. And if and when those B-17's and Spitfires come over, it makes an excellent air-raid shelter, particularly if it is cleverly camouflaged.

In peacetime it is a little less handy. For one thing, it is so terribly there. Big, awkward, green-and-khaki-striped thing, it squats on the land like a giant toad about to make a burp, brooding in some deep, primordial somnolence of its own. Moss will not grow on it, nor the sun bleach its stripes. No blessed prudery of



The city of Cannes and the Riviera's famed beaches fill the O'Donnells' study window.



"What there is of the 'frightful war installation' has long since been cunningly concealed," says the author, here with pets Tito and Trolley.

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"I finished with a house that is not so much split-level as many-leveled. It cost us almost $20,000 and a hundred headaches of construction and design."

nature will ever throw a cover over it and make it look like a mound or a hillock or anything but what it is, a German blockhouse. Secondly, if it happens to be in France, it is not only very much there, it is there presumably for forever, one more reminder of the dreadful permanence of the temporary. There are, as always in France, reasons for this. To blow up a concrete pillbox would require an entire crew of demolition engineers, and such labor is short these days. Moreover, one can't go around dynamiting eyesores without a permit, and an eyesore-dynamiting permit has not yet been invented. Half of what is known as French frugality comes from this: One must keep things because one has no permit for throwing them away.

But suppose you have inherited, or in a moment of weakness bought, a German blockhouse on the south coast of France? What, as a pragmatic twentieth-century American, do you do with it?

The possibilities are not endless. About the only thing you can do, legally, is build a house on it. Double-camouflage its alley-cat war camouflage with brick or stone, and use the pillbox as a foundation for something split level *à la Germano-Française*. And here you come up against a third disadvantage, not unrelated to the first two, which is its damnable Teutonic solidity. (Continued on Page 54)

Below the villa is what the author calls her "big, blue front yard," which once was swept by German guns.

The Mediterranean by moonlight. In 1944, U.S. soldiers were stalled here for four days by heavy enemy fire.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

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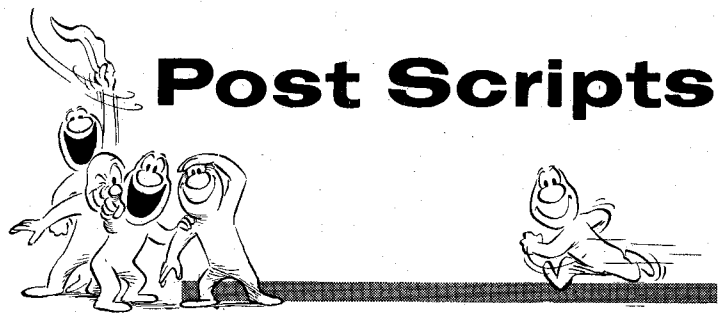


Post Scripts

Jack the Vice-President Killer

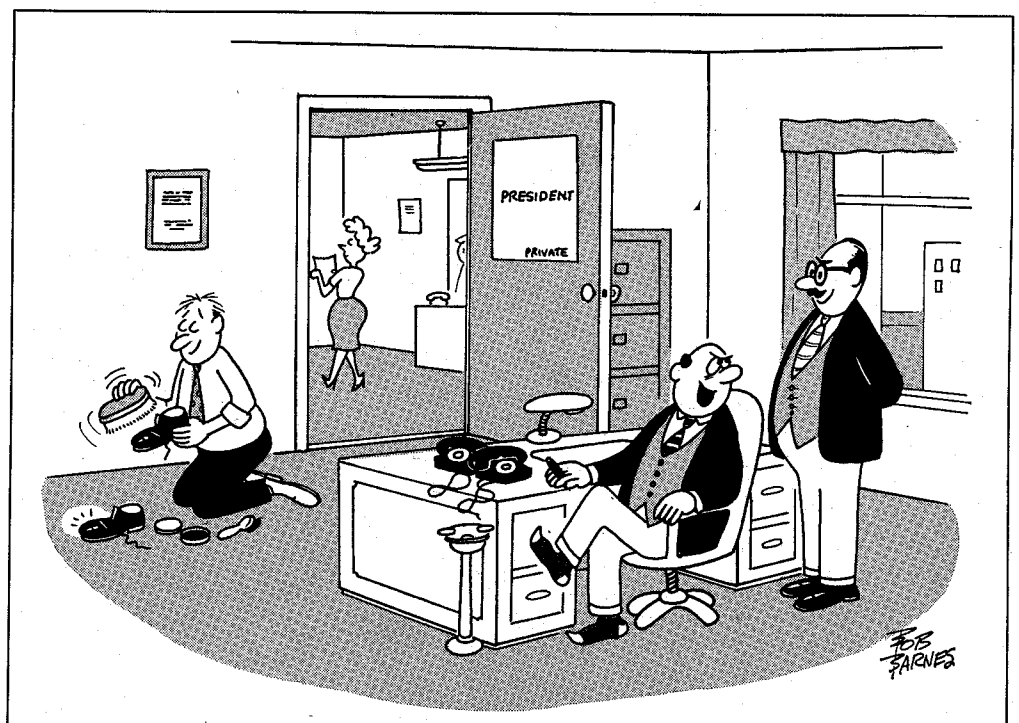
Let others be sheep with their timid bleating.
He sits in the Stockholders' Open Meeting,
A very vocal avenging Fury,
An angry judge and a one-man jury.

With beetling brows and derisive snorts,
He listens to Quarterly Reports.
He gimlets the Chairman with knife-sharp questions
And fires barrages of loud suggestions.

He wants more data: wants figures and facts.
He wants expenditures given the ax.
He's here as the poor stockholder's friend,
And he wants an additional dividend.

And who is this hero, so brave to pester
The Board of Directors? A big investor?
No, this is the fellow who dug in his sock
And recently bought two shares of stock!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"I like that new man's attitude."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Most Disturbing Reflection

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Mirror, mirror in the hall,
Mirror, mirror by the stair,
Mirror, mirror, everywhere,
Why must all of you agree
This is me?

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Could You Wait a Second While I Get an Ash Tray?

I feel that very few telephone subscribers will fail to recognize the following types of telephone calls:

THE DO-NOTHING-BUT-LISTEN TYPE: "Oh? . . . Oh? . . . Uh-huh. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Oh? . . . H'm'm'm. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Oh? . . . H'm'm'm. . . . Well, I —— Oh? . . . H'm'm'm ——"

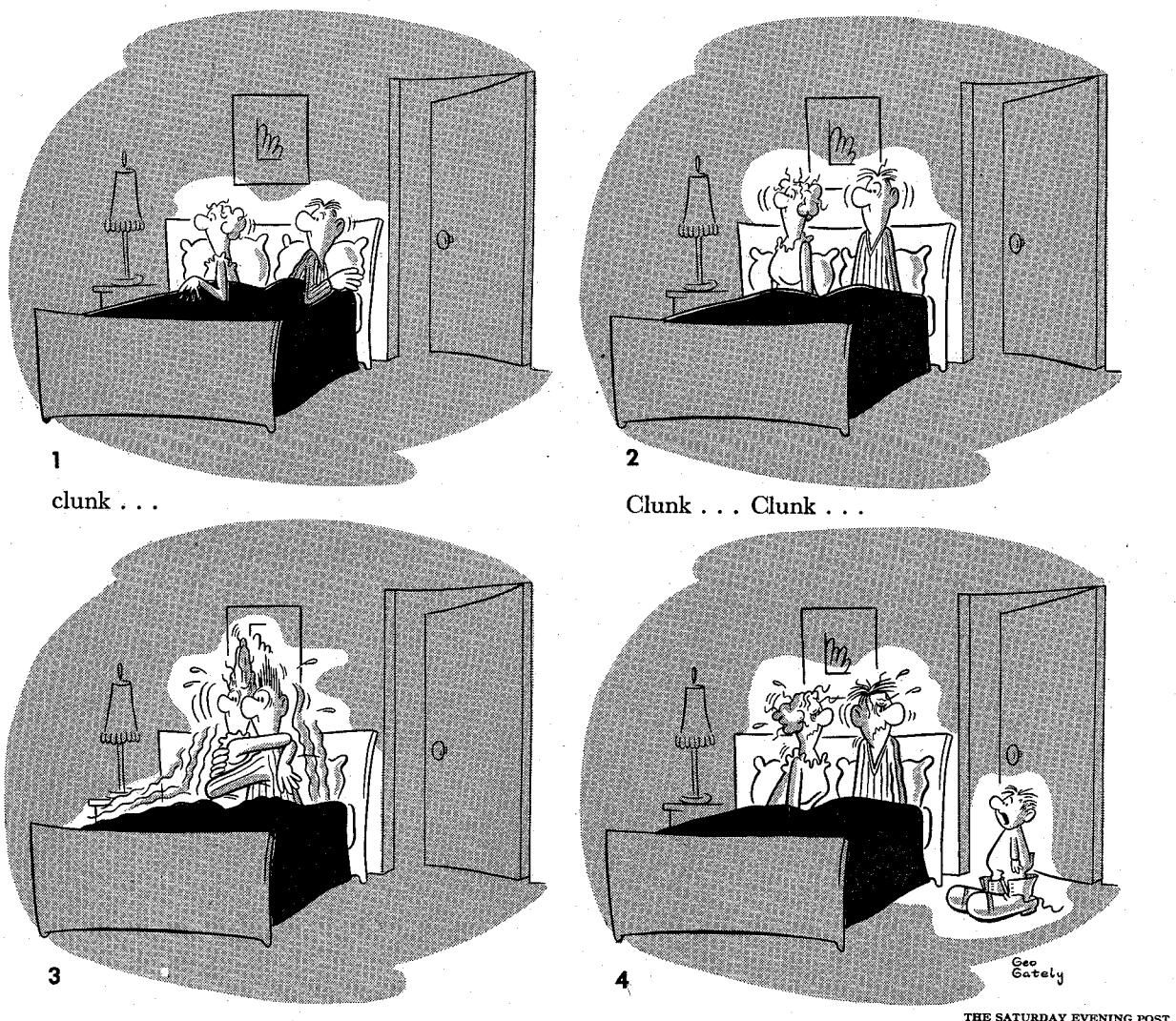
THE CAN'T-MAKE-HEADS-OR-TAILS TYPE: "He what? . . . Look, Rudy, calm down, for Pete's sake! . . . He did what? . . . Rudy, you're talking so loud and fast I can't understand a word you're saying. . . . Now, give it to me again. . . . He what? . . . Who? . . . Simmer down a little, Rudy. . . . That's the boy. . . . Now, then—and slowly this time ——"

THE LONG-DISTANCE-YOU'RE-PAYING-FOR TYPE: "Sure. . . . Sure. . . . Well, I guess maybe we'd better sort of cut it —— Yeah. . . . Well, you take it easy, pal, and —— I'll write to you real soon. . . . Right. . . . Take it easy. . . . Right. . . . Take it ——"

THE LONG-DISTANCE-YOU'RE-NOT-PAYING-FOR TYPE: "Wonderful trip! Absolutely wonderful! We hit five different ports during our cruise—Havana, Kingston, Port-au-Prince—that's in Haiti—Ciudad Trujillo, and —— You know me, Gus; I always take it easy. . . . Nice to have talked with you too. But just one other thing about our trip: The second day out of Miami, we hit this real rough ocean, see? And seasick! Boy, I'm telling you, I was never so ——"

THE HAVING-A-LITTLE-TROUBLE-WITH-THE-PARTY-LINE TYPE: "So, naturally, I just up and told the boss —— I think there's somebody on the line. . . . Well, anyhow, I told the boss that if that was the way he felt about it, he could —— Look; would you mind hanging up until we've finished this call? . . . As I was saying, I told him he could —— We're using the line! . . . I SAID, WE'RE USING THE LINE! . . . Now, then ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DELICIOUS AS HOMEMADE

Because *Campbell's* gives you:

1. All the best parts of the chicken
2. Fluffy, long-grain rice
3. Golden, slow-simmered broth

That's why Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup is such a family favorite. Delicious, tender pieces of white and dark meat. Rice that's carefully selected and sorted by hand. All this in a rich, flavorful chicken broth. Ready in 4 minutes.

Enjoy Chicken with Rice Soup today. Have another Campbell's Soup tomorrow. M'm! M'm! Good. *Nourishing* good!

Campbell's Soups cost you less than 7¢ a bowl . . . such a good value in pleasure and nourishment.

Have you had your soup today?

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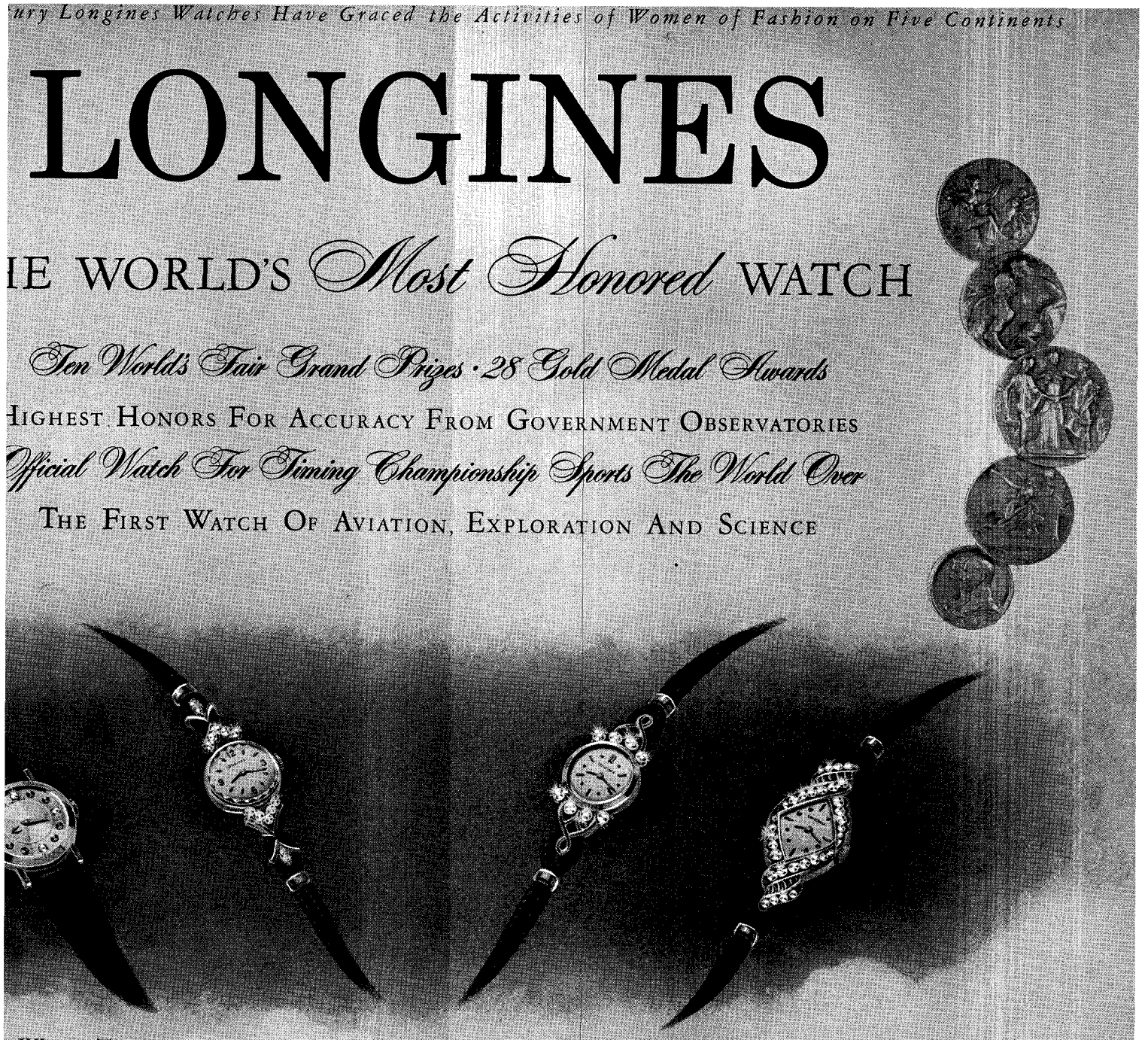

WILL TREASURE YOUR LONGINES DIAMOND WATCH FOR A LIFETIME

of Longines diamond watches is the Exclusive, infinitely varied in style, these d-finished by master jewelers; diamonds tched for color and brilliancy; move- lly Longines—the world's standard of nnovations include the smallest of round watches, with concealed winding stems. ℂ The prestige of Longines watches is the culmination of a century-old partnership between art and science, beauty and utility, excellence and elegance. In all qualities by which a fine watch may be judged, Longines watches have won highest honors. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

collection—left to right: Diamond Concerto—with w, 4-diamond dial, $150; Starlight Sonata—14 dia- monds, $295; Starlight Fantasy—the smallest round watch, 8 diamonds, $275; Starlight Splendor—30 diamonds, $395. All in magnificent 14K gold cases.

gines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

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ARSON, INCORPORATED

What was the secret of this mysterious figure who everywhere inspired a nameless dread?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Thought you ought to know," Craig said, "that Clyde Tupper was prowling the street outside the fire."

"And what of it?" demanded Chief Fogarty. "What business is that of yours?"

"None, sir," Craig said stiffly. "Nor was it my business that Nora and I saw him get shot at as he came out of your apartment the other night."

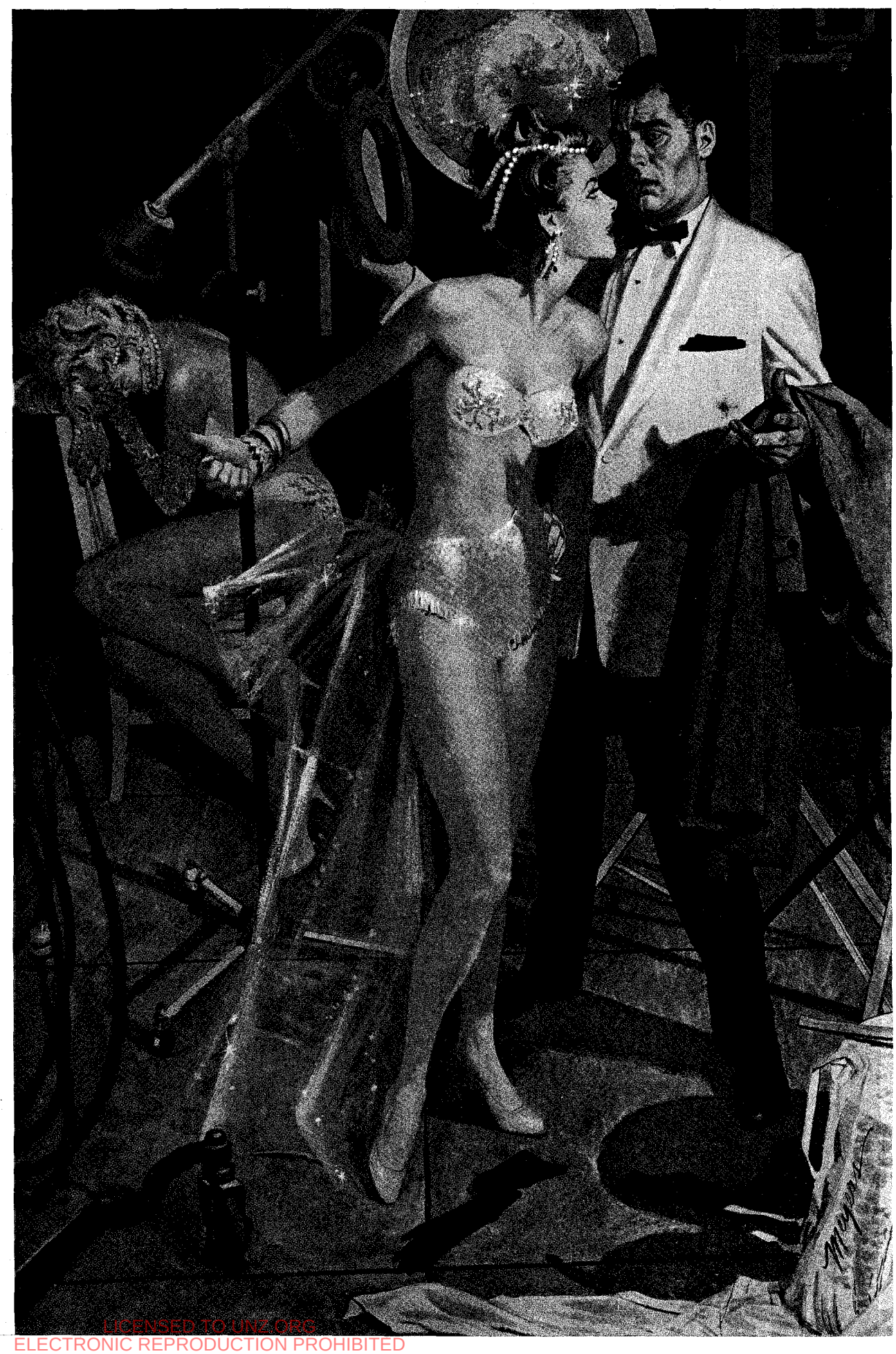
Fireman Craig Batts, whose own father had been the victim of an unknown pyromaniac, puzzled over the strange influence that Tupper apparently wielded over his "uncle." For Fogarty's record in the New York City Fire Department was beyond reproach. Yet Craig knew that this recent blaze was the work of an incendiary. And because he felt instinctively that the mysterious Tupper must somehow be involved, he stored in his exceptional memory every detail of Tupper's odd behavior at the scene. Now if only he could win an appointment to the investigative role of a fire marshal, Craig could devote his full time to tracking down the torch.

II

Craig Batts was on temporary theater duty. He knew he was required to report at the theater to which he was assigned properly uniformed and with badge a half hour before the start of the performance. He recorded in the company journal the time of his departure, as he would record his return to the station within half an hour after the end of the show.

Once in the building, he followed rigorous routine. He knew the location of the nearest street alarm box. His first act on entering the theater was to transmit over the inside alarm box test signal 1-1. After that he inspected emergency exits, stairways and passages and fire doors and sprinkler systems. He must hunt for accumulated rubbish understage, close all doors in the proscenium walls, see to it there was no smoking backstage. At the end of the performance he must see to the lowering of the asbestos curtain, and at all times be ready, in case of fire, to appear before the audience to prevent panic. The regulations specifically informed him that he was not there to watch the show.

The offering was one of those musical revues, elaborate, spectacular, featuring gorgeous costumes and beautiful scenery. It was a large company with show girls and little girls who did precision routines. So there was



"I know you, Tupper," Annie said. "If harm comes to my sister by you, I'll kill you."

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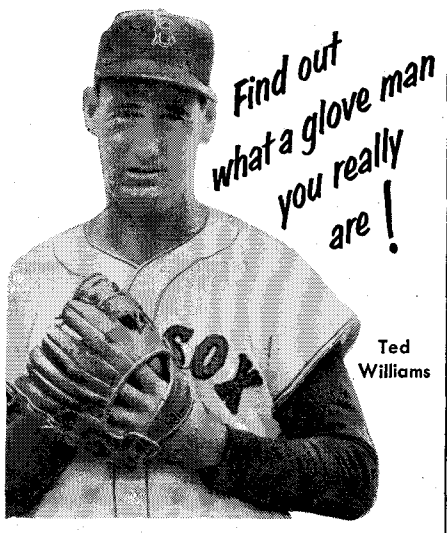

Try a big league

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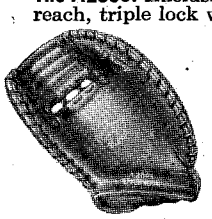
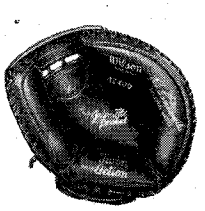
You'll never know what a glove man you really are until you find out how a Wilson Glove or Mitt can help your game. Game saving plays seem simple with gloves like these to help you!

And no wonder—they are the favorites of men like Ted Williams, Harvey Kuenn, Johnny Antonelli, Al Kaline, Roy McMillan, Nellie Fox, Don Blasingame, Jim Finigan, Early Wynn, Frank Thomas, Andy Pafko, Enos Slaughter, Hank Sauer, Jim Piersall, Billy Martin, Ernie Banks*—and many others!

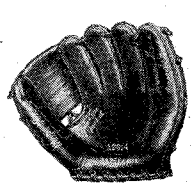
The A2000. Exclusive snap-action, extra reach, triple lock web.



Big Scoop® First Baseman's Mitt. Preformed double pocket—extra reach for high, wide ones.



Roy Campanella Catcher's Mitt. Twin-Action flexibility, Grip-Tite pocket.



Harvey Kuenn Personal Model. Has professional features you'd expect to find only in gloves costing much more.

**Players named are members of the Wilson Advisory Staff*

Your sporting goods dealer has a Wilson Glove or Mitt just right for you—at the price you want to pay!

Win With Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago

constant movement and congestion in the wings as scene succeeded scene and men and girls scurried to make quick costume changes. Craig, having finished his routine, occupied a chair against the wall and watched with keen interest the movement of this artificial world. He had performed similar duty before, but always in a house offering drama; so this experience was novel to him and titillating to that trick mind of his which, whether he wanted it to or not, stored away in its mysterious recesses myriads of details.

It was the middle of the first act before anyone spoke to him, and then it was a young woman who stood on one foot while she leaned against the wall and held the other foot in her hands to knead it. He noticed that, although her hair was black as jet, her eyes were violet. She was only a couple of inches over five feet tall. Her small face, so close to him, looked a bit grotesque with its make-up. She sighed and grimaced and then caught his eyes upon her.

"Hello, fireman," she said; and then, "Oh, my aching feet!"

Craig said nothing, not thinking of anything to say.

"I inherit aching feet," she said wryly. "My dad is a cop. Pounding pavements. You firemen got the best of it—you ride. . . . You're a new one, aren't you?"

"I'm temporary," he told her.

She peered at him curiously. "I don't guess I'd care to marry a fireman."

"No?" he said. "And why not? We're pretty desirable. Steady pay and pension. So pursued are we that we must make ourselves hard to get."

The girl raised her voice as she shifted to the other leg and massaged the opposite foot. "Hi, Gertie," she called to a girl a dozen feet away, "come get a piece of this. He's a card that gives off comical sayings."

"You keep him, Annie," said the other girl. "Firemen can't afford minks."

"The reason," Annie said to Craig, continuing to rub her foot, "that I wouldn't marry a fireman is they don't get home nights."

"How many nights does a chorine get home?" he retorted.

"But we're there all day except matinees." She put on her slipper and lowered her foot to the stage.

Craig never had, until now, exchanged a word with a chorus girl. He knew nothing about chorus girls, but in common with all too many people he had a hazy idea that they were amoral young women who displayed their physical equipment mainly for the purpose of attracting sugar daddies or acquiring apartments on Park Avenue. Now, as he saw them going about their business methodically, painstakingly—probably with aching feet—he wondered if this necessarily was so. It was conceivable that being a chorus girl was a job like being a fireman or a policeman or a truck driver or a teller in a bank. And that they cavorted in attractive seminudity not because of any personal desire to exhibit themselves, but because it was written that way in the script.

"Cat got your tongue?" Annie asked pertly.

"Do you have a family?" he asked.

"Sure. Ma and pa and three kid sisters."

His inquiring mind urged him to persist in questioning; to ask about her home life, her interests away from the stage, her ambitions; but he did not know how to go about it without being brash. She helped out.

"That's one of my kid sisters yonder," she said. "She's eighteen. Now I ask you, Mr. Fireman, isn't she a dish?"

The little girl Annie indicated, just coming down the iron stairway, was indeed a dish. Annie was a more than ordinarily pretty girl, but her little sister was something special. This child was exquisite. Even under the make-up her little face was one not to be forgotten. She seemed to move with a special grace, and even among those dozens of girls selected for shapeliness, she stood out as a masterpiece of sculpture stands out among concrete garden statues. Craig expelled a breath.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," Annie said acidly. "She's a doll, and if you think I'm jealous you're nuts. She's my baby sister and I'm supposed to keep an eye on her. How'd you like that for an assignment, Mr. Fireman?"

"She looks," said Craig in an odd voice, "like an Irish angel."

"And because she is," Annie said grimly, "there lies her danger. To her the wor-rld is a garden." For the first time there was an Irish roll to Annie's r. "All nice smell and pretty flowers. With no thought that a skunk may lurk in the foliage." The corner of her lip lifted. "She knows nothing and if you try to tell her she shies away like a scairt kitten. And every wolf from the Battery to the Bronx is crouchin' in the bushes to pounce!"

Suddenly Annie darted away to take her place in a line of girls about to make their entrance. Craig was not sure that he was not violating regulations when he talked to a member of the company, but upon this point there was nothing specific in the book. He gave himself the benefit of the doubt.

He sat now amusing himself by striving to photograph upon the plate of his mind the kaleidoscopic movement taking place before him, so that he could remember and recite its details in the future. It was difficult because there were so many elements, so many comings and goings. He closed his eyes and tried to recall what had taken place during the past five minutes. Then he opened his eyes again to observe, and did so just in time to see a man coming upon the stage from the direction of the stage door.

Craig blinked, for the last thing in the world he had anticipated, was to see this man here. It was Mr. Tupper.

Homburg in hand, so that his bristling hair was visible, Tupper was clad in a beautifully tailored dinner jacket, and no bulge under his left armpit was visible. He was sleek, handsome, and seemed to be sure of himself in these surroundings. And, arrogantly, as if he deliberately flouted the law, he was smoking a cigarette. Craig got up from his chair and confronted the man.

"No smoking backstage," he said.

Tupper lowered a brow and said unpleasantly, "Who says so?"

"The law says so," Craig replied.

Tupper shrugged as if it were not worth making an issue. Then he narrowed his eyes and peered at Craig. He was not drunk, but he was well in liquor.

"I've seen you before," he said.

"Possibly," Craig answered. He had done his duty and was about to turn away and resume his chair, but Tupper would not have it that way.

"I remember," he said. "At Old Man Fogarty's."

"At Chief Fogarty's," Craig corrected stiffly.

"He's what I choose to call him," Tupper said loudly, and there were hushes from stagehands to warn and quiet him. He held his open hand before Craig's nose and slowly closed his fingers. "In there I have him," he said. "Just like that."

"Mr. Tupper," Craig said, "I am the fireman on duty here. I can take notice of nothing of a personal nature. It will be well if you do not create a disturbance."

Tupper hesitated, then shrugged again. "Could be I'll look you up," he said. "Could be."

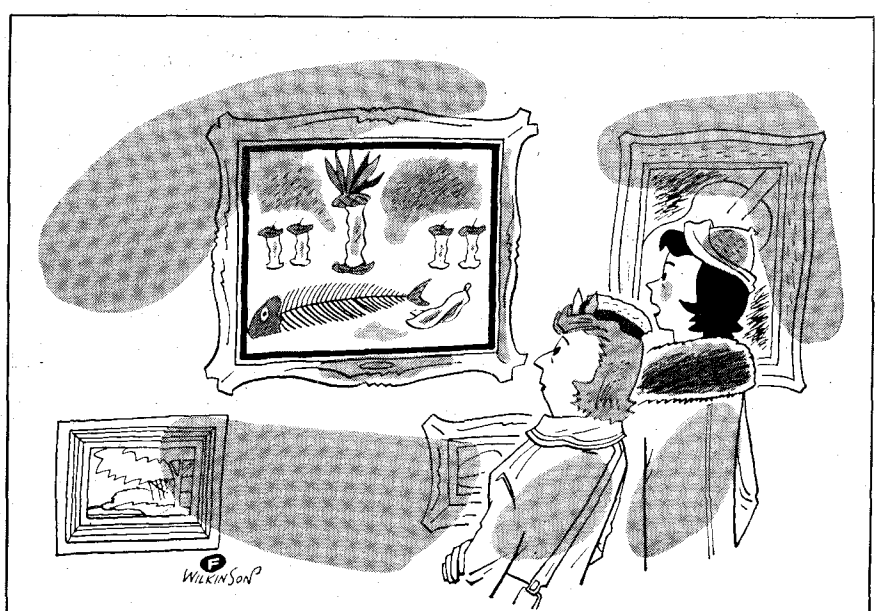
He turned and walked forward, standing where he could get a view of the action on the stage. Presently the chorus danced off, Annie's glowing little sister among the last to exit. Craig, from his tilted chair, heard Tupper utter a low exclamation and saw him thrust his head forward. The man's big hand darted out and grasped the little girl's bare shoulder.

"Hi, Jail Bait," he said, "come to papa. You're a new one. What's your name, Sugar?"

She uttered a startled cry and tried to draw away, but he clung to her, a half-drunken leer on his handsome face. Tupper's grin was lupine as he bent toward her. "I'll be waiting after the show," he said. "Ask any of the girls. I rate high with the babes."

Craig's hands doubled into fists, but he did not move from his chair. He was not there to rescue damsels in distress. He was a member of the fire department on important duty. The audience beyond the footlights was his responsibility, which he must not neglect for any reason. Much as this intoxicated bounder needed a lesson, Craig must not administer it. But he did, privately, resolve that he would seek a day and an opportunity when it would be permissible to discuss this and another thing with Clyde Tupper.

But Craig need not have intervened. Suddenly the (*Continued on Page 46*)



"It's called 'Hunger'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 44*) air was full of kicking, clawing arms and legs as Annie launched herself upon this man who annoyed little sister. She kicked, scratched, bit. Her red nails raked his face; her tiny feet kicked his shins.

"You!" she panted. "You big evil tomcat." He tried to extricate himself, but she followed tenaciously. "Just you make one more pass at my sister and you'll get it." She drew back, gasping for breath, unconscious of the members of the company who crowded around. She stood now, white and deadly calm. "I know you, Tupper," she said almost in a whisper. "With good reason. If harm comes to my sister by you, I'll kill you. Hear me? I'll kill you."

The concerned stage manager pushed his way to her side, scowling at Tupper, throwing a protective arm about Annie's shoulders. "What goes on here?" he demanded. "Behave yourself, Annie. There's a show going on. And you, Tupper, I've warned you before. Drag out of here. Go home and sleep it off."

"Don't heave your weight around, Manning," Tupper said.

"I don't like you, Tupper, nor your kind," Manning said. "If I had my way you never would get past the stage door."

"But I get past," Tupper sneered.

Manning nodded. "Someday," he said softly, "you'll get past it once too often. Now scram before you get tossed out."

Craig relaxed. He had been teetering on the razor edge between the restraint placed upon him by his duty and his impulses as a human being. He could not have taken much more without forgetting his badge and uniform. His knuckles were white and his muscles tense as he fought for self-control; and it was with a sigh of relief that he saw Tupper escorted to the door by the stage manager.

The group dissipated. Craig heard one girl say to another, "Annie sure got her Irish up."

"I wouldn't want to be in that wolf's shoes if he goes tampering with the kid sister," said her companion. "Annie plays for keeps."

The performance terminated. Craig saw to the lowering of the asbestos curtain, made certain that all trapdoors were closed and all elevators made flush with the stage floor. He left the theater by the stage door and returned to the engine house, where he signed in on the log. He went back past the huge red ambulance to the kitchen, where he took a good-night cup of coffee before he climbed to the dormitory.

But sleep did not come at once. He could not rid his mind of Clyde Tupper, of Annie's little sister, and of his almost father, Chief Fogarty. He did not think of Nora. Probably this was because they were so much like brother and sister that she was negligible. It did not so much as occur to him that his fraternal feeling toward Nora Fogarty was by no means a permanent thing, and that it might be altered suddenly and radically.

A gentleman of middle age with waving gray hair brushed back from a high, narrow forehead was seated at the table having a cup of coffee with Craig Batts and a couple of other members of the company. A monocle dangled from a black ribbon. He was exquisitely tailored, pink of cheeks, and pearl-gray spats covered his slim ankles. If one had been seeking a model for an aristocratic gentleman of the Nineties, Pieter Van Rensselaer would have been incredibly exact for the part. Also, incredibly, this dapper member of the socially elect was a buff. There never was a day when he would not desert a Lucullan luncheon at the Racquet Club or a box in the opera, to go rushing off to answer a fire alarm in any one of New York's boroughs. He was an *aficionado*. Some gentlemen might be fanatical first-nighters; others might water at the mouth at sight of a Van Gogh or experience palpitations in the presence of a Ch'ien-Lung ceramic; but Pieter Van Rensselaer's heart went pit-a-pat at the sound of a siren.

There is, in more antiquarian circles of the fire department, great argument over the origin of the word buff. It came into being a century or more ago in the day of the volunteer fire companies, among which was high rivalry even to the point of mayhem. It was the custom of these companies, upon the alarm of fire, to send out a fleet, hard-bitten member carrying a keg. This he would put over the hydrant and stand alongside to defend it so that his own company might be first to affix a hose and turn its stream on the fire. These companies grew tougher and tougher until they degenerated into the first gangs of New York. A buff is held by some authorities to have been originally a boy who hung around the engine house stylishly wearing a buffalo-skin cap. Other sapient historians claim the word derives from the color of the uniforms of the militia of that day.

But Pieter Van Rensselaer was a *rara avis* even among fire fanatics. He was a bosom friend of mayors and commissioners. He carried proudly in a leather case a gold badge conferring upon him honorary rank, and there never had been a gentleman of such wealth and social position and influence to claim membership in the fellowship of buffs.

He would rather breakfast with a buttman or nozzleman in a fire-engine house than eat oatmeal and flapjacks with the President in the White House. Nevertheless, eccentric as some might deem him to be, he was popular with the members of the department. Which marked him as quite a person, because you have to be all wool and a yard wide to gain the esteem of the city's fire fighters.

His meticulously kept scrapbook of clippings would one day be of high value to the department's library. It was an expense not to be afforded by one of moderate means. Clipping services supplied him with every reference to fires or firemen published in the United States. It was his declared purpose to write, when old age and stiffened legs overtook him, a comprehensive history of fire from the day it was first produced by rubbing two sticks together to the era of isotopes.

Now he was spreading on the bare boards of the table a number of clippings from newspapers.

"I call your attention, young gentlemen," he said with the air of a pedant, "to these bits of paper. Their date lines are from Dallas, Cincinnati, Denver, Omaha, New Orleans. Coincidence, of course, is possible in this haphazard world. One repetition of an event may be a coincidence. Two repetitions arouse suspicion in the logical mind. Three repetitions abut upon the marvelous. But the fourth repetition establishes either a scientific law or an efficient plan."

This was a bit esoteric for Craig, but he reserved his questions while Pieter continued earnestly. "Each of these fires," he said solemnly, "occurred in a building in close proximity to a bank or a jewelry store. In each instance, during the confusion incident to a fire, the bank or the store was looted. In each case there was suspicion of arson, but no evidence that could be taken to court."

"Yes, sir," Craig said deferentially. "And what do you deduce from this?"

"It indicates to me," said Pieter, "organization."

"Do you mean an arson organization? But we were told the other day that there is no commercial arson."

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Pieter scornfully. "Arson we have always with us. And so long as there is business failure, hatred, jealousy, there always will be arson. If there is a market for arson, then there will be evil men who will supply the demand. There will be arsonists for hire."

"But this, sir, would indicate hired arson on a large scale—a business that ramifies from Coast to Gulf to Midwest."

"To me," said Pieter, "that is the deduction. But it goes further than mere arson for hire. These clippings prove to me that there is also arson as an aid to looting. The existence of a combination whose purpose is to set fires as a distraction, to cause confusion making it possible to commit crime under cover of excitement and noise and fire and smoke."

"Have you, sir, called this to the attention of the commissioner?"

"Indeed I have. He is, to put it mildly, skeptical."

"How about the chief fire marshal?"

"I think, Batts"—Pieter knew almost every fireman by name—"that he was impressed, but reluctant to admit it."

"Do you see a sort of company with local branches?"

"I doubt that. Affiliations possibly. No. What I envision is a sort of traveling circus of experts. Expert arsonists, expert safe crackers, expert thieves and robbers. Such a troupe, with no local connections, who dropped into town for a depredation and then vanished, would be pretty difficult to identify unless caught in the act. Constantly on the move. A hit-and-run process."

He finished his coffee, dropped his monocle from his eye and picked up his malacca walking stick. In the door he paused and turned and motioned to Craig. "A word with you, Batts," he said.

Craig accompanied him to the sidewalk. "Batts," the dapper man said earnestly, "Chief Fogarty worries me."

"In what way, sir?"

"Suddenly he seems to have aged. As if there were a hidden illness or a grave mental disturbance. Are you aware of it?"

"He is not as young as he used to be," Craig answered noncommittally.

"He has been almost a father to you."

"No father could have done more for me."

"Then keep a loving eye on him, young man. His manner, his expression when he thinks himself unobserved, I do not like. If—should you feel that there is need for something, for some assistance—do not hesitate to call upon me. Chief Fogarty and I are long-time friends."

"Thank you, sir. I will not forget your offer."

Van Rensselaer walked jauntily down the street, wholly unconscious that he was an anachronism, a sort of living ghost from the days of the Four Hundred and Mrs. Astor and Booth and Barrett and Barnum's Museum. Unique as he was, he attracted little attention. New York is so crammed with oddities that one more causes no furor.

Chief Fogarty came clumping down the narrow stairs from his office and waggled a peremptory finger at Craig Batts. "Young spriggins," he said tartly, "you are to rayport forthwith to the chief fire marshal at the man's office on the eleventh floor of the Municipal Building on Chambers Street."

This direction was so redundant that Craig perceived that Chief Fogarty was in an emotional state and sought to conceal it with many useless words.

"Does this mean, sir, that I ——"

"It means, most like," said the chief, "that you will be layin' aside your uniform and your cap and your badge, maybe foriver. That ye will cease to be a fireman like your father and mesilf. It is a serious thing. It is a break wit' family tradition. Fogartys and Batts was born to fight fires, not to snoop in the ashes to find how they were touched off." He knuckled his eyes. "The young will be young; and new ways push aside ways that are old. Maybe 'tis well to be so."

"I hope it will be well," Craig said gravely.

"Good luck be with you, lad, and bad cess to all that impede you. This must not pull ye away from Nora and me, for changes often cause sad separations. And new friends at hand cause old friends at a distance to be forgot."

(*Continued on Page 48*)

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(*Continued from Page 46*) "Never fear that, Uncle Paddy," Craig said harshly. "That day you'll never see. . . . How about I come to supper tonight and tell you how it went?"

Uncle Paddy nodded his head jerkily. "Good luck to ye, boy. I shall miss ye sore."

So Craig, not sure yet that he must say good-by to his companions in the firehouse, took the subway down to the great building on Chambers Street with its wide high arch through the middle where it straddled the street. The elevator carried him swiftly to the eleventh floor and he walked through the entrance to the offices of the department. He gave his name to the uniformed man at the reception desk and presently was admitted to the office of the chief marshal. The marshal's aide at his desk in the outer office motioned for him to enter the inner room. Signals were pinging from the loudspeaker while the chief cocked his head, birdlike, to listen. When silence came he turned his grizzled head to peer up with icy gray eyes at the young fireman.

"Batts," he said. "You're Batts that does memory tricks?"

Craig saw no reason to answer this.

"Quicker than I figured, a vacancy has come. I shall offer it to you. Before you say yes or no I'll have a word with you."

"Yes, sir," said Craig.

"You come to us from the uniformed ranks," the chief said. "It is not an advantage to you. Do ye know, young man, that a marshal brought here from the uniformed ranks can never rise to be chief marshal or even supervisor? That such is the law, though I do not understand why. A civilian alone can win promotion in the Bureau of Fire Investigation."

"I am aware of that, sir."

"But it does not prevent you from taking the examination for promotion to lieutenant or beyond in the regular department. We have here a marshal that is a lieutenant. But should ye turn out to be the greatest fire detective that ever lived, ye cannot hope ever to sit in my chair."

"I understand, sir."

"And ye still wish for the transfer?"

"I do."

"In that case you will report here in the morning, having laid aside your uniform, and your training will commence. My aide in the outer room is also a supervisor. He will start you on your way."

"Thank you, sir," Craig said earnestly.

"Here there is no checker playing or time for coffee. You will sleep at home. From now on, you never will be sure of a free moment for fun or frolic. You will be liable to sudden call at all times. When ye go out of this office on duty you will call in and report your whereabouts every hour and a half. Little private life will be yours. It is a strict duty. Report to my aide at eight o'clock."

"Thank you, sir," Craig said and walked out of the office.

The young man at the flat-topped desk outside looked up at him and smiled in a friendly way. "See you in the morning, Batts. In civilian clothes."

Craig returned to his engine house, collected his personal belongings, said goodby to his comrades and went home. He was conscious as he rode the subway to Brooklyn that he had reached the first important fork in the road of his life and had selected with open eyes which direction he would take. To have taken the other path, the one his father and Uncle Paddy had followed, would undoubtedly have brought him promotions, increases in salary, and in the end an ample pension. The way he had chosen had less to offer in a material way, but he was content, for he felt that he had found a niche into which he fitted perfectly.

Craig had a figure which satisfactorily filled a finely tailored gabardine suit. It was an extravagance. Though his opportunities to disport himself in civilian clothes had been few, nevertheless a certain vanity had urged him to select the best his purse could afford. Now that he had laid aside his blue uniform forever, he put on his new habiliments with juvenile satisfaction. He gave slight thought to the fact that he was about to dine with a young lady, because the young lady was nobody but Nora Fogarty. Now, if it had been some other girl!

His was a walk-up apartment. He descended the stairs and, well before the supper hour, turned his steps toward the Fogartys' flat. Nora, her gown protected by an apron, opened the door and stood peering up at him as if she did not recognize him. Even though it was only Nora, he preened himself. She cocked her head pertly and wrinkled her nose.

"It's the same face," she said, "but a different set of feathers. Have you quit the department to become a tailor's dummy?"

"Hush your noise before I give you the back of my hand," he retorted. "I'm done with the uniform forever."

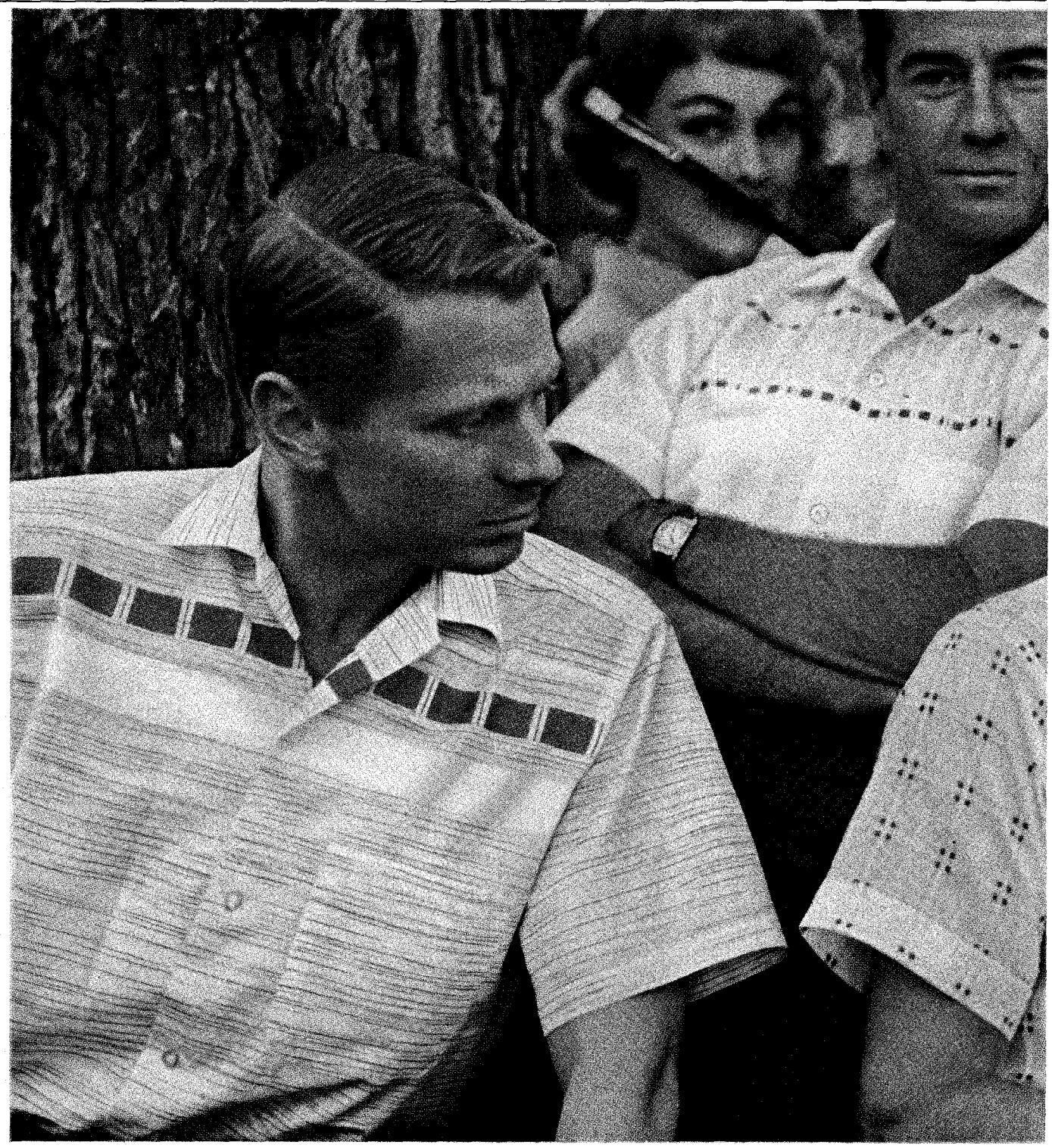
"It was man's clothing," she said.

"It's not the color of the cloth that counts, but what's underneath it."

"Do you say so now?" she said, pretending to a brogue which was not natural to her. "And what's underneath this wolf's clothing?"

"A fire marshal this day appointed," he said, as she stepped aside to let him enter.

"So you got it!" she said, and there was a look in her violet eyes which he did



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not perceive and which, had he seen it, he would not have understood. "What good luck for the Bureau of Fire Investigation. I hope 't will be worthy of your talents."

He tossed his hat on a table and turned to her, staring down at her with puzzled eyes.

"Why do you always belittle me?" he asked. It was the first time he had heeded it. Always before, he had accepted it as a natural part of the bickering of children who had grown up together.

"Because," she said sharply, and tears were close to her lids, "you are a great, blind, stupid dolt that makes me so irritated I could spit."

"That," he said with a grin, "is inelegant."

"Someday, my lad," she told him, "you will rile me to the point where I'll show you what inelegance is."

"Listen, Sugar Bun," he said seriously, "you speak as if you mean it. Are you mad with me? What, now, have I done that's wrong?"

She turned her back and flirted her skirts so that for a split second a lovely leg was visible. "Get you a can of beer out of the icebox," she directed. "I've the supper to get ready." She paused in the dining-room door and peered back at him over her shoulder. "I could count on one hand the times I've seen you out of uniform," she said. "It's a stranger you seem to me."

The telephone rang and Nora crossed the room to lift it from its cradle. "Hello," she said.

"Is this Miss Fogarty?"

"Nora Fogarty," she replied.

"This is George Cook speakin'. Your father's aide. I've ill news for you. The chief was hurt. They took him to the hospital."

"Is—is he bad?"

"The particulars I do not know," said Cook evasively. "He was took to Bellevue. Shall I come for you with his car?"

"It will save time if I take a cab," she said steadily, and hung up the instrument. She turned a white, stricken face to Craig Batts.

"Father's been hurt and taken to Bellevue," she said in a brittle voice.

She ran into the kitchen and turned off the stove. She tore off her apron and, without waiting for hat or bag or gloves, made for the door. Craig was beside her. In the street they found a vacant cab passing.

"Bellevue Hospital," said Craig tensely, "and fast. I pay the fines if any."

At the great hospital they were told that Chief Fogarty could not be seen, that his condition was critical. Other than that, the authorities reserved what information they possessed. The attitude of the intern who spoke with Nora was peculiar. He was an important young man whose manner seemed to suggest that he was big with some secret which he was forbidden to divulge.

"Is father conscious?" Nora asked.

"His condition," evaded the young doctor, "is as satisfactory as could be hoped at this early stage."

"Was it," Craig asked with some impatience, "smoke poisoning?"

"With complications," said the intern. "I advise you to go home and await developments."

"And I," Craig said grimly, "advise you to find a new manner toward anxious people who inquire. You might earn yourself a belt in the nose."

Before the intern could retort, two men entered the reception room. The shorter, grizzled one strode up to the desk and announced that he was deputy chief fire marshal. "And this is the medical officer in charge," he said. "We will be taken at once to Chief Fogarty."

The receptionist turned to the young intern for directions. That young man, less bumptious now in the presence of impressive authority, said nervously, "But chief, he is in the operating room."

The medical officer turned to the deputy chief. "There'll be nothing for you yet," he said. Then to the intern, "You will take me to the operating room."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Nora.

"Yes?" he said, frowning.

"I'm his daughter, sir."

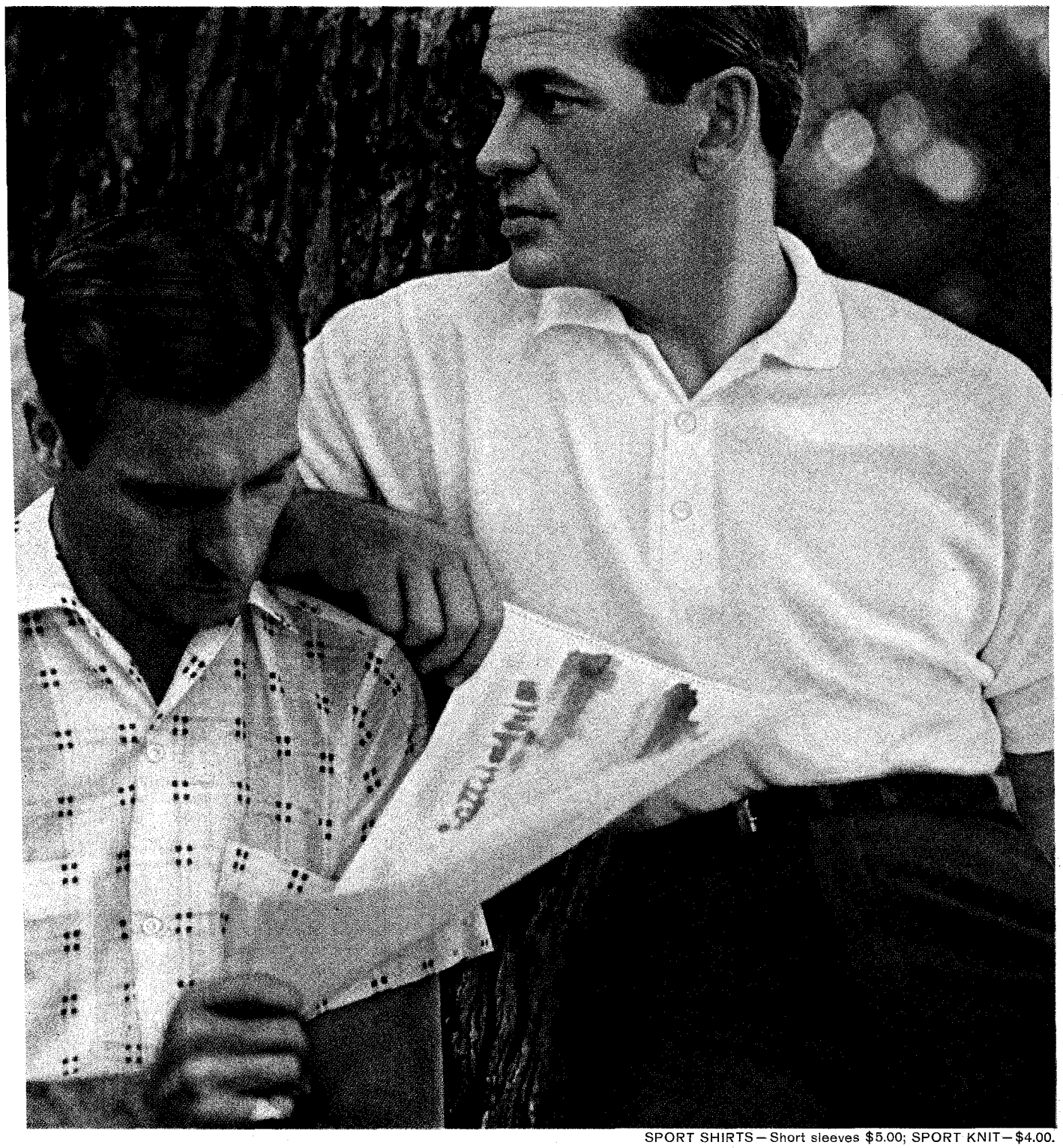
His face softened. "Be as easy as you can, my dear," he said. "I'm here to see

Annual Garden

By Esther Leibrand

A plow's broad swipe
Can wipe
Out last year's middling
picture;
It's not a fixture,
Like paintings for posterity.

Try out new schemes
And dreams,
On this year's fresh-turned
loam;
Pink, blue or chrome,
This one could be a rarity.



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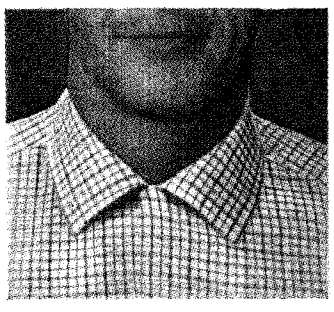

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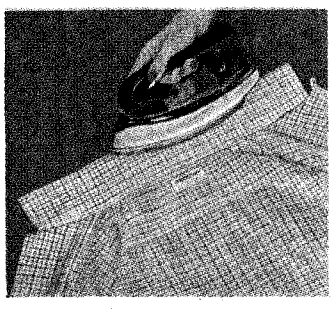

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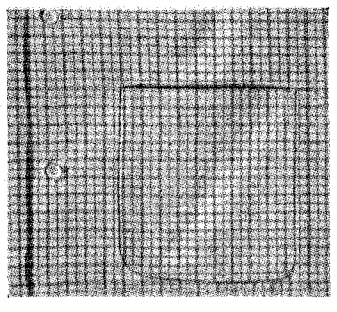

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that nothing is left undone. The department looks after its own. Wait if you like. I will send down word to you as soon as there is word to send."

The deputy chief, face set and stern, turned to the young people. "You are Paddy Fogarty's daughter?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"And this young man?"

"I'm Craig Batts, sir. Uncle Paddy has been a father to me."

"Batts? Batts? And are ye the new appointed fire marshal?"

"To report in the morning," Craig said.

"Where," the deputy chief demanded of the receptionist, "can we sit and be private?"

They were shown into a small room with chairs and a sofa. Craig ventured to speak to his superior. "You would not be here, sir, if this were an ordinary injury."

"I would not," the deputy chief replied. "It was a blaze set by a torch." His lips were compressed and his manner boded ill for some criminal. "Which is not the worst of it, child. Your father was struck down by one seeking to take his life."

"You would know, sir," Batts said, "that my own father died in the same way."

"I would," the deputy chief said shortly. "But Paddy Fogarty is not yet dead. Not by a long ways. Nor will he be, I hope; with his name in the commissioner's report with a black line around it." His heavy hand touched Nora's arm lightly. "It is best you go home, child. In the knowledge that all will be done that can be done. And the first good word that comes will be sent to you. The prayers of a good girl like you may work a miracle."

Craig rode home with Nora in a cab. She was not crying, but calm and still. He went upstairs with her and unlocked and opened the door.

"You must eat," he said.

"We both must eat," she replied, and walked steadily into the kitchen, where she rescued as much of the supper as was possible.

"It's the waiting," she said through stiff lips.

"Cupcake," he said, his firm fingers gripping her shoulder, "I've a feeling. The four fives will not be struck for him this time."

She threw her arms around him and sobbed with great, convulsive sobs on his breast. Then she drew away, shook her head vigorously. "Do not go," she said. "I fear to be alone."

He slept that night, in a long nightgown belonging to Uncle Paddy, on the davenport in the living room. It was daylight when the telephone awakened him, and he reached it before Nora could come out of her room. The voice was the voice of George Cook, Chief Fogarty's aide.

"Who is this?" Cook asked.

"Craig Batts."

"Tell his girl," Cook said, "that there is good hope. He is not conscious yet, but barring what cannot be foreseen he will pull through. It's a concussion, and the smoke. But the doctors have hope."

"Is he likely to regain consciousness?"

"When, they do not predict."

"Thank you, Cook," Craig said, and gave the word to Nora.

"After breakfast," she said, "when you report downtown I will go to the hospital and wait there."

So after coffee and toast and eggs Craig escorted her to the hospital and then went on himself to the Municipal Building and reported to the office of the chief marshal. The chief's aide took Batts down the corridor and opened a door into a room occupied by a couple of secretaries, and then into a second large room where a number of men sat at desks busy with reports. These men, mostly youngish, were marshals on duty in Manhattan and the Bronx. Craig could see a similar room beyond, where sat the marshals assigned to the other boroughs of the city. Around the walls stood steel cabinets containing the files of investigations made by the Bureau of Fire Investigation. He was introduced to the men with whom he would work, and was left with Supervisor Wilkins.

"First," said his mentor, "you will spend time with our files. You will study them to learn methods and procedures. You will learn what you are likely to find and how it is to be dealt with. After you are so grounded, you will go out with an experienced marshal to learn by doing. You will learn how to make out the three cards—the report of deaths at fires, the report of injuries at fires, and the general card of report on investigated fires. There also will be lectures and instructions from time to time until you have learned to be an assistant fire marshal. You will then have your foundation."

He was assigned to a desk, and records of investigations were placed before him. Covertly he looked about him at the men with whom he was to work. Each man had a small, flat-topped desk, and most of them were busy with pen and paper. It might have been an office in some factory and the marshals might have been clerks. There was no hurry, no signs of excitement. The faces Craig studied were clean-cut and alert. That tenacious memory of his remembered their names.

He opened the first folder and read the preliminary report card giving the bare facts of location, class of structure, number of stories, amount of damage and insurance, if there had been previous fires. On the reverse side was noted if there were suspicious circumstances and what testimony was taken. Then on other papers were set down the progress and manner of the investigation of the financial condition of the owner, his character, his books of record. Nothing glamorous, nothing exciting, all routine. But a meticulous, searching, efficient routine which resulted in the owner being brought to trial for arson and convicted to a long term in the penitentiary.

He learned, as he read, that the city was threatened by all too many pyromaniacs, most of them known to the bureau. He learned how all too tender the courts were with these mentally deranged; and how, again and again, after being committed to some mental institution, they were released after a few weeks or months. He learned of the difficulty of producing evidence, not to indicate guilt, but to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. He learned how clever and perhaps unethical lawyers maneuvered to gain acquittals, and how it seemed almost as if the bar and the courts combined to frustrate the toils of the fire marshal.

After a day or two of this, Craig turned to the man at the adjoining desk and said, "Seems as if you have to catch a man with a pail of gasoline in his hand and a lighted match before you can convict him."

"And then," said the assistant marshal, "some slick lawyer will prove it was cleaning fluid and ignited by a bolt of lightning."

The evenings he spent with Nora Fogarty. They visited the hospital nightly but were not yet permitted to see the chief. He seemed to be holding his own, with brief periods of consciousness. The medical officer in charge, who personally was attending Chief Fogarty, was sanguine. "We'll have him out of here in a couple of weeks," he assured Nora.

It was not easy to induce Nora to leave their apartment, lest some word should come from the hospital in her absence, but as her father's condition improved and her tension abated, Craig did persuade her to go to the neighborhood movie and stop in a nearby restaurant for a snack before going home. They were sitting at a table for two when a gentleman stopped in the aisle, removed his hat to display bristly hair and said solicitously, "Miss Fogarty, I was grieved to hear of your father's accident. I trust he is making good progress."

"It was no accident, Mr. Tupper," Nora said. "It was attempted murder."

His handsome face was deeply concerned. "That," he said, "is dreadful—unbelievable." He looked down at Craig Batts without recognition. "If there is something I can do ——"

"There is nothing," Nora said shortly. "Except to leave my father alone when he comes home again."

"But I do not understand!" he exclaimed with raised brows. "My association with your father is greatly to his advantage."

"That," she said tersely, "is untrue."

"Miss Fogarty," he said blandly, "you are laboring under some queer misapprehension. Of which I could disabuse your mind with a few minutes of explanation. If you would dine with me ——"

It was here that Craig intervened. "I thought your specialty," he said, "was little chorus girls."

Tupper's bland expression vanished and his face became cold and menacing. "And who the hell," he demanded, "are you?"

"I," said Craig, "am the fireman who enjoyed seeing you get your face scratched in the theater the other night. I was sorry to be on duty."

"If you had not been on duty?" Tupper asked softly.

"You," said Craig, "would have been carried out instead of merely being invited to leave by the stage manager."

"Leave be, Craig," said Nora peremptorily.

"After one more word," Craig said evenly, half rising from his chair. "Miss Fogarty doesn't like you. I don't like you. Make no advances to her." Then he spoke unwisely, though he did not then know how unwise he was. "Leave little chorus girls alone, Tupper," he said, "and firemen's daughters. Stick to prowling around incendiary fires."

Tupper leaned over the table and his eyes were opaque, ophidian.

"Just what," he asked almost in a whisper, "did you mean by that?"

"Whatever you like," Craig answered.

He was surprised. He was prepared for violence, but there was none. The man Tupper turned on his heel, strode to the front of the café and out into the street.

"Was that a good idea, Craig?" Nora asked.

"I liked it. I liked it fine," Craig said savagely.

"Remember," she said warningly, "he carries a gun."

"That," he said, "I'll bear in mind. Shall we go home?"

He walked Nora back to the apartment and then went on to his own flat. In the morning he reported to headquarters and resumed the study of case histories. He returned to his desk early after a meager lunch. One of the supervisors already was at his desk.

"Back early," he said to Craig.

"There's a special file I'd like to study. If it's permissible."

"What file is that, Batts?"

"The one on the fire where my father was killed," Craig said.

"And why would you want to see that?" asked the supervisor.

"There's little I was told at the time," Craig said. "I would like to know the facts."

"What was the date? Under what name would it be filed?"

Craig gave the required information, and the supervisor went to the filing cabinets. He opened a drawer and searched. His mouth puckered as he made a more careful search.

"What's wrong?" Craig asked.

"That file," said the supervisor, "is missing."

"Misplaced?"

"In this bureau," the supervisor said, "we don't misplace files."

"You mean?" Craig asked.

"I mean," the supervisor said gravely, "it has been abstracted."

"But why?" Craig asked. "Why would anybody steal that file about my father's death?"

"That," said the supervisor, "is a question we'll be ordered to find the answer for. The chief marshal must be told about this at once."

And that—the discovery that a folder was missing—was the start of an investigation that did not end before there had ensued malignant mischief, peril, tragedy and ordeal by fire. It set in motion one of the most baffling and dramatic missions ever imposed upon the Bureau of Fire Investigation of the City of New York.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Very, very funny!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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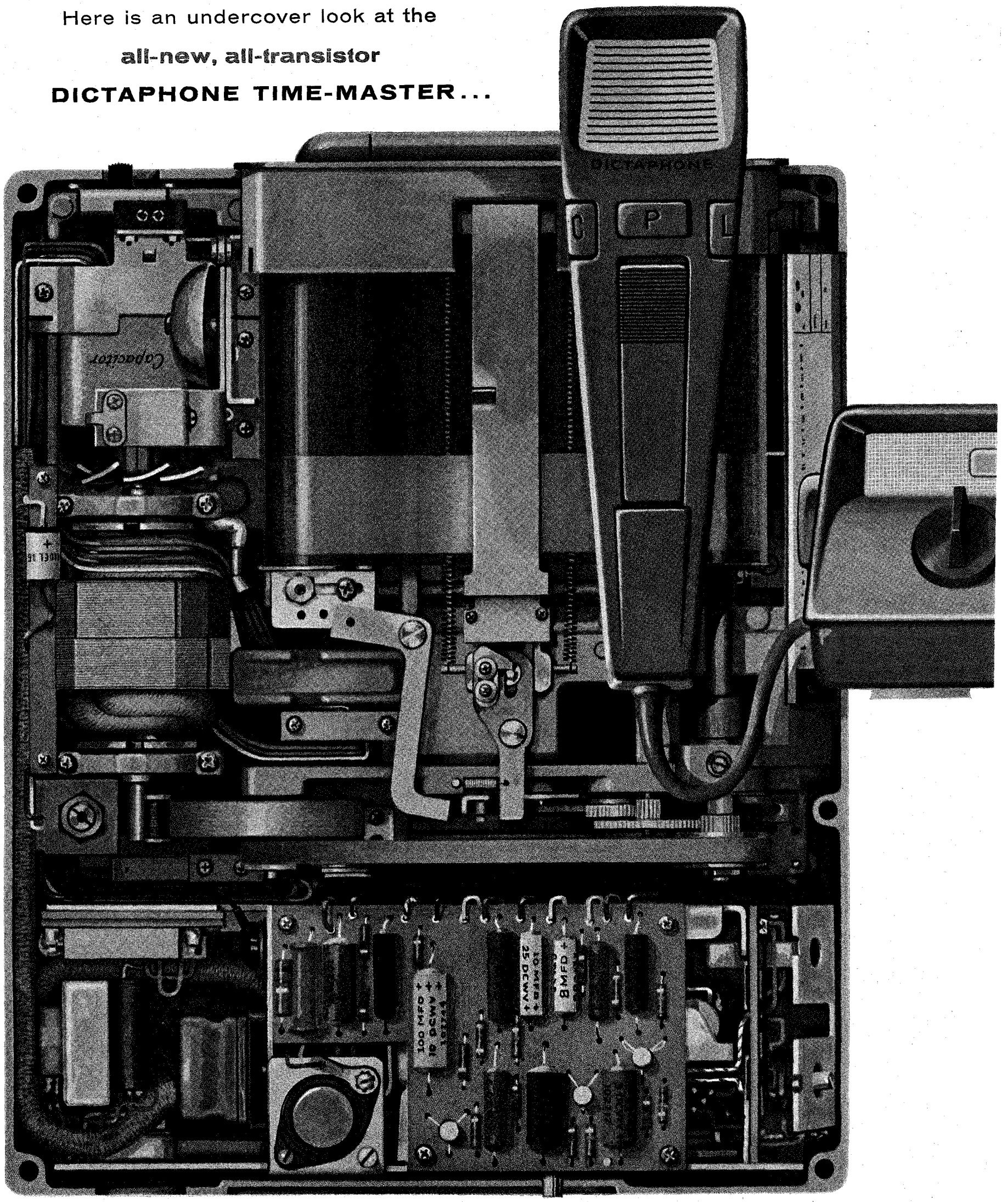

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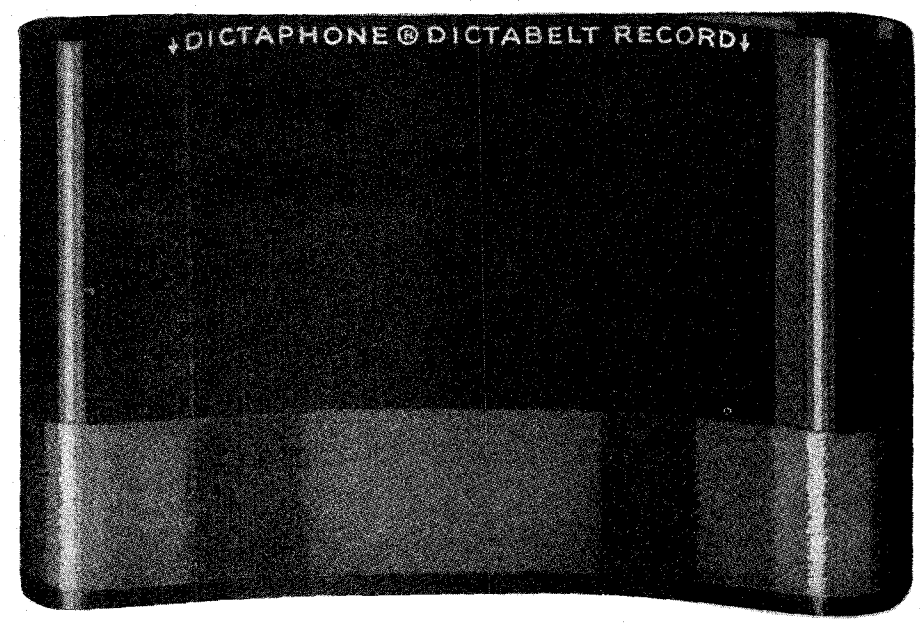
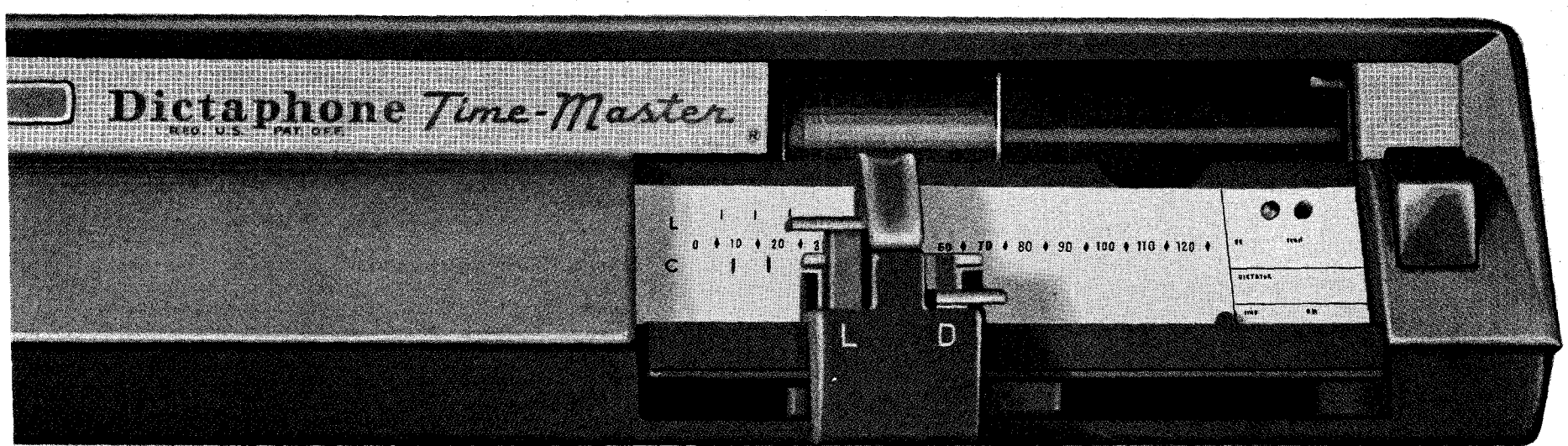


put them both together
and you get . . .



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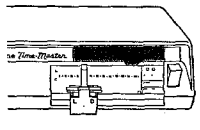

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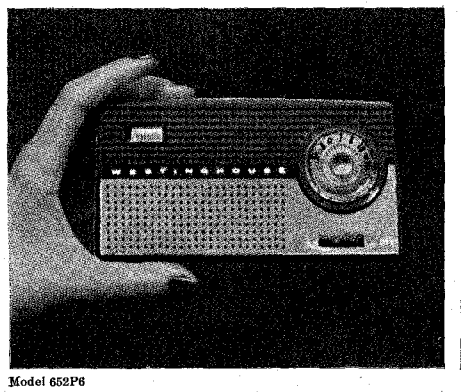

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There's No Place Like Our Pillbox Home

(Continued from Page 39)

Planning to use your blockhouse as a basement foundation, for a furnace and water heater, you must somehow put pipes through six feet of granitic, reinforced concrete. This can be done. It can be done, but only by hand—chip, chip, chip, like that, one worker with a hammer and chisel tapping all day from seven A.M. to four P.M. with only two hours out for lunch. Within a matter of months, as if an undernourished, concrete-burrowing mole had been at work, long, narrow holes have been pierced through walls and ceiling, and your pipes are through. You have performed a major feat of engineering. If no water is flowing through your pipes, that is not because you haven't pipes, but because you haven't any water. And if you haven't any water, that is not the fault of the workers, but of the authorities, who haven't put the water mains in because they figured nobody would be so potty as to build on a German blockhouse. This ought to give a general idea.

The wonderful thing about building in France, with or around a blockhouse, is that it is so good for your character. As crisis succeeds crisis, and you-can't-do-this blends into you-can't-do-that, you find that the cyclic rhythm of challenge and response has developed in you a patience bordering on the divine—or the diabolic. Yet today, in 1958, even with a finished dwelling called the Villa Blockhouse to show for it, when I mention our accomplishment, all I seem to get is incredulity.

"You live on the French Riviera in a German blockhouse?"

"On a German blockhouse," I start to explain. "You see ——"

If the conversation goes any further, the incredulity may take on a tinge of pity: "But isn't it like living in a dungeon? Don't you find it terribly damp?" Or a hint of distaste: "Isn't that a kind of pillbox built by the *Wehrmacht* during the occupation? I thought the French had demolished all those frightful war installations long ago." Or it may pick up an edge of suspicion: "But, of course, you didn't build it yourself? Don't tell me the Germans built it for you!"

Actually, I say as politely as I can, my house is neither dark nor damp; it is flooded with sunlight. And what there is of "frightful war installation" has long since been cunningly concealed behind fieldstone and ivy. As for the Germans' building it for me, I can pretty categorically state that they had no such thing in mind. I am sure the last thing the Germans envisaged, when they poured these monstrously thick walls, was that they would ultimately serve as the combined cellar and foundation of an American home. This pillbox was built as a key bastion of the *Wehrmacht*'s Mediterranean Wall, to defend the beaches of Cannes against an Allied invasion. It was built to hold off Americans in war, not to house Americans in peace.

I am equally sure its German builders would be astounded to see it now, to see their artillery shelves stocked with nothing more belligerent than fireplace logs and coal, to see my husband, Jim O'Donnell, and me sunning ourselves on flagstone terraces built on top of their gun emplacements, to see our Dobermans lazily snoozing where German sentries would have been shot for a moment's nodding. Perhaps, back then, gazing out over the limitless hazy blue of the Mediterranean, some lonely soldier homesick for Berlin or Munich might have thought what a dramatic place for a villa—but scarcely a villa for two American writers. These, I suppose, are what are called the fortunes of war. Had the blockhouses along the coasts of France done the job they were built for—namely, repel the Allied landings of 1944—Americans would not be living in France today on blockhouses or anything else.

The Germans chose this site in 1943 because it gave their coastal guns uninhibited range over the entire bay of Cannes and beyond. I chose it for almost the same reason, because it gave me a sense of infinity. I remember standing on this hill in 1950, on top of that ugly, octagonal shelter, and feeling as if I were standing on the bridge of some mighty, high-prowed ship 200 yards above sea level. Far below, to my right, nestled in the folds of its hills, lay the little seaside village of Théoule, where, as I learned later, the only unsuccessful landing of the Allied invasion took place. Far below to my left, the long white scythe of Cannes curved out into the Mediterranean. In between, as far as the eye could see, stretched what I now call my big blue front yard. It was a dizzying, God's-eye view—it still is—and the decision was taken almost before I realized it. Jim and I would build a house here, right away quick, and look at this view forever.

Well, the world must have its cockeyed optimists. An early blow was the discovery that buying property in France is less a business transaction than an elaborate ritual, a sort of ceremonial jousting match whose basic steps and gestures, advances and retreats have long since lost their meaning, but must be scrupulously observed all the same. Like a duel of honor, the transfer of a piece of French real estate from one owner to another involves not only the two principals but a whole string of retainers and seconds—their two *hommes d'affaires;* their two realty agents; their two lawyers; their two notaries and their assistants, dressed like undertakers; their two surveyors; their two banks, plus, in this case, the redoubtable *Office des Changes* which handles the conversion of foreign currencies into French francs. And a more valiant group of upholders of tradition I have yet to see. Every time we came dangerously close to agreement, they would faithfully bob up with some fine old respectable rule which I, in my youthful New-World enthusiasm, had overlooked. The purchase of blockhouse and land—roughly half an acre—cost exactly $2900 and six months of arduous dueling.

Finally, however, the quibbling and maneuvering, the signing and hand kissing and drinking of lukewarm champagne were done and the property was ours. In a rosy flush of ownership I came down from Paris to look it over again, this time with a roll of blueprints under my arm. And immediately ran into another discovery—that the soil of France is the history of France, and that in buying a slice of one we had bought a slice of the other.

First to appear were the artifacts of the second World War, pitiful reminders of how recently this land had been fought over and men wounded or killed for it. As ground was broken for building, I picked up two kinds of empty cartridge shells, center-fired and rim-fired, and, after studying them, came to the conclusion that the first were Italian and the second American. I also picked up part of a French Army boot, a smashed *Wehrmacht* mess kit, a bit of the French Tricolor on a stick, a rusted U. S. Army K-ration tin, and dozens of American cola caps. The newspapers those days,

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five years after the end of the war, were full of stories of children getting blown up playing with leftover German mines, and for months the hill road carried a skull-and-crossbones sign: "Attention! Mines!" I found that in addition to the big, solid German blockhouse, we were also owners of one smaller, rather lopsided Italian blockhouse and two Italian gun emplacements, plus a half-destroyed sentry box hidden behind a tree at the edge of the road. Abandoned machine-gun platforms, overgrown with myrtle and wild morning-glory, littered the ravine.

Another odd thing I noticed was that the tops of all the pine trees on the cliff-side had been shot off. By order of the German High Command, to give their artillery an unobstructed bead on the rocks below? I wondered. Or simply bored Axis soldiers, sitting out the coming Allied invasion and taking potshots at the treetops to sharpen their marksmanship? Although this German blockhouse had been only one in a long string of fortified strongpoints that formed the southern wall of Hitler's *Festung Europa*, it was one of the very few that had been built on purchasable land, and therefore still stood as constructed. The others, built on the public beaches or along the railroad right of way, had been blown up

• •

Proof of My Tact

Of tact I have a
smattering—
At least, enough to lie.
It's not your hat that's
flattering,
My darling—it is I.

Norman R. Jaffray

• •

by the Public Works people immediately after the end of the war. Moreover, the defense positions around it showed how important a strongpoint it had been. Intrigued, I went to see the mayor.

The *mairie* of Théoule is a tiny, rose-entwined cottage tucked away in a back lane of the village. The mayor turned out to be an amateur archaeologist. When I asked him about the occupation, he said, "Which occupation?" and without waiting for an answer, launched into an enthusiastic description of the vestiges of a Roman bridge and three Roman *amphorae* (jars) he had just unearthed not a mile from our property. These, he said, proved conclusively that our road was part of the antique Via Aurelia, extended through Provence by the Romans in the reign of Augustus, around 20 B.C. Now *that* occupation, he said, had lasted more than 500 years. The natives had grumbled, but at least the Roman legions had kept their homesick soldiers busy building bridges and roads and aqueducts. Which was a great deal more than you could say for the Italians and Germans of World War II, who built nothing but machine-gun emplacements and pillboxes. Why, even the Greeks, when they were here three and four centuries before Christ, had built Marseilles and Antibes! And today pretty American ladies—here he bowed a chevalieresque bow—sometimes built villas. Let us not speak of the dirty Boches!

Leaving the mayor to his Augustinian relics, I trudged back along the shore road and up the hill to the blockhouse, and sat on a boulder and watched the workers excavate for the construction of an exterior wall. At the moment, they were blasting out portions of the cliff with old-fashioned stick dynamite, covering their heads with burlap sacks as the charge went off. When I asked about the American invasion, they said yes the Americans had landed not far from here. But, for that matter, so had Napoleon, who had landed on a beach just to the east of us in March of 1815, on his way back from Elba.

"Everybody's invaded this coast one time or another," said the foreman, setting a fuse. "They come and go," he shrugged. "But the rock stays just as hard as it ever was."

Bam! went the dynamite charge, up went the gunny sacks, and a small rain of pebbles and rock splinters fell on our shoulders. "You see what I mean?" he said darkly.

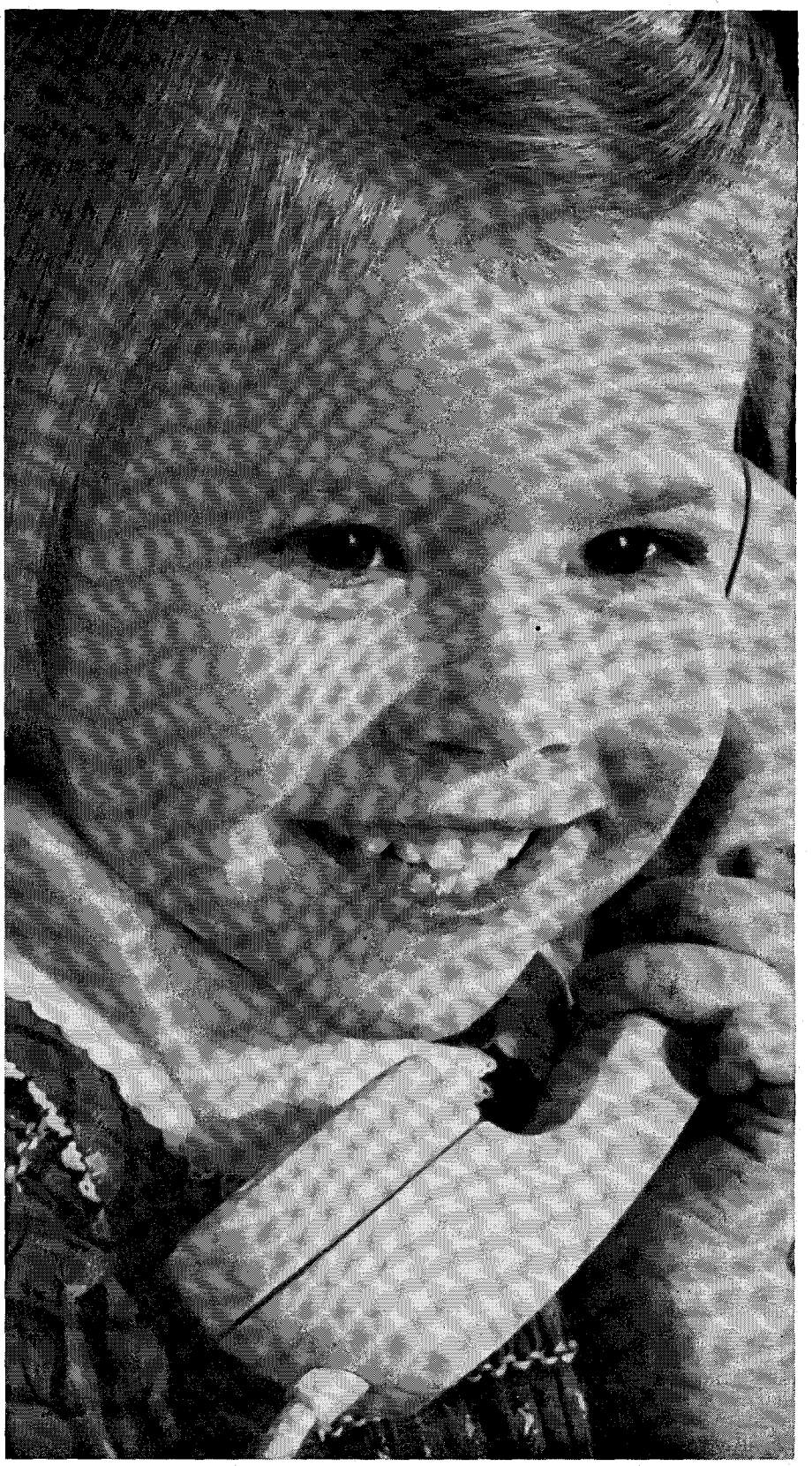
I did. I saw that in the heaven-can-wait mentality of the native Provençal, one war, one invasion, was very like another. It was simply a question of living through them one at a time, the way the land did.

It was in talking to certain villagers and some of my neighbors that I was able, finally, to piece together the story of our hill during World War II. And then it turned out to be the story not of one occupation but of four—that of the Vichy French, the Italians, the Germans, and lastly the Americans. That the arrival of Vichy troops to guard this fabulous coast could be considered an occupation surprised me, but my International Set friends quickly set me right. The Vichy period had indeed been an occupation, and a repressive one at that. After the defeat of France in 1940, the International Set had all been ordered out of their sumptuous seaside villas and into forced residence back in the hills near Grenoble. The casinos had all been closed down; Rolls-Royces and Daimlers had been requisitioned, electricity and petrol rationed, swimming and boating parties forbidden—all by order of Vichy. There had been little food and no whisky. Could you call that friendly treatment?

At that time, I learned, our hill had been uninhabited, a steep tract of pine and wild mimosa. Our road, Via Aurelia or not, had been used only by hunters and poachers out to shoot or trap anything that could be put in a stewing kettle, to fill out the meager rations. They did an effective job. Although occasionally today a rabbit jumps out of the scrub, the wild boar and game birds that abounded in these hills have never been seen here since.

It was during the year of Italian occupation of the Riviera—1942 to 1943—that the first fortifications were built. After the successful Allied landings in North Africa and the French scuttling of their own fleet at Toulon, some Italians in high places must have got to looking at a map of the Mediterranean. For around Christmas of 1942 they started constructing roadblocks on the shore boulevards, patrolling the railroad and building blockhouses and artillery nests among the ice-cream villas on the hills. Down in the château by the water, just east of here, a fragile American lady named Mrs. Henry Clews was working frantically to get the somewhat eccentric statues sculpted by her late husband buried in the château gardens. She had stayed behind against everyone's orders to take care of her "things," as she put it, and was incensed to see an Italian platoon come in and pitch its tents and wheel its guns right on top of her buried treasures.

The two most important Italian batteries of the region were on our hill and the hill just opposite, both dominating the bay. The roadblock that controlled the village was just below us near the railway bridge, and curfew was at eleven P.M. The villagers grumbled against road-



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block and curfew, but being 80 per cent of Italian origin themselves, they had little trouble getting around either of them. It is from this period—Théoule, circa spring of 1943—that I date our wine cellar in the garden, which is no more than the Italian blockhouse converted to wine storage by the addition of chicken-wire compartments inside and a padlocked gate at the entrance.

In the fall of 1943, shortly after the Badoglio armistice in Italy, when the Italians withdrew and the German 19th Army marched in, the Germans immediately demonstrated what they thought of Italian security. They not only seized thousands of Italian soldiers and packed them off to forced labor in Germany, but they disregarded entirely the Italian fortifications along these hills and built new ones of their own. From their point of view, they were probably right. One has only to compare the enormous and solid German blockhouse on which our house is built with the Italian blockhouse which is now the wine cellar, to see how differently Italy and Germany viewed the war. The Italian blockhouse is slapdash and more than a little crooked; it was just good enough to make do for one year of occupation of the *Côte d'Azur*. The Germans built straight, thick and a little pompously; they were to be here—Hitler had said so—for a thousand years.

With the Italian Army and *Milizia* gone, the Germans spread their own administration over the coast. The commandant of this region, a young S.S. captain named Shirmer, moved into Mrs. Clews' château with an S.S. detachment, clattered ack-ack guns up onto the roof, and, as if that weren't enough, shocked Mrs. Clews by "living like a pasha"—playing Wagner all night and sending for local girls to be brought up to his tower for midnight suppers that lasted until breakfast. He and his men, however, treated Mrs. Clews with exemplary politeness, even allowing her to bury a few more of her husband's statues in the garden. Up on the hill behind, the Gestapo noisily took over the lovely villa of Lady Johnson, a doughty "old resident" who used to shoot at nightingales because they disturbed her sleep. It is just as well that Lady Johnson, unlike Mrs. Clews, had fled to England and could not see what happened next.

Convinced that the Allies intended to land here, the Germans spent the first half of 1944 methodically turning the world's most famous playground into an antitank and antipersonnel trap. The seaside villages were all evacuated and the villagers sent off to the hills on foot, carrying what belongings they could carry on their shoulders. Roads, golf courses, race tracks and beaches were all sown with dragon's teeth and concrete cones, laced with barbed wire and mined. Workers were put to building blockhouses, including this one, all along the coast. Forced native labor constructed a six-foot-high anti-invasion wall the length of the bay's exclusive white beaches. From the harbor of Cannes to Théoule, the entire bay bobbed with mine strips, antitorpedo and antisubmarine booms and nets, and infrared barrages. On United States 7th Army reconnaissance maps of 1944, our hill is marked by a red splash reading "Enemy Concentration," meaning ack-ack guns, heavy coast artillery and machine-gun nests.

When Operation Anvil, on August 15, 1944, hit the south coast of France, it was one of the "nearly faultless" operations of the war. For months, while the remnants of the region's foreign colony cowered in the home of the Polish consul two miles inland, sleeping on the floor and eating nothing but tomatoes and biscuits, our Air Force had been softening up the German shore installations and hitting the railway bridges. Now, as the landing craft streamed in, the United States Navy started its big guns pounding from the sea.

"We thought it was thunder at first," says Mrs. Clews. "But then we climbed up to the consul's roof and saw the bay full of them."

The first preinvasion assault force of French Commandos at Théoule literally walked into a mine field and was annihilated. But within twenty-four hours of the initial landings, American and French troops, spearheaded by the United States 3rd, 36th and 45th Infantry Divisions, were fanning outward along the coast. *Wehrmacht* troops, mostly teen-age Yugoslavs and Poles forcibly impressed under German officers, were surrendering by the thousand.

On D-Day plus one, the American 36th Division, which had landed less than ten miles from here, captured Théoule and established a defensive position in and around our blockhouse. Heavy fire from the next hill held them up here four days and five nights, which presumably accounts for the cola caps in the garden. On the fifth day, preceded by heavy artillery and mortar fire, they jumped off for Cannes, and entered the city three days later, only to find that most beautiful of luxury harbors blown up and clogged with the burnt-out hulks of sunken yachts and motor launches. The Thousand-Year Reich had ended on the Riviera in a pitiful gesture of spite.

But the hill had to go through one more baptism, not by fire, but by vandalism. Left in the wake of the American advance, the villagers swarmed over our hill to hack down the mimosa—an old village custom forbidden by both the Italians and the Germans—and raced with it to Grasse to sell to the perfume makers just reopening their perfume factories. The *Fifis* (Free French) also holed up here for a week or two, leaving behind that piece of boot and that tattered bit of the Tricolor. Peace, such as it was, had returned to the village and its hills.

By the end of 1946, all was moving back to normal. The casinos reopened. The Rolls-Royces and Daimlers returned, and the harbor was full of sleek new yachts polishing up for the regattas. Villas opened again to stream lights and music across the water at night. There was champagne *à gogo*, as Lord and Lady So-and-So and the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Such-and-Such got ready to take up life where they had so abruptly had to leave it. Mrs. Clews carefully dug up her husband's statues and set them back on their pedestals in the château gardens. Even the nightingales—unfortunately for Lady Johnson—were back filling the ravines with their clear night song. By the time I came along in 1950, the Riviera, like a perfect hostess, had dropped her five unsightly years of war and occupation into the dustbin of history, wiped her delicate fingers and gone back to entertaining.

And so, having bought the property from a postwar realty speculator at the bargain-basement price of about thirteen cents the square foot, Jim and I were free to transform our left-over fortifications into anything we pleased. Yet our first act as owners of what we had come to regard as a premature historic monument, a megalith of the second World War, had nothing to do with the blockhouse. It had to do, whether we liked it or not, with a wall around the property.

This constructing an exterior wall first was of utmost importance. In Southern France, when you build a house, you do not start by building your house, but by walling in your land. No matter how much you have paid for your property, this is your only real *prima-facie* way of laying claim to it—to fence it in. And not with any tacked-down old chicken wire either. Whatever is done here must be done to endure, and so must be done with stoic calm and infinite patience. While I watched, a worker would lovingly fit one stone next to another, take it back out of the wall to chip off an unwanted edge, stop to add a wisecrack to the next worker's joke, turn the stone to examine it from every angle, chip off another little edge, set the stone down to light a cigarette and think it over, pick up his stone again, thoughtfully pat it into place, and then pleased, step back a pace to admire the way the wall was coming along.

Hitler may have had forced labor to build his blockhouse. I have never seen labor less forced than that which turned up to build the house on top. They could not work with mortar and cement on a rainy day. If the day was sunny, then the sun "tapped" them too hard, and from noon to three P.M. they would stretch out under the pines with newspapers over their faces to sleep it through. Winds made a difference too. If the mistral blew, it unnerved them by its sudden gusts. And the sirocco dried the cement before you could lay it. About the only wind we could stand was the *ponant*, or westerly breeze. And as far as I could see, that blew only on Sundays and holidays.

I also found that in France, history is like a woman: the older it is, the less fought over. In their faded blue overalls and berets, the workers would sit around their lunch pails and companionably discuss everything from the Crusades to the Crimean War, with much gesturing and spitting and a fine, irreverent humor. Yet if once the conversation turned to the "*Schleux*" (the Germans) or the "*Cocos*" (the Communists), it was as if a tornado had struck. No fists flew—but all work was over for hours as worker after worker volubly refused to work on the same job as "that one."

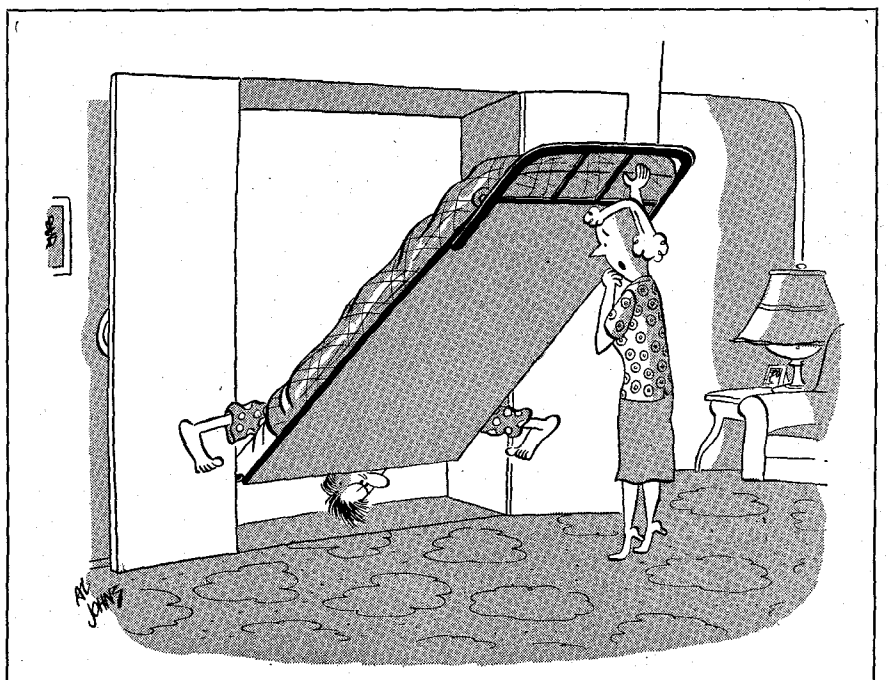
Yet somehow, in this lovely, sun-drenched country, houses get built. Contracts get signed, money changes hands, stone gets laid on stone and tile next to tile. At last the roof is put on, the French flag hoisted to a high gable, and the owners buy a drink for all hands, not quite believing it themselves.

One fine day in 1951, there, rising over the sea, was the Villa Blockhouse, a habitable and, I think, charming dwelling. It had taken more than a year to build, it had cost us almost $20,000 and a hundred headaches of construction and design. But the very uniqueness of the problem had resulted in a unique house. Ad-libbing on what I had—a steep cliff, the Mediterranean and a blockhouse—I finished with a house that is not so much split-level as many-leveled. Thus the maid's apartment is on one elevation, the long, sweeping living room and dining room and library are on another; and the guest apartment above commands the Mediterranean like an ancient watchtower. Despite its German foundation and its American ownership, it is architecturally a Provençal farmhouse, with hand-hewn beams, rough stone fireplaces, classic Mediterranean tile floors that are smooth and cool, and, of course, overhanging balconies and wide casement windows to take advantage of that spectacular edge-of-nothing view. With the exception of its American kitchen and bathrooms, it is a handmade house, put together by the gnarled, painstaking brown hands of Provence.

The house was completely finished before I discovered, in a medieval document, that it was built of the same hard pink Théoule fieldstone that had been used in the twelfth century to restore the castles of the region. And walking around and looking up, I now saw on the top of every hill the ruins of an old fortified château or monastery built of the same stone. It occurred to me that the mayor had been right. After the final expulsion of the piratical Saracens from this coast in the tenth century, when the feudal seigneurs of the area had got to sacking and burning each other's châteaux, it was Théoule that had supplied the stone for the constant building and rebuilding. The prosperity of Théoule through almost ten centuries had been based on its quarries. Small wonder the mayor refused to discuss occupations that used nothing but reinforced concrete!

Yet that reinforced concrete, although hidden, is very much there. Pleasant as the house and grounds are, with their pine-shaded terraces and staircased gardens, the first thing any visitor wants to do is see the blockhouse basement, run his hand along its rugged walls and peer out the cannon apertures to sight imaginary warships on the horizon. And invariably what that visitor remarks, as he heads back up to the sunlight of 1958, is: "What a wonderful atomic shelter!"

THE END



"I thought you were up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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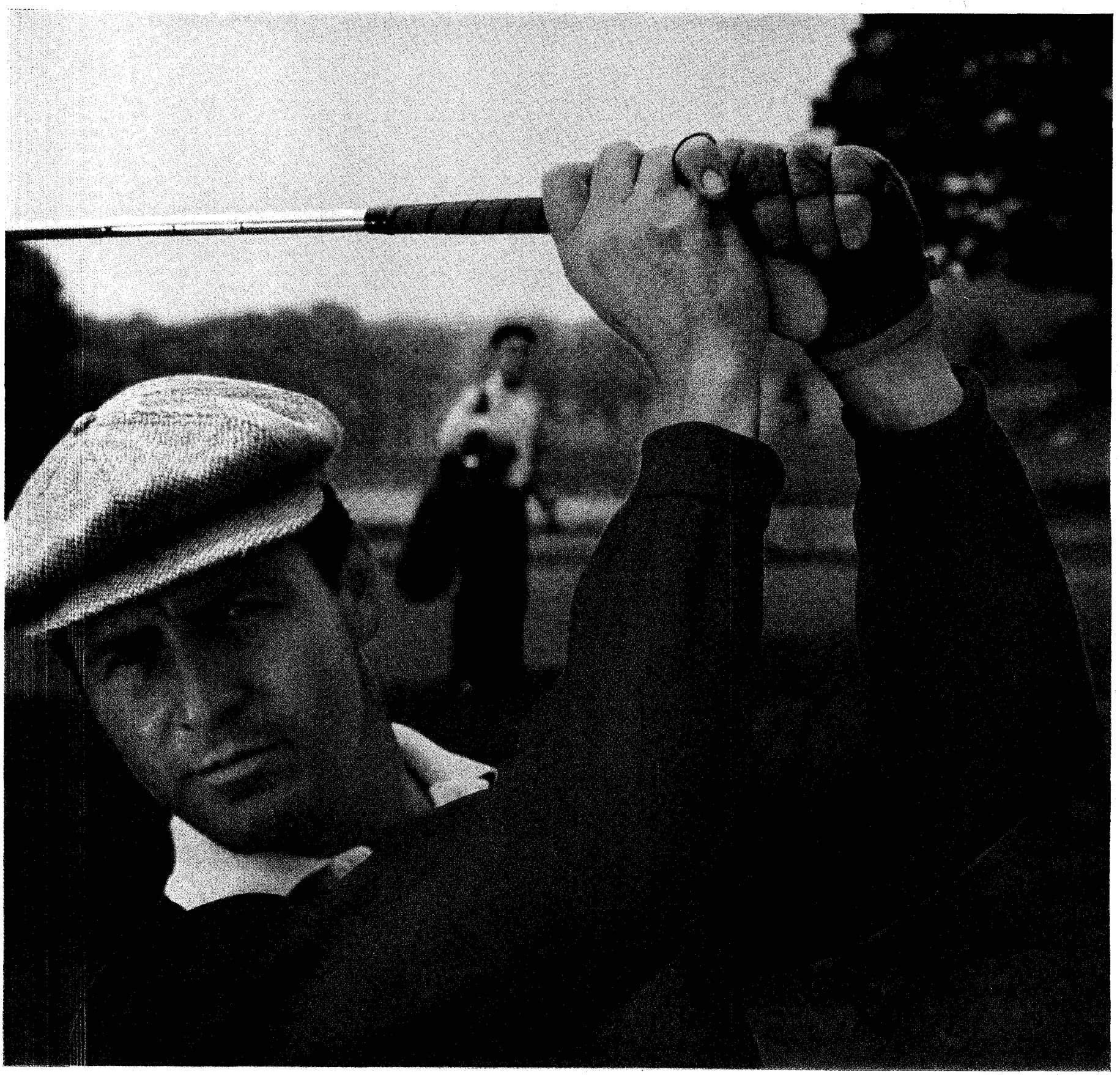
Gets a good grip on a great sport



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Science vs. The Humanities

(Continued from Page 26)

from all sides, Sir Harold was set right, put in his place, taken apart.

In this country during the last two decades, arguments for the humanities have been no less emphatic than Sir Harold's, but a good deal more long-winded. They form the staple of commencement addresses and give businessmen the opportunity of proving in public that they are not Philistines. And yet all those good reasons why science is not enough, why the humanities are indispensable, do not seem to stick. Everybody applauds the speeches—the liberal arts are liberally praised—but the moment a satellite appears in the sky or a rocket fails to go off, the fair words are forgotten. Nothing but science and engineering seems to matter. Could it be that in our so-called better moments we are only hypocrites? Who is supposed to be fooled by the rhetoric which the businessman echoes from the commencement speech—is it the speaker or the audience? Or are they both being fooled by a set of ideas and phrases that do not breed conviction because they have never been seriously meant?

To get out of the rut and forget the clichés, let us for a moment give the humanities a new name. I suggest the "Misbehavioral Sciences." What I mean by it will, I hope, become clear as I go along. The sciences, three cheers! The humanities, what's that? Well, the humanities have existed in an unbroken tradition for 3000 years; there should be nothing left about them to define, advocate or challenge. But if there is nothing, why do we keep asking what the humanities are for and what their place is—as if it lay in our power to choose whether to save or kill them?

The cause of the unending discussion about the humanities is, I suspect, that most of those concerned do not quite know what to believe and do not quite believe what they know. Whether from fatigue or confusion, to which we are all increasingly liable, many distrust their ancient convictions and suppose that some new arguments have been found, some clinching formula, which will restore their faith in the humanities and make it secure in a world of technologists, businessmen and foundation officials.

It is the search for this formula which produces on this subject the great "and" literature—the humanities *and* the democratic way of life; the humanities *and* the well-rounded man; the humanities *and* a creative culture; the humanities *and* the understanding of the self; the humanities *and* leisure in a welfare state; the humanities *and* world peace. The hope implied is that the link between the humanities and things desirable will suggest the relation of cause and effect. The humanities will then be valued, justified, supported as essential to democracy, self-knowledge, world peace, and the rest. This is a deplorable hope. These well-meant attempts at raising price and prestige are not only tedious and vague but contradictory and unconvincing.

No set of subject matters can by itself secure these desired ends. If they could do so by influencing individual minds, why have they done so little in so long a time? The claim of the humanities to be a remedy is, in fact, absurd. The humanities will not rout the world's evils and were never meant to cure individual troubles; they are entirely compatible with those evils and troubles. Nor are the humanities a substitute for medicine or psychiatry; they will not heal diseased minds or broken hearts, any more than they will foster political democracy or settle international disputes. All the evidence goes the other way. The so-called humanities have meaning chiefly because of the *in*humanity of life; what they depict and discuss is strife and disaster. The Iliad is not about world peace; King Lear is not about a well-rounded man; Madame Bovary is not about the judicious employment of leisure time.

If it is argued that the contemplation of disaster through art or history serves as a warning and teaches morality by inverse example, I ask what evidence there is that a good book has ever prevented a bad action, or a fine sonata a foolish deed. The addiction to books and music begins in early life, before passion and society pose their problems of conduct; and it is also true that in modern as in ancient times the persons reared in the humanities have been exemplars of individual and social unrest. It is men brought up on art, literature, languages, history and philosophy who have been the ambitious and the intriguers, the rebels and the tyrants, the libertines and the agitators, as well as the great tragic figures of discontent in the biographical history of art.

To this catalogue of misrule you may object that, as the term is used today, the servants of the humanities are found rather among another group of people who seldom riot or transgress, and that it is this group, the students and scholars of the humanities, who require prestige and support for the sake of their law-abiding example and harmless teachings.

True, and this double use of the word humanities confuses the argument; we need some definitions. We use the term at times in the loose sense of "the arts," or culture at large; and at other times in the academic sense of the study and teaching of the arts. To the scholar, the humanities are a group of subjects set off from the natural and the social sciences—simply open a college catalogue and you will find that chemistry, sociology and English literature are under different headings, taught by different persons, usually in different buildings, and often in what seems like different languages. The pure sciences teach the behavior of nature; the social sciences, the behavior of men in large groups; the humanities deal with the individual—hence my notion of *mis*behavioral science.

This rough classification is clear enough. What is more doubtful is where certain subjects belong. History and anthropology are sometimes classed with literature and philosophy, sometimes with social science; symbolic logic has close affinities with mathematics and other "natural" sciences, just as these sciences have with philosophy. And where do we put psychology, geography and the history of the natural sciences? It is soon evident that all subjects are interrelated through the single mind of man, and that we shall never be able to carve up the domain of thought along fixed lines.

This conclusion is of capital importance, for one of the current clichés is that the humanities, as their name suggests, are more human than science and social science—in fact, the only form of thought that remains truly human in a civilization given over to mathematics and machinery. On reflection, these beliefs turn out to be mere verbalisms, the expression of impulses with which one may sympathize, but which must not be allowed to cloud the mind.

In the first place, etymology is a poor guide in this as in other arguments. The term "humanities," descended from the Renaissance catch phrase, *litterae humaniores*, can be appealed to as carrying the suggestion of "peculiarly human," but it is mere suggestion, not proof. If we respect fact and language, we must stop using the word "human" as an honorific term. Everything that men do is human; if an "especially" or "peculiarly" is to be added, it must apply to what men do with deliberation and intelligence. Accordingly, all subjects of research and instruction are human—peculiarly human—and so are a number of activities that the moral sense condemns, such as the deliberate and intelligent preparation of cruelty, criminal violence and war. Once again, to define the humanities by honorifics is a delusion.

But to understand the cause of that delusion is a step forward in their correct identification. For we have reached the point where the discussion of the humanities as academic subjects leads us to think again of culture at large, and notably of the arts, whose dwelling place is unlimited and whose life dare not be academic. The arts exist in the market place, in Bohemia, in journalism, as well as in the cultivated parts of society, and they belong to none exclusively. In recent years, for various reasons, more and more people have come to regard art as the principal justification of man's existence, the redemption of his follies through perfect and lasting creation. Whereas in religious times man is said to work for the greater glory of God, in the modern secular world he prides himself on being what we call creative; all his efforts are equated with—or at least measured by—the work of the artist. This produces another confusion among related but distinct activities—the arts, the humanities, creation and culture. And we can see why the dedicated students of the arts—particularly those who teach the humanities—claim special regard. Their work brings them in daily touch with what the world considers the highest embodiment of man's spirit.

As an immediate result of this pride, they experience the age-old distress of the priesthood, which is to see that though the world worships the true God, it carries its golden tribute to alien altars. The result, among our humanists, is the putting forth of those utilitarian arguments we noticed before; they promise personal happiness or social harmony as the by-product of studying the imagery of Shakespeare or digging in the midden heaps of Mesopotamia.

Unfortunately the promise, though honestly meant, is false; and what is worse, this missionary role puts the humanities in an untenable position, materially and spiritually. For the missionary must offer the ultimate word on mankind, the secret of salvation, which proves his special insight into the transcendent. What more, then, does he want? The world correctly considers that he has been paid in the coin he values most, and that it is only weakness in him to want power and wealth besides.

On top of this, it turns out that his secret is a pious fraud. Experience has shown again and again that the humanities are as powerless as any other branch of learning to solve the riddle of the Sphinx or chart the course for Utopia. If they could, and if this were in fact their utility, their importance would come to an end in the very instant of success. For such is the fate of all mere devices.

But the humanities are not a mere device; they are not agencies for general improvement. The humanities in the broad cultural sense and in the narrow academic one have uses that are much more intimate and permanent. In any generation persons are born who, finding in the world books and music and works of art and theaters, are instinctively drawn to them. These people grow up with an ingrained desire for the objects of their interest (*Continued on Page 60*)

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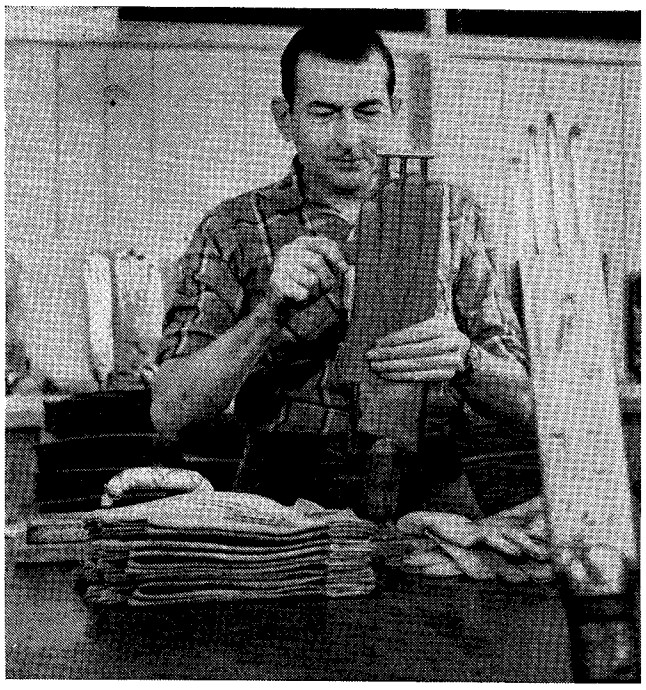


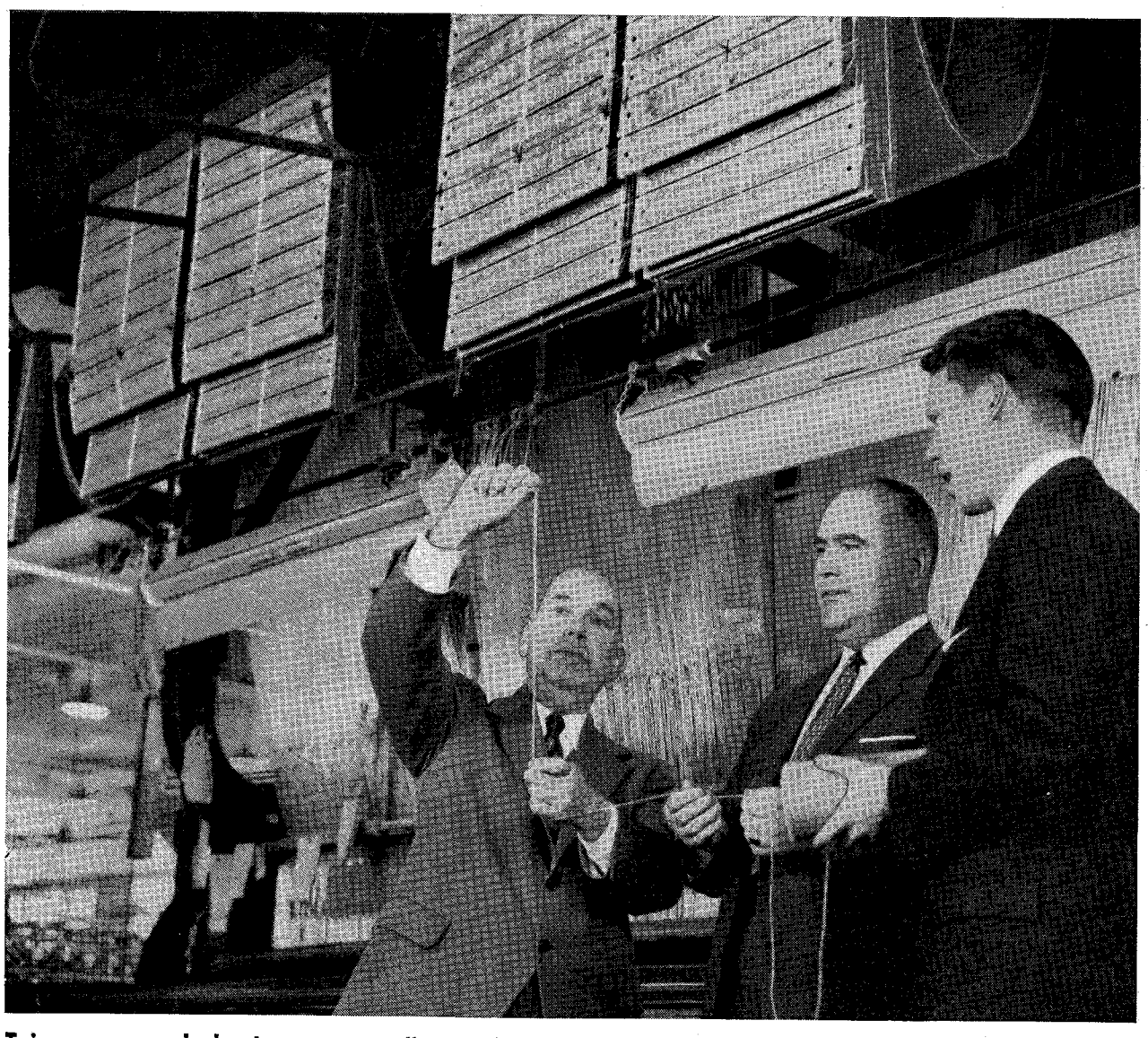
Steam-heated hands, formed from brass, press the gloves into shape after they've been cut and seamed. John Jakubec, Jr., at the Daytona Glove Corporation shows us how that's done. Glovemaking is an art practiced in Gloversville since the 1760's when early settlers traded tinware for deer skins.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau plays a unique part in century-old crafts...

Wausau Story

IN UPSTATE NEW YORK

by WILLIAM ECKHOF, State Editor
The Knickerbocker News, Albany, New York



Tying a weaver's knot comes naturally to Edwin Shuttleworth, Mohasco Vice President of Northern Manufacturing. Impressed are Merle Johnson, Employers Mutuals Underwriter (center) and Carl Eddins, Mohasco Insurance Manager. At Amsterdam there are more than 600 looms. Those punched cards at the top of the picture operate like the roll in a player piano, selecting the proper pile yarns to form the carpet pattern. Filler yarn in the moving shuttle forms the weft of the carpet. If a yarn breaks, you tie a weaver's knot . . . if you know how.

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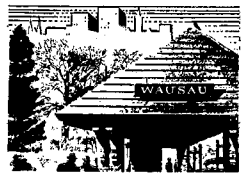

"Good people to do business with"

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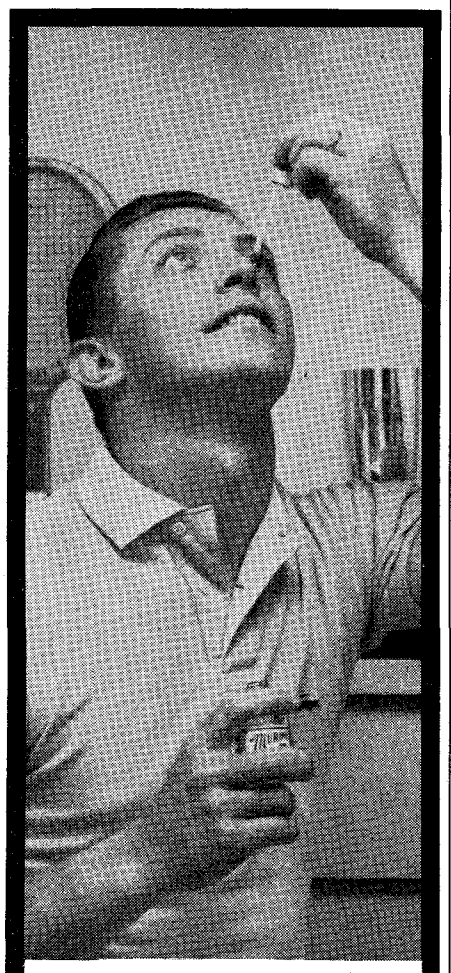

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MURINE

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(*Continued from Page 58*) and a preference for people of a like taste. A larger group, though less intent, takes from time to time similar pleasure in artistic activities. The two groups together are strong enough to impose on the remainder the daily presence of what delights them.

Thus the art of architecture and its decoration—the post-office mural or the restored Williamsburg—are forced on millions who, left to themselves, might live in a cave or a tent. Thus newspapers and magazines reproduce pictures, retell history, comment on art old and new, criticize music and books, write about the lives and opinions of artists—in short, cater for the minority who sway us all by their peculiar tastes.

Thus again, public libraries and museums and concerts in parks and dinner-hour broadcasts "make available to all" (as we say) the products of these special concerns. Consequently, when we repeat the commonplace that the modern world is ruled by science, we must at once add that that same world is given its shape and color by art, its most pleasing sounds and meanings by music and poetry, its categories, characters and catchwords by philosophy, fiction and history. Imagine all the devotees of the humanities suddenly withdrawing to a monastery, taking with them all that belongs to them, and the workaday world we know would turn before our astonished faces into something bleak, dark, soundless, bare of sensuous charm and empty of any meaning beyond that of immediate needs and their fulfillment by mechanic aids.

A few persons—many fewer than the humanities can count as devotees—might still enjoy intellectual contemplation and mathematical thrills, but even they might miss from the stripped stage of daily life the furniture we call civilization.

This contrast is at once instructive and comforting. It tells us that the arts produce objects for the senses and not only for the mind, which is one reason why the humanities are not interested in proofs or in statistics; in place of proof they give possession, and in place of averages they give uniqueness. And despite fashions in taste, these objects form an ever-enlarging treasury. We speak of 3000 years of literature, philosophy and architecture; of a vast collection of objects of art, of an impressive repertory of music—all of it as varied, new and mysterious as it ever was. This reality points to the true role, the indispensable function, of the *academic* humanities—they are the organizers of our huge inheritance of civilization. Without the continual work of humanistic scholars we should be living not in a culture full of distinct and vigorous traditions—national, religious, artistic, philosophical, scientific and political; rather, we should be rummaging about in an attic full of incomprehensible relics.

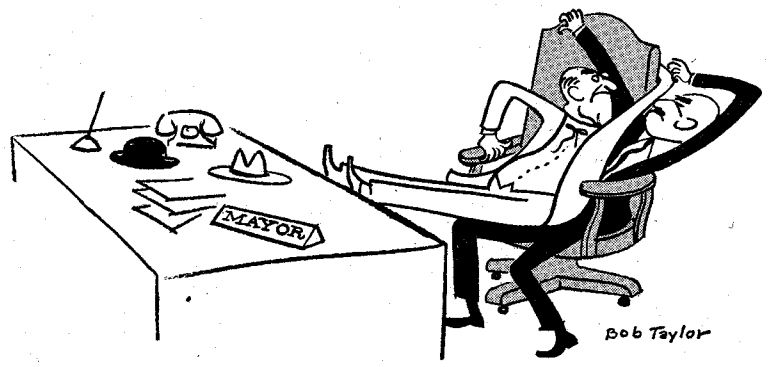
Let us take one or two examples, beginning with the simplest and most obvious, which is to say the commonest and least noticed. Take a man who lives in a small town, a businessman who is not aware of any intellectual interests, though he feels a sturdy patriotism, local and national. Such a man, contrary to all appearances, and whether he knows it or not, is a client of scholarship. With every commemorative stamp that reinforces his pride, he absorbs a product of art and research. Every political speech he hears invoking the memory of Jefferson or Lincoln implies his recognition of ideas and allusions that belong to the domain of the humanities. He need not belong to the county historical society to approve, as bank director, a decision to make the new bank building a replica of Independence Hall; he probably approves out of natural piety.

But this puts him at once in the grip of half a dozen humanities. Questions of art, of taste, of semantics, of period style, of historical accuracy bother his unaccustomed head. He begins to live at once in the present and in the past; his imagination adds to its work on discount rates, visions of pediments and meditations on cracked bells. This Philistine, whom the learned world looks upon merely as census fodder, invades the library, reads books and compares old engravings. What is more, he may shortly be seen struggling with his native idiom in the course of preparing a prospectus for future visitors to the bank; he is but a step away from becoming an antiquarian and a numismatist. Meanwhile he has turned author after having become a consumer of scholarship, a defender of it to his exasperated family—indeed, a scholar in spite of himself.

As for the bank building, however foolishly inappropriate and pretentious it may be, it stands as a monument to the force of tradition and points to the need for its due ordering.

Next, consider the sophisticated citizen of the metropolis who goes to see an Old Vic production of Shakespeare. He enjoys the performance or he does not, but in either case he takes its availability for granted, like the arrival of his coffee at breakfast. Shakespeare is there, waiting; Shakespeare is always with us. It probably does not occur to this patron of the theater that between the blotted lines as they left Shakespeare's hand and their repetition on Broadway, thousands of minds have toiled to rescue perishable art from neglect and misunderstanding. If you mention to him the lighting effects, our spectator may give a fleeting thought to the scientific effort behind the development of electricity, but as he argues with you about the acting of the play, he has no notion that, like the clarity of the text, the production draws on three hundred years of critical thought, of which his own remarks are but echoes filtered through textbooks and newspapers. Shakespeare, then, exists for him only by the joint effort of many expert hands, which have, as a by-product, fashioned the beholder's mind to perceptiveness.

Without this double action of humanistic scholarship repeated every generation, our heritage of art and thought would soon crumble into nothingness. All we need in order to be sure of this is to hear a publisher talk about book sales—if school adoption is likely, the work is printed and stays in print. This means that in addition to bringing order into the high products of civilization, the teaching and scholarship of the humanities keep that civilization in being. Let no word be said in school about Shakespeare and Doctor Johnson, let no pressure be put on youth to learn the familiar dates and names, the terms and meanings of past eras, and in ten years or less we should lapse into a kind of intellectual feudalism. Local groups and cliques would maintain particular cults, by oral tradition or with the aid of a few quickly perishable books, and local lore would soon replace what we now call common knowledge. The enterprise of learning would collapse as soon as the assumption of its unity and necessity was removed, leaving the individual at the mercy of chance encounters and without hope of light. The scientist and the (*Continued on Page 62*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

In a hot election for mayor, Henry defeated Jackson by only four votes. Jackson, going to court, produced conclusive evidence that ten persons who cast ballots in the election were not qualified voters. The ten, however, refused to testify as to which candidate they supported.

"The court should make them say whether they voted for me or for Henry," Jackson argued. "Otherwise, it becomes impossible to tell who is entitled to be mayor."

"To make them reveal how they voted would violate secrecy of the ballot, one of our fundamental rights," Henry replied. "Once that is lost, we may lose our right to free elections."

If you were the judge, would you make the unqualified voters testify?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The unqualified voters were compelled to tell how they voted. The court ruled that they weren't entitled to a secret ballot when they were "legally entitled to no ballot at all." It added: "Once the illegality of a witness' ballot is established, such witness no longer possesses the privilege of refusing to disclose the manner in which he cast such ballot."

Based upon a 1956 Texas decision.

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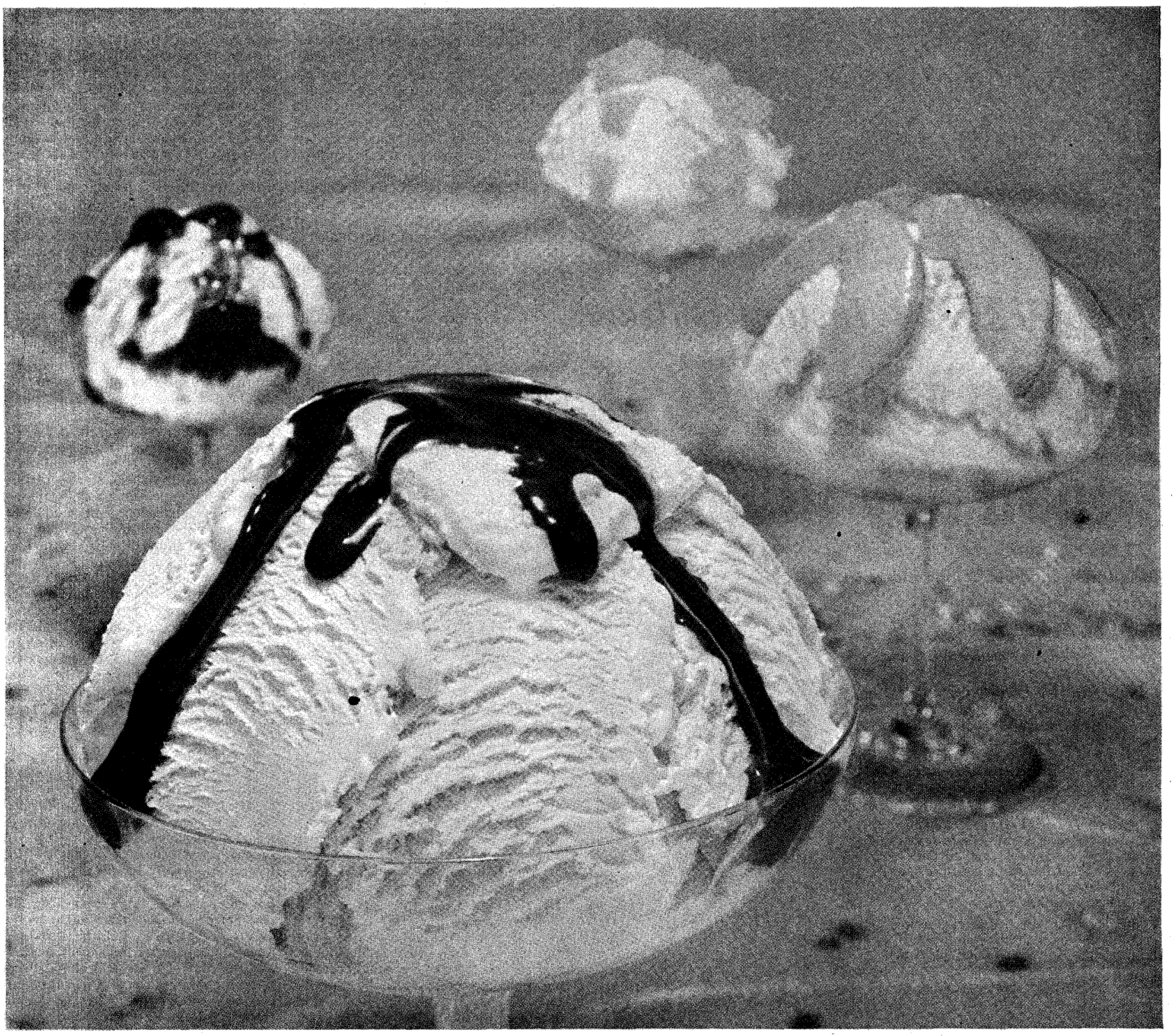

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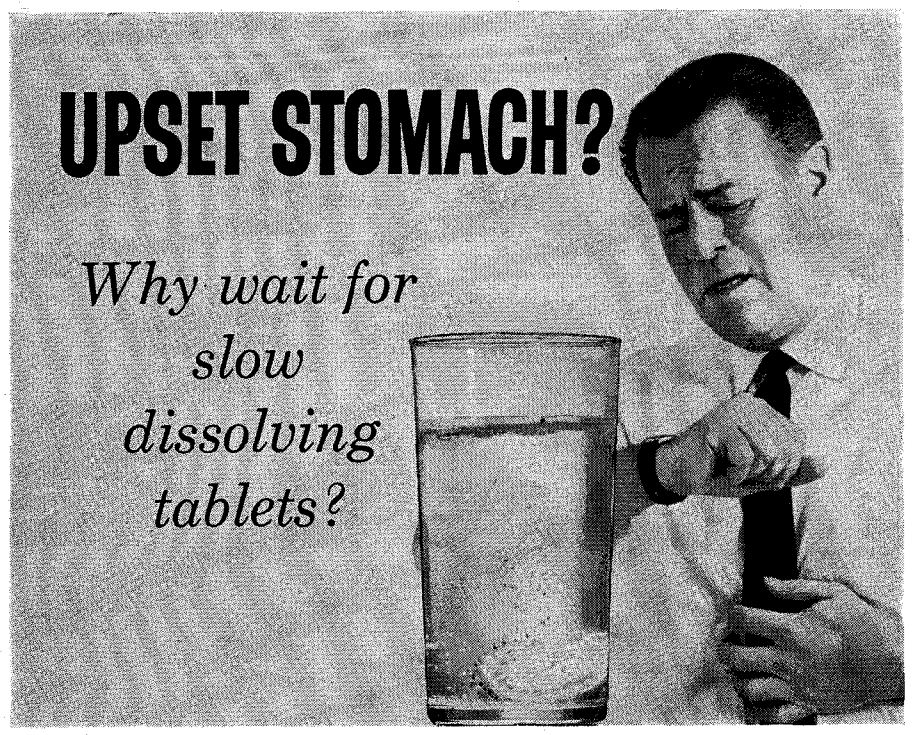

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(*Continued from Page 60*) statistician would be cut off from the rest of mankind—unless they diverted part of their energies to re-creating a common intellectual world—and those of whom I have spoken as being born with a passion for art and letters would be thrown back entirely on their own resources, like the survivors of a barbarian invasion.

When, therefore, the representative of a foundation expresses official skepticism about the humanities in the modern world (not ever speaking for himself, since he is a humanist at heart, but for his Board of Trustees, whose hardheadedness is reported as granitic), the argument against his skepticism is quite simple: The humanities are of no use in the social worker's sense of "useful." They are of use, unobtrusively, all day and every day, to those who respect and enjoy and require the evidences of civilization.

I have used the board of a foundation only as an example. The conflict between the "practical" sciences and the "superfluous" humanities is not a real conflict to those who know the realities they are talking about. Rather, it is a conflict with the thoughtless about the meaning of utility.

The spokesmen for the "practical" view that only science and social science are worth their cost, because they feed and cure and restrain mankind, have never measured any such costs or verified any results. They act on prejudice, or in fear of a popular opinion which has never been canvassed. They moreover limit the useful to large social necessities, such as national defense or the reduction of juvenile delinquency. But necessity is a strange test to apply in a society with pretensions such as ours, a society which might be described as in flight from necessity. Apply the test to the "practical" spokesman himself and he would soon cry mercy; no necessity exists for him to go fishing, for his wife to wear mink, for his office to be attractively decorated. If he is a man of business, he knows that trade depends on people's desire for products they could easily live without. The desire, the taste, establishes the utility of all man-made things, a fifth of whisky or a Fifth of Beethoven.

The use of the humanities, then, is proved and fixed by the ancient, unshakable, ever-spreading desire for them. On the surface these uses appear more individual than social, more self-indulgent than altruistic. Some men are so selfish that they read a book or go to a concert for their own sinister pleasure, instead of doing it to improve social conditions, as the good citizen does when drinking cocktails or playing bridge.

But one must take things as they are; the advocate of practicality is very unpractical if he does not. We may grant him the desirability of devoting human energies to killing viruses and improving our neighbors; but it does not follow that all rewards and research funds should go to projects for the immediate relief of pain and sorrow—the "studies" that promise to reduce nail biting among wallflowers and prevent dorsal decubitus in backsliders.

For if we drop the jargon of projects for a moment and look about us, we find that people have a perverse liking for simple satisfactions of their own choosing. They like singing and dancing and storytelling; they like to argue about the existence of God and the reality of their senses; they want to sit in a corner with a book, or outdoors with an easel and a box of paints; they collect coins and arrowheads; they trace their genealogy and develop an interest in the history of the iron-pipe industry. They read about foreign affairs and learn foreign languages for the sake of aimless travel abroad—there is no end to the silly scholarly interests that actual, living, modern, scientific, respectable American citizens will take up rather than do an honest day's work clearing slums and keeping down divorce.

The real state of affairs should now be plain. The humanities, which pander to these follies and which are perfectly useless as an antibiotic, are all about us, tempting our eye, ear and mind, and always adding, adding, to the load of mischief they stand for. Their practitioners seem to have no thought but to increase the sum of the things they deal in. True, these things do not cost any more than the undertakings of social science—rather less—and far less than the mighty enterprises of physical science. To that extent the humanities are unwise and perhaps undeserving of the attention of those entrusted with millions for educational purposes. Yet those same guardians, it is well known, give of their own money to the liberal-arts college of their youth, and send their children there to study chiefly the humanities. The practical man, it seems, has been too busy spinning dreams of medical and behavioral betterment to bring his opinions in line with his practice.

We might leave him in his muddle to reconcile his tongue and his pocketbook by himself, if it were not for one more confusion of ideas for which the humanists themselves are responsible and which helps to excuse the practical man. I refer to the habit of identifying the craftsman with his craft. The fact that the academic humanities provide the intellectual structure of the civilized life in no way guarantees that the humanistic scholar is a model of civilized intelligence and good taste. Any such view of him is an assumption that reality often dispels, which may explain why the public mistrusts the scholar; he does not look like the noble image one forms of *the* humanist, something like Holbein's portrait of Erasmus. The world is better prepared to find the artist an odd fish—in fact, it is disappointed if he isn't. And this expectation suggests to some that perhaps the scholar looks strange because he, too, is a kind of artist; from which it is only a step to saying that humanistic scholarship is creative.

The academic humanities undoubtedly deal with the arts; why, then, doesn't it follow that scholars and teachers in those fields are artists, or at least cultivated men? The fact is that they are not, or need not be. This must be bluntly said, if only to prevent the serious claims of the humanities from being understood as the claims of humanists to wisdom, elegance and glamour. Not long ago a well-known psychiatrist denounced the humanities as a wasteful expense. Put the time and money into mass psychoanalysis, he said, and the sum of individual happiness in this country would be immeasurably increased. This sort of argument is unanswerable. It is also irrelevant. But it shows the danger of perpetuating conventional nonsense about the academic humanists and their work. They can be adequately rewarded and respected only when they appear in their true colors.

The academic humanities, I repeat, are not a form of creation. It is really strange that one should have to say this, when the very definition of the academic humanities is: The *study* of art and thought. In a culture with less reverence for art than ours, and freer of social anxiety about proving one's worthiness, no sensible scholar would ever have decorated himself and his fellows with the title of creator. The scholar, to be sure, often possesses the intelligence, imagination, sub-

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tlety or other qualities that are found in artists. But a creator—a maker of something new that stands by itself—he is not. Observation shows that the artistic and the scholarly temperaments rarely combine. They are not even well paired within the university, and we have yet to hear of any masterpiece hatched on a campus. I do not mean a work that has been published or produced—I mean a masterpiece.

It is because of this fundamental difference that works of attempted creation ought not to qualify for academic credit. I know such crediting is an accepted practice, and I despair of making clear the reasons why it is unjust and ludicrous, but no matter. The point here is that the public must support the work of the humanistic scholars, teachers and critics, not because they produce art, but because they serve art. They serve art, as I have shown, by introducing the new generations to it, thus keeping alert the eye, ear and mind; they serve art by maintaining order around it, thus preventing its obscuration by error and nonsense; they serve art, finally, by tracing out connections and principles throughout the whole domain, thus satisfying curiosity and enhancing pleasure. That is the practical service rendered in answer to the inborn need of man for art and thought.

In the course of doing this, the scholarly humanities sometimes add to the sum of art by discovering or restoring lost works. It was only a short while ago that a lost Haydn mass was recovered by an American musicologist. His adroit, persistent search is worthy of all praise, but who can fail to see that his work called for qualities very different from those needed to write the mass itself? On his side, the artist has no business playing the scholar—a composer the equal of Haydn should not waste his time "going from monastery to monastery for lost music." On the contrary, lost music is his opportunity to supply fresh work.

Whatever mixture of aims and talents occurs in any individual life, professional obligations are distinct from personal. This is why a scholar need not even be a cultivated man. Many scholars qualify as both, but that remains their privilege, not their duty. This amounts to saying that scholarship, like teaching, is a special gift which does not necessarily imply any other. Richard Bentley, the seventeenth-century scholar, was a genius in his line; he did not merely know but he felt the classical languages, by ear as well as intellectually. Yet his edition of Milton shows that he hardly understood his native English idiom, and that off bounds his common sense completely deserted him.

It is, moreover, a fact that a large part of scholarship is drudgery, from which it follows that many scholars are drudges. Who shall say that they are not necessary, worthy, even admirable? The people who edit letters and annotate classics, who compile bibliographies, catalogues and lexicons, are as indispensable as the laboratory technicians who repeat minute determinations, or the tabulators who turn questionnaires into curves. None of them directly delight the mind; we must have them, nevertheless, and be grateful. It is as unfair to expect that he who compiles a concordance of a poet shall be lyrical as that he who drives fat oxen shall himself be fat.

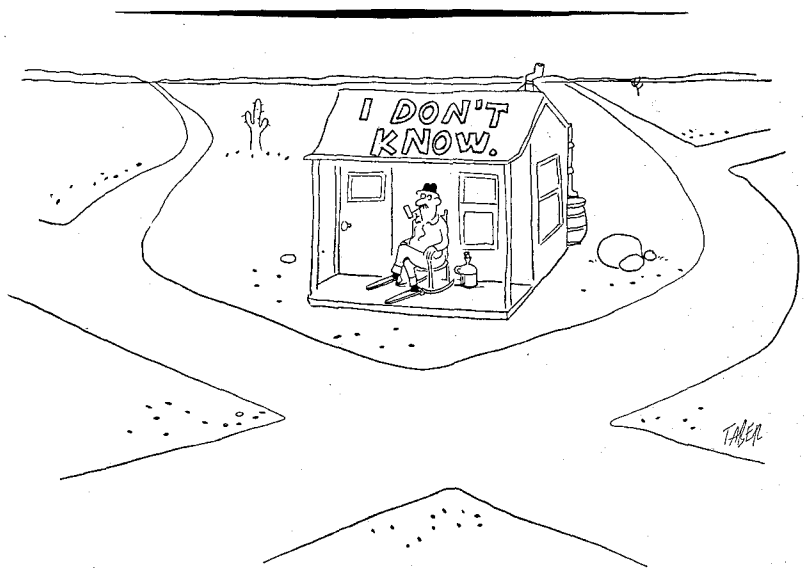
The humanities, then, are not a Cinderella who goes forth into the world only with the aid of magic and has to scurry home when real life resumes its sway. Quite the contrary, the humanities are permanently abroad, and if in their academic setting they are poor, it is because their actual services are taken too much for granted; it is that by dint of living on their intellectual capital they look rich—rich in students, rich in enthusiasm, rich in intangible rewards. They are poor in means because they have not known how to make out their case on their own grounds. They have claimed powers that belong either to no man or to other men, and at the same time they have been culpably modest and retiring.

They have heard sanctimonious voices repeating *ad nauseam* that "man does not live by bread alone," and they have never interrupted to say, "Bakers and butchers, be quiet—and discharge your debt to us for the alchemy which makes your life behind the counter bearable."

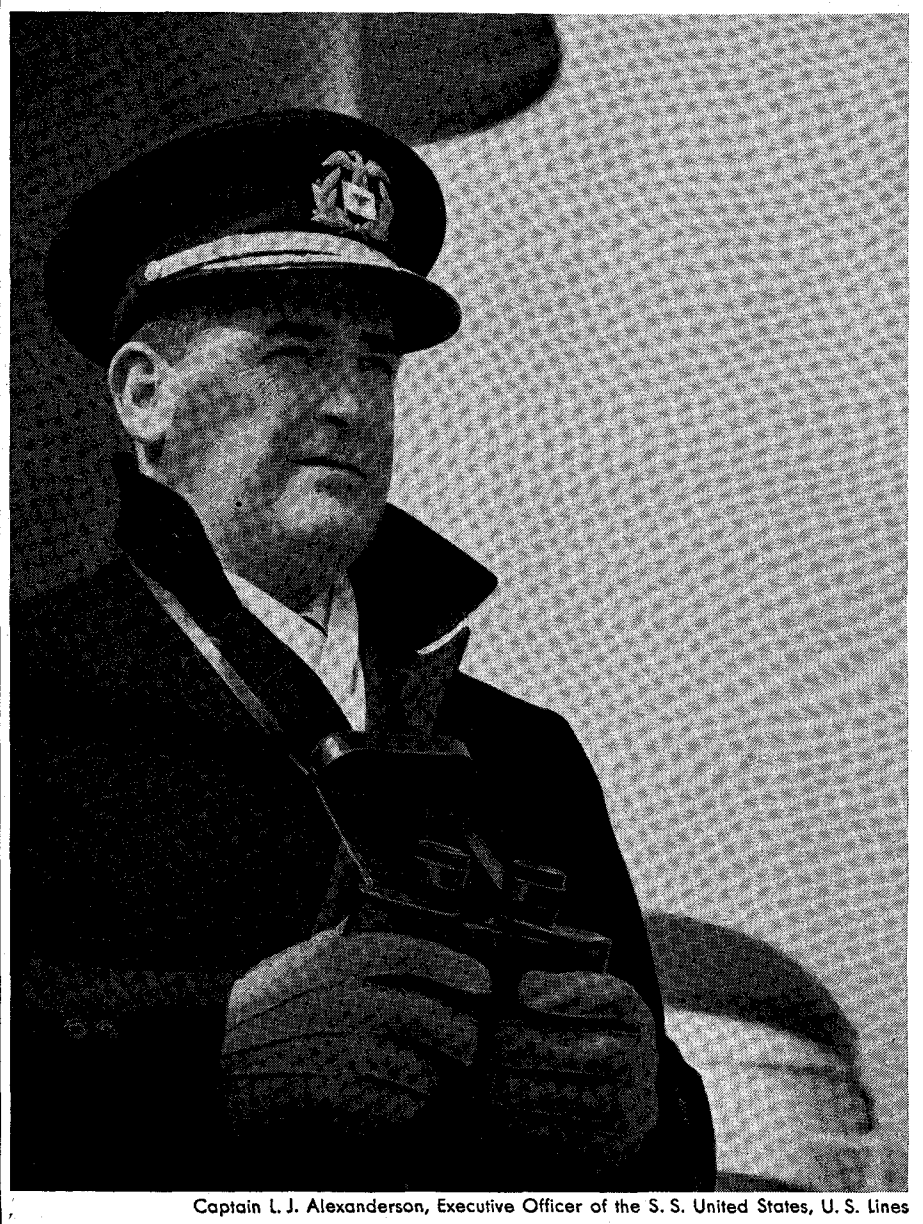
That rejoinder, to be sure, is neither gracious nor ennobling, but it is at least honest and, when competition is the order of the day, it is appropriate. In more contemplative moments, the humanities can find other words to represent them, and it is with an approximation of such words that I want to close.

The humanities are a form of knowledge. Like other knowledge, this deals with man's life in nature and society, but it is acquired through the study of man's spiritual creations—language, art, history, philosophy and religion. This filtering of the subject, man, through the medium of mind has the effect of keeping always in the foreground the element of novelty, of uniqueness, of astonishing unpredictability. Whereas the study of nature assumes and finds its uniformities, and whereas the scientific study of society tries also to grasp what is regular and inevitable, the study of nature and man through the humanities dwells on what is individual and unlike and anarchic. It finds what does *not* conform to rule, what has no counterpart, what does not "behave," but simply is or acts—this is the splendid and refreshing spectacle of the humanities. It is the Antigone of Sophocles, who is like no other woman—which is like no other drama; the Athenian plague in Thucydides, which is at once unknown, vividly present and forever the past; the old woman painted by Rembrandt, whose like we shall never see again, but in that record; the adagio of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, which rose from no formula and yields none; the Zarathustra of Nietzsche, which is an impossibility and a revelation; the lyrics of Thomas Hardy, which defy all the canons of diction and sentiment and prove them wrong; the languages of a thousand peoples, which are each more illogical and more subtle than the next. These are the substance which the humanities present to us in the order of logic and veracity, combining thereby fixed reason with wayward spirit, and thus alone deserving the name of Misbehavioral Science.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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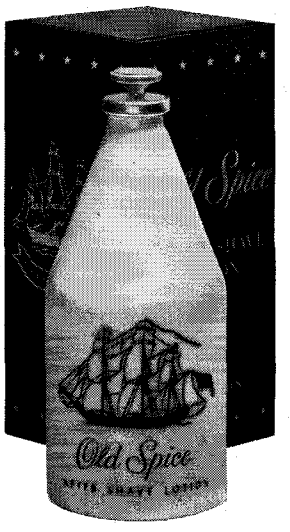

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What We Learned About Labor Gangsters

(Continued from Page 23)

or members. I have examined thousands of attested documents and exhibits. I have reviewed reports of interviews, by our investigators, with 16,000 persons having relevant information. I have read or checked on 100,000 letters to me or the committee. More than 75,000 of them are from union members or their families. These are the most heart-rending of all. Incidentally, such letters have given us valuable leads which we might not have obtained from any other source.

After this experience, reflected upon by day and by night, I do not think my statement about "slaves" is too extravagant. The word "slaves" in this connection is not of my invention. It appears in letters from union workingmen throughout the nation. Example, this from Cleveland: "Here is the opportunity to free more slaves than Lincoln did." Others speak of "servitude" and "bondage." Many put it more simply: "They are stealing us blind. . . . I tried to protest in meeting and they beat me up so bad I was in hospital two weeks." Or: "The business agent of our local, who has done time for extortion, told me if I had any more complaints he would run me and my family out of town and fix it so I never got a job again."

If this sounds to you like horror fiction, read the solemn warning by Cardinal Spellman of New York in St. Patrick's Cathedral last December eighth. In part, he said:

"A segment of our blessed country has fallen under the ruthless domination of greedy, godless gangsters and murderers—mobsters whose aim is to force labor and management alike to become twin slaves of the underworld." (N. Y. Times, Dec. 9, 1957.)

The cardinal quoted a letter from a member of his flock, wife of a veteran Teamster member. It is of the same tenor as thousands of letters in the committee files: ". . . the gangsters who run my husband's union have made slaves of our men . . . my own husband was beaten almost to death five years ago. . . . Help us."

Skeptics should also study the testimony of the Rev. John Van Zanten, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Roslyn Heights, New York. Two years ago, he, with a group of ministers of other denominations, tried bravely to abate the reign of terror among their own parishioners, who, as members of an Operating Engineers local, lived in fear of their own union president and his racketeering accomplices.

Also, I refer doubters to the words of John McNiff, a dedicated trade-unionist and student of criminal infiltration. The alliance of gangsters, crooked labor leaders and corrupt employers, he testified, has brought especially cruel oppression upon Puerto Rican and Negro workers in the New York area. "Gentlemen," he said, "if this alliance is allowed to continue, we can assure you that over a million workers will be deprived of any bona-fide union representation . . . [it] has already brought honest New York City employers and their employees to their knees." And this in just one great American city.

Finally, I might ask you to study the thousands of pages of closely printed testimony, except that I recognize this as a nearly impossible task. I believe I am the only man—apart from our able committee counsel, Robert Kennedy—who has listened to virtually all this testimony with the added advantage this gives of seeing and sizing up the witnesses. Only a few persons have read all of it. I am surprised, indeed, to find how sketchily the record has been studied even by many supposed experts, including some professors of labor relations and writers who pontificate on union problems. This is another reason why I hope these articles will serve a useful purpose.

Here I wish to pay tribute to decent leaders of the AFL-CIO for their current efforts to clean up corruption among their affiliated unions. Especially to George Meany, president of this organization, which includes nearly four fifths of organized labor in America. He and like-minded colleagues are trying to enforce their admirable Code of Ethical Practices. This takes courage. It has provoked, I understand, bitter criticism from some shortsighted or recalcitrant old associates. The expulsion of crookedly dominated unions has cost the federation heavily in dues and membership.

The sad part of it is that the AFL-CIO's powers in this respect are so limited—as I will show later, partly from Mr. Meany's own testimony—that the core of the evil remains. There is reason to believe that, without the strong arm of new law, the creeping evil will spread still further among us.

A word as to my own attitude toward labor: Most of my family, for generations, have been working people—hard-pressed tenant farmers. I learned what hard manual labor is, as a boy on the farm and while I was struggling to get an education. In my law practice I have represented laboring men as well as employers.

As a congressman I voted for the Wagner National Labor Relations Act in 1935. As a senator I voted for the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947. I regret neither vote, but I profoundly regret—with the benefit of hindsight—the loopholes in both laws which left the worker in the ranks still exposed to exploitation.

I believe in unionism. Labor unions, properly managed, are a major stabilizing force in our democracy and our economy. But now let us see what our hearings have disclosed about unions which are managed improperly and for the selfish greed of their leaders.

Consider for one example the Operating Engineers Union. Its national membership totals some 280,000. These are the men who operate the cranes and power shovels, the hoists and bulldozers. Their work is vital to construction in America, not least in the great and newly authorized $40,000,000,000 road-building program. They are generally men of ability and intelligence whose tasks require high skill and often physical courage.

How could men such as these allow large sections of their union to come under corrupt and criminal domination? For answer let us go back a few years. In the early 1930's Dennis Ziegler, an operating engineer in Chicago, fought courageously against the hoodlums who muscled into and finally took over his local union. They threatened him with death. When other measures failed, Ziegler wrote a long, circumstantial letter to William Green, the then president of the AFL. He asked for help. Mr. Green advised him to "adjust" matters within his union. Ziegler wrote back:

> In the absence of a convention [none was held from 1928 to 1940] the only remaining tribunal is the officers themselves whom we charge with misconduct. Are they to be permitted to pass upon the propriety of their own acts? What chance have we got to have our complaints considered and adjusted?

A month later the death threat of the local's new hoodlum leaders was carried out. I quote from the testimony before us of Clarence Donath, veteran Chicago hoisting engineer:

> Mr. Ziegler left the office at the end of his day's work and went home on the streetcar and bus. He got off on the corner of the street he lived on . . . and he started to walk down the street, and this man came up behind him and shot him in the head and then jumped into a car and got away.

The murder was never solved or prosecuted, though evidence was put before the state's attorney as to certain crooked "leaders" who had threatened Ziegler precisely a year and a day before he was killed by bullets in the back of his head.

I mention this early case because it shows a pattern. It shows how difficult it is, under the charters and bylaws of many unions, to seek redress against dictatorship; it shows what happened to one man who tried to buck the system. The record tells of many another brave man, through the years, who has been murdered, or maimed, or crippled, or threatened, or deprived of his livelihood. Honest workingmen may have courage. But they are not, like their oppressors, armed with and ready to use guns, dynamite and blinding acid. As great numbers of them have written us, or testified, or told their pastors: "I can't stand up against this. I have a wife and children."

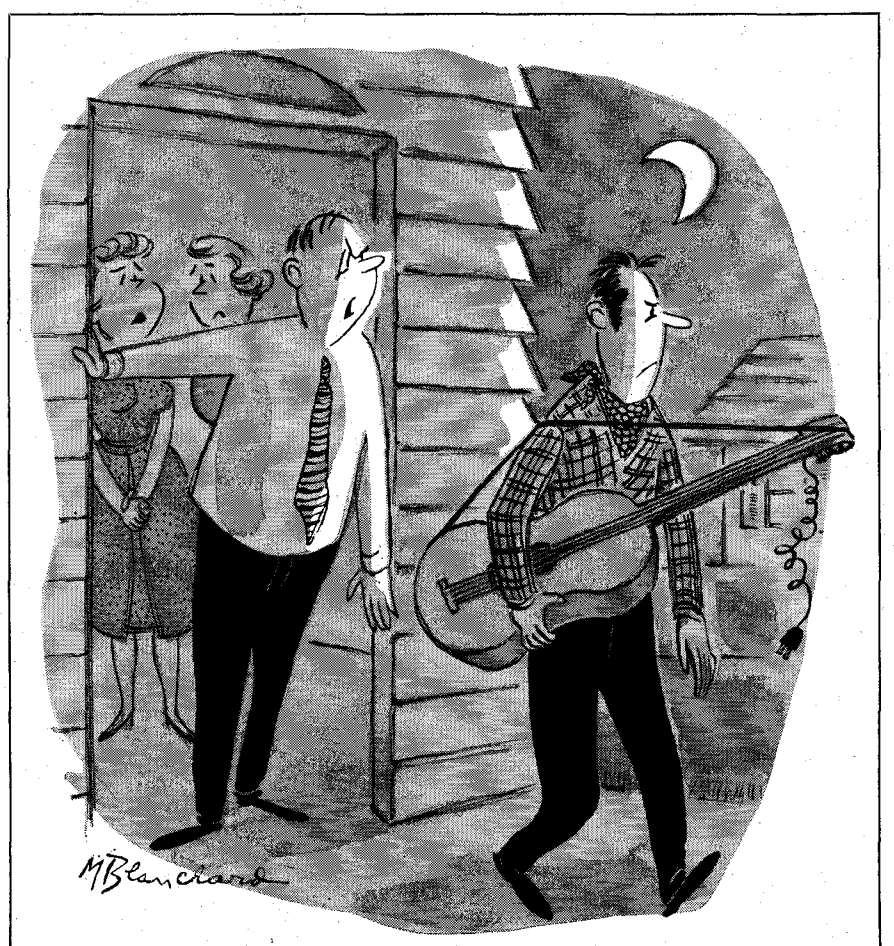
One device of gangster leaders, when they cannot break a man's personal courage, is to ask him whether he loves his children. He says he does. The gangster says, "I love children too. But a lot of things can happen to children. They can get hurt real bad, you know—run over or killed." It is hard to expect a man to withstand such threats, ominously emphasized and repeated.

Now let us glance at the career of William E. Maloney, one of the Operating Engineers dictators whom the murdered Ziegler had dared to oppose. Maloney, aided by crooked friends and racketeering allies, moved swiftly upward in the shady hierarchy until he became general president in 1940 of the International Union of Operating Engineers. He held the position until this past February. Then, shortly after our hearings involving him and his union, he resigned under the plea of ill health. We have repeatedly asked him to testify in answer to the charges against him. Up to this writing, he has declined—again on the plea of ill health. We trust that he can, with his accumulated riches, his ten safe-deposit boxes and his snug pension of $50,000 a year from the union he grew fat on, afford the best of medical care.

In his more than sixteen years as president Maloney became a wealthy man. Not for him the modest bus or streetcar of his slain rival, Dennis Ziegler. Maloney cruised aboard an elaborately staffed and equipped yacht or rode in one of his several chauffeured limousines; he acquired expensive homes in Miami and Chicago and also had the use of a luxury apartment in Washington. He customarily collected on fantastically high expense accounts, often two or three of them covering the same period of time. Our evidence indicates that this was not only at the cost of the working union members but mostly without their knowledge.

Apparently Maloney had other sources of income. He hobnobbed with contractors who allegedly were willing to pay well for "favored treatment" on their contracts with the union. Here again the burden fell on the working members, since "favored treatment" for the employer means that the workers are deprived, by various tricks, of the pay rates and working conditions which the written contract seems to promise.

A witness before us was Stephen A. Healy. He is one of the nation's biggest contractors. He was asked repeatedly to tell about his financial dealings with Maloney, and to explain the $228,000 mysteriously written off the Healy Company books at that time. In response to all such questions Healy took refuge in the Fifth Amendment. He refused to reply on the ground that his answers might tend to incriminate him. From this, readers may draw their own conclusions.



"You've blown your last fuse in this house."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Another large source of President Maloney's income, the evidence indicates, was the looted funds of captive locals. This has been a favorite device of the national leadership of the Operating Engineers and other racketeer-infested unions. It works this way: With the pretense that certain local unions need "guidance," they are handed over to the absolute control of "trustees" appointed from above. Under such trusteeships, often prolonged indefinitely (in one of Maloney's locals for twenty-nine years), the working members of the local have no voice or vote in its affairs. They can get no clear accounting of what happens to their hard-earned dues, which accordingly drain away into the hands of their exploiters.

The Operating Engineers call their trustees "supervisors." To give you an idea of their character I cite you Joseph S. (Joey) Fay, the notorious racketeer and convicted extortionist. In the years before his recent long stay in Sing Sing and Dannemora, several locals were turned over to the tender mercies of Joey Fay. In his police record, dating from 1916, Fay had been accused of most crimes in the book, including murder. Testimony before us indicates that one Philadelphia local, while under Fay's "supervision," was looted of a sum estimated at millions of dollars—the accumulated dues of working members.

When a woman runs the household on a budget it's because she's trying to prove to her husband that it can't be done.

HAROLD COFFIN

In the mid-1940's Fay was charged with extorting more than $300,000 from contractors building an aqueduct. On conviction he was sentenced to prison for seven and one half to fifteen years. In 1956 he came out on parole, one condition of which was that he was to have nothing more to do with his old union.

The crime of extortion by a labor "leader" such as Fay has two main elements: (1) He threatens the employer to strike or sabotage the work unless he is paid off "under the table." (2) In return for the pay-off, he promises the employer "favored treatment" which, as described above, betrays the working members.

Now see the crowning effrontery. Since the date of his crime, Fay has been rewarded—and I use the word with emphasis—rewarded for selling out his members by being given the equivalent of $268,000 drawn from the hard-earned dues moneys of the Operating Engineers. As part of this, he receives from the union a $12,600 annual "pension" for life, though apparently he has never contributed toward a pension fund.

Fay himself says the "loyal" members of the local do not believe him guilty, and wanted him to have these huge sums. New York District Attorney Frank Hogan, who has investigated the case, has a different version: that the working members could not object because they feared for their lives or their livelihood.

Mr. Hogan's version checks with the pattern disclosed over and over again in our hearings. The great number of extortionists who have invaded the union movement, the power they exert, the terror they inspire—all this runs like an evil thread through thousands of pages of sworn testimony. Evidence shows the evil as especially widespread among corrupt sections of the Teamster unions. Here the record tells of gangsters rewarded by "testimonial dinners" and by lavish gifts of money and motorcars—from union funds. In some cases convicted extortionists, abetted by the Becks and Hoffas, have gone straight from prison to lush union jobs as "business agents." Jimmy Hoffa blandly describes this as "giving these men a chance to rehabilitate themselves." It is like rehabilitating a ravening wolf by setting him to guard the sheep.

When a labor "leader" forces an employer to pay off by threats, it is extortion. When an employer takes the lead in offering the pay-off, it is bribery. Sometimes the line between the two is hard to draw. This much is sure: in either case the working union member gets it in the neck. The honest employer also suffers, since his corrupt business competitor, with "favored treatment," is in position to underbid or undersell him. Certainly stronger legal action against both offenses is needed.

The Operating Engineers is not one of the largest unions, but its corrupt areas exhibit typical examples of the methods by which working members can be oppressed and cheated.

For dictatorship, consider William De Koning and his son, William, Jr. For years the father and son have treated Long Island Local No. 138 and its members as their personal property. The fact that De Koning, Sr., was convicted of extortion and his son of coercion did not restrict them. Papa De Koning passed the union down to Junior as a medieval baron would pass his titles and serfs to his son. Junior continued to dominate through fear and violence. Of the total of

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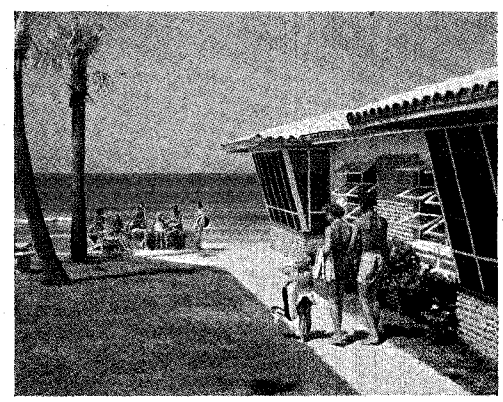

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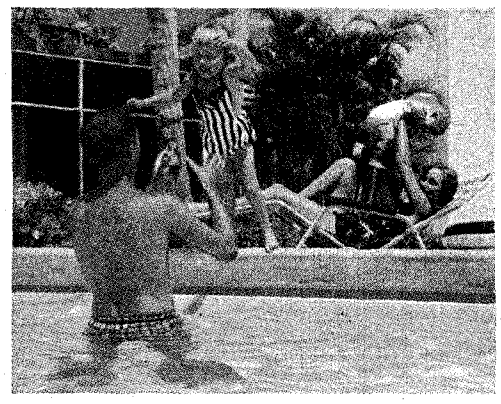

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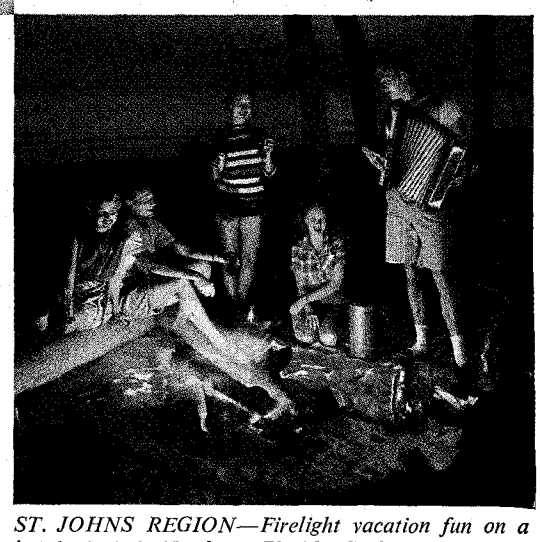

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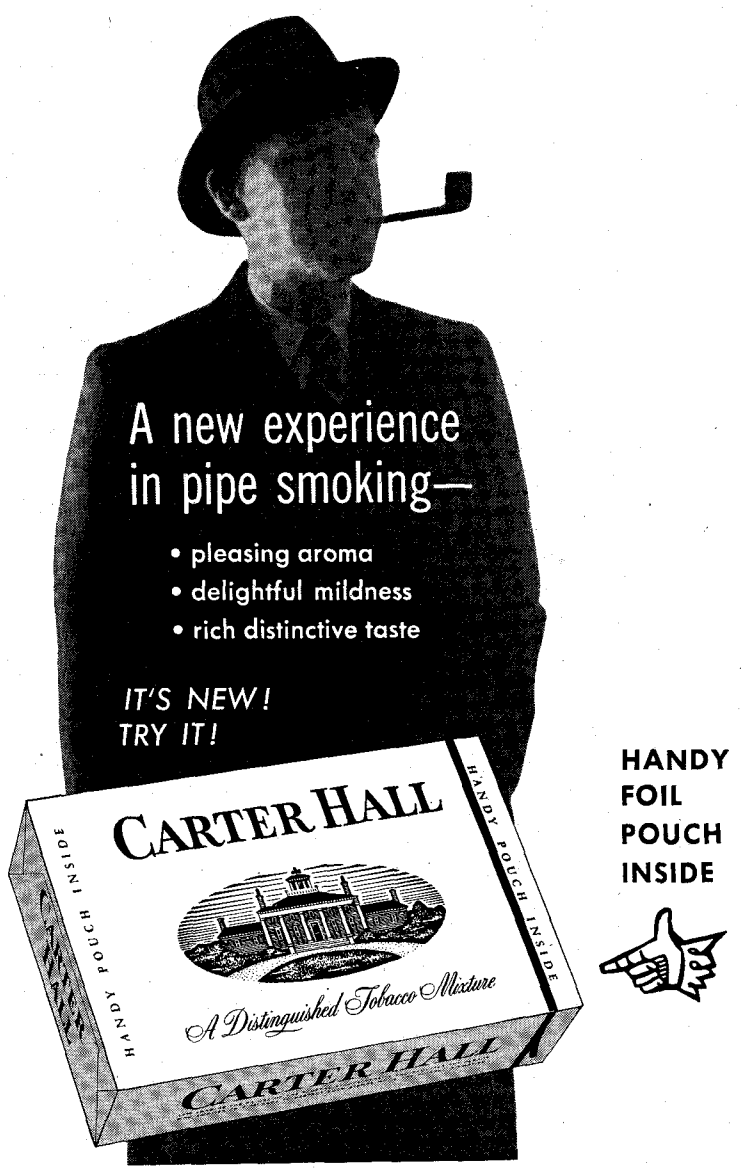

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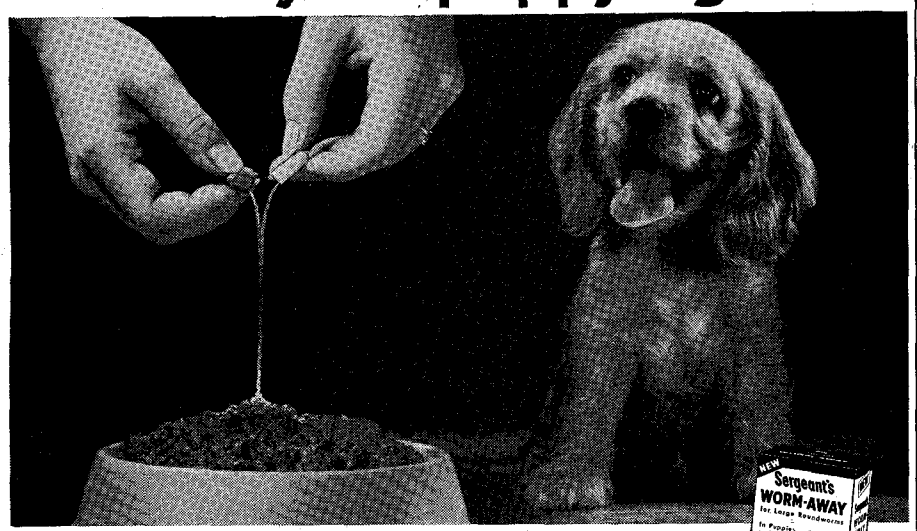

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some 4000 members, only 800 of the more amenable were allowed to vote—so long as they "vote right." Those who protest may be beaten, threatened or simply told that no more jobs are "available" for them.

For fixed and rigged elections, consider Operating Engineers Local No. 3 in San Francisco. This big local has some 24,000 members in three states and Hawaii. Sometimes this local has had elections. Yes, even by "secret ballot." At least the counting was secret. Officers of the local testified before us, without apparent remorse, that they had taken 2000 ballots to a mountain cabin, counted 500 of them, destroyed the ballots, and then awarded 17,000 votes to their own favored candidates. This was all right, they explained, because everybody else in the International was doing the same thing.

The testimony of these men was remarkable in another way. They admitted to us that untold thousands in union dues passed illicitly into the pockets of the local's officers. The main conflict in their evidence concerned who finally got the pilfered funds. Each claimed the others got them.

During the first year's hearings our committee gave special attention to the giant Teamsters Union. This was natural. It is the largest union in the country, with some 1,500,000 members. It is also one of the most corruptly managed. Further, it has the power—probably beyond that of any other union—to cripple our national economy.

Sworn testimony before us exposed, as never before, the crookedness and criminality pervading the leadership of this far-flung organization. Our findings contributed to the retirement of Dave Beck from the presidency of the union, and to the expulsion of the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO. I wish I could hail these as triumphant achievements.

The melancholy fact is that, unless and until Congress passes the needed new laws, there can be only faint hope of improvement. Beck's successor as president, James Hoffa, may well be the more dangerous man of the two—younger, craftier, more ambitious, and with even closer ties to the criminal underworld. The huge union, though expelled, carries on under Hoffa as before. True, by recent Federal court order, three "monitors" have been chosen to check on the conduct of the union. This may make Hoffa and his pals more cautious for a time. But what can three "monitors," with few legal powers, do to explore and cure the deep infection which runs through wide ramifications of the Teamster leadership? Not much, I fear.

The evidence on the Teamsters has been extensively publicized in the press and on the air waves. Here, therefore, I will touch on only a few high points.

In February the still-wealthy Dave Beck, in his home town of Seattle, was tried by a jury, convicted and sentenced to prison for from three to fifteen years for stealing $1900 from the union he once headed. His lawyers will appeal.

Some commentators have called the sentence "severe" on the sixty-three-year-old Beck. I wish I could share this lenient sentiment. But having listened to all the testimony before our committee—including Beck's own, in which he took the Fifth Amendment 140 times in one session—my sympathy is on the side of his victims. I cannot help noting that figure of $1900. The sum is such a tiny one, such a little drop in a big bucket, compared to the vast sums—in working members' dues—which Beck misused for his own enrichment, according to the evidence before us.

Dave Beck, Jr., was sentenced at the same time as his father, for a similar theft. He was granted probation, on the argument that he, a mere lad of thirty-seven, had stolen in "blind obedience" to his father. If so, the character of a Fagin must be added to Beck, Sr.'s unsavory qualities. Dave, Jr., also took the Fifth repeatedly before our committee. We have seen many Fifth Amendment artists. But Dave, Jr.'s, refusal to answer whether he knew Dave, Sr., takes the crumby cake. It is a prime example of how flagrantly this privilege is being perverted from its original virtuous purposes. Many thoughtful people wonder whether such capricious use of this constitutional bulwark is not undermining the very foundation of law and order it was designed to serve.

Let us see briefly what Dave Beck, Sr., did. From modest beginnings, he was raised by his union to its highest honors. He became a prosperous, nationally prominent and respected citizen. He served on parole boards, and, yes, as president of the Board of Regents of the University of Washington. At one time thousands of his working union members, I understand, trusted and almost revered him. His pink features, his gray hair, his innocent blue eyes inspired affection and trust.

He was greatly trusted, and disgracefully did he betray his trust. Among his friends were some honest men. One of them, at least, saw the way he was going and begged him to draw back before it was too late. He curtly rejected that advice and continued on his devious path with insatiate greed. He oppressed and cheated the working members. He plundered their funds on a grand scale by many slick devices. He dealt secretly with favored employers and their crooked go-betweens, to his own profit and the workingman's loss. He worked with crooks and criminals. He—but why go on? Let us leave him with his regrets. But he still clings to his misbegotten wealth. He still has a $50,000 annual pension and the use of a $160,000 home, both provided by the union he betrayed.

Now as to his successor, Mr. James Hoffa. The testimony before us indicates that he has studied and imitated the methods of his old master, but has added refinements of his own. He knows more dangerous criminals than Beck. Such thugs have been Hoffa's pals for years; he has placed a host of them in offices of trust within the union, and he has relied much on their help in his climb to the top. Jimmy's warmhearted "rehabilitation" has paid off, though occasionally our harsh society catches one of his "rehabilitated" friends in the act of extortion, dynamiting or grand larceny and sends him back to prison. So with Hoffa's dear crony, Johnny Dio (Dioguardi), that infamous and high-ranking racketeer recently convicted again and sentenced to fifteen to thirty years for extortion and conspiracy. It was to this poisonous scoundrel that Hoffa tried to entrust the destinies of 30,000 New York taxi drivers. The plot was interrupted. Dio is "away" for a while. But a legion of his criminal lieutenants are eager to carry on in his stead. We shall see later how and why they move into unions.

Unlike Beck, Hoffa did not take the Fifth. At the start he testified freely and suavely. He proclaimed his devotion to union "responsibility" and assured us that "the American people will accept my philosophy. . . ." [Record, P. 4964.] Apparently he did not realize how much solid evidence our skilled investigators had unearthed.

As the evidence piled up, Hoffa squirmed in his chair. His memory faded almost to zero. He suffered a coma of forgetfulness. I asked him whether he

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had had phone conversations with Johnny Dio about organizing the New York taxi drivers. "I honestly don't recall." We played back several lengthy tape recordings of such long-distance calls, supplied by the office of the New York district attorney. Hoffa continued to squirm and evade. He dodged or equivocated on the answers to more than 200 questions, most of them on matters which no man above moron level could forget. And Hoffa is no moron. Experts have rated his I.Q. as exceptionally high. When not under oath he is noted for his sharp memory for names, dates, facts and figures, and for his shrewdness in threading the tangled maze of his secretive personal business ventures.

I recur here to Johnny Dio because he is the archetype of the army of professional gangsters who have muscled into the labor movement. Such men have never had a grain of interest in unionism as such—except for money and power. For pay, they are as ready to smash unions as to "organize" them. With their network of underworld connections, they are a danger to the nation. Our evidence indicates that not merely hundreds but thousands of such racketeers have infiltrated unionism. Unless they are rooted out by the force of new laws, it is not fanciful to say that we are headed for a gangsterized economy in America.

There are other kinds of labor "leaders" who have testified before us. For some, it is possible to have a trace of sympathy. These are the men who started out as honest leaders and then, held back by no adequate checkrein of law, yielded to the temptations of easy money and heady power. One example is James G. Cross, international president of the Bakers Union, which had, until recently, some 140,000 members.

Jimmy Cross, I am told, began as an earnest, idealistic young leader who worked hard and long, at modest pay, for the good of his local. As he rose in the union hierarchy he started to dip, as he saw some of his colleagues do, into the easy money. He began to cultivate those employers who are willing to pay well—*sub rosa*—for "favored treatment" and for soft, or "sweetheart," contracts which provide substandard wages or working conditions for union members. By 1953, when he became president, age only forty, there were signs of his moral decay.

The union's loosely guarded treasury of some $5,000,000 now came within his reach. He had palatial homes in Palm Beach and Washington, and expense accounts which ran as high as $350 a day. He had a special girl friend—with several convictions for prostitution—whom he put on the union payroll and squandered thousands of dollars upon. Pressed to explain what this woman had done for the union, he used a curiously ambiguous phrase: "undercover work."

To protect his power and pelf, he resorted to the usual methods of intimidation, violence and rigged or coerced elections. In the union's 1956 convention he forced changes in the charter which gave him truly dictatorial powers.

A minor source of extra money for Cross was the "testimonial dinners," one of which netted him $11,000 in personal "gifts." But in this field he was a piker compared to one of his vice presidents, Max Kralstein, of New York. Max is described by admirers as a man of "innate shyness and modesty," but he prevailed upon himself to accept the glory and cash of a "testimonial dinner." For this affair his strong-arm stooges pressured enough money out of employers and working union members to "give" modest Max $57,818, on which he shyly paid no income tax. We asked him whether this huge "gift" was proper.

"It is not the amount," said Mr. Kralstein virtuously. "It is the principle of the thing."

You can see that our hearings have had their moments of low comedy. But the over-all picture is one of tragedy—indirectly for the entire public, directly for those rank-and-file union workers who are cheated and enslaved. Now that the grim facts are being brought to light by our committee, all of us in the Congress bear a heavy share of the responsibility if we fail to act. In the next article I will discuss what action I think is required.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Senator McClellan. The concluding article will appear next week.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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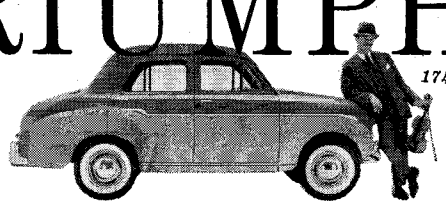

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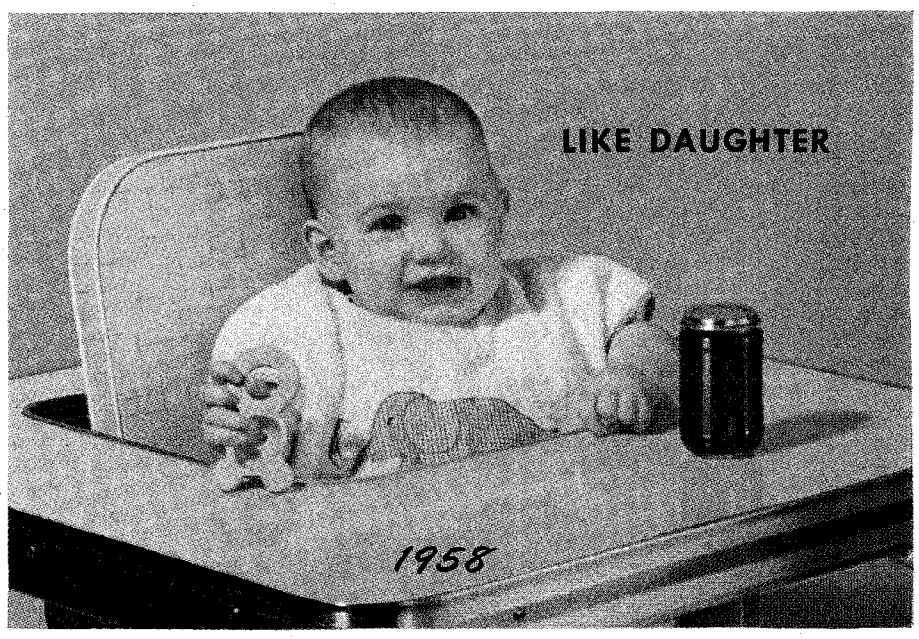

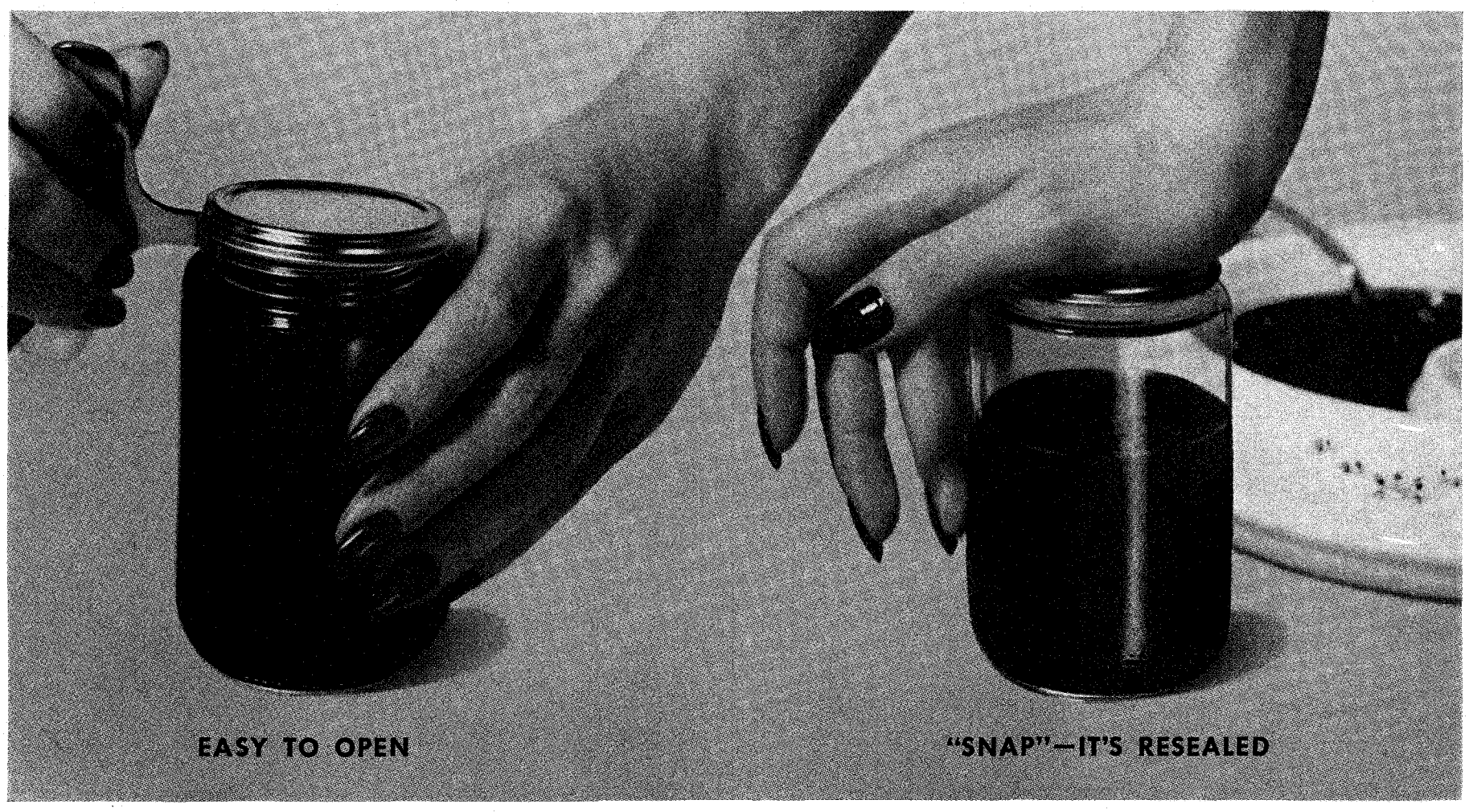

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New Golden Boy (Continued from Page 31)

successive years—something no other rider has ever done. When Bill started his streak with 417 winners in 1955—his busiest year—he trailed both Arcaro and Shoemaker in amount of purse money won. The next two years he outdistanced them in the cash department as well, with Shoemaker the No. 2 man, and the older Arcaro—who rode somewhat less than the two others—dropping back to third. Hartack has been one of the top money-makers again this year.

Young Bill Hartack—or Willie Hartack, as some writers still call him against his personal preference—has had a mighty fast ride to the top. He got there the way people generally do in any field, through a combination of ability, determination to succeed and concentration upon his business. During working hours he is so grimly preoccupied with what he's doing that a number of racing people consider him a difficult fellow—an opinion not shared by this writer, who was with Hartack on a dozen different occasions over an extended period while gathering material for this article.

Hartack's riding style also comes in for criticism in various quarters. A number of veteran horsemen complain that he doesn't have a good seat—that he's all over a horse when he rides.

On the other hand, no less an authority than Eddie Arcaro pointed out early in Hartack's career that Bill has the hands—meaning the touch—of a good jockey. "He has tremendous riding ability," Arcaro declares. "He's a hard worker, smart as a whip and damned strong."

Still others take the position that it is ridiculous to quibble over the details of Hartack's horsemanship when the results have been so sensational.

"He's not much to look at," says laconic Willie Shoemaker, "but he gets the job done, and that's the main thing."

Trainer Hirsch Jacobs perhaps sums it up best: "Maybe the other boys have been riding wrong all these years."

Most jockeys ride "acey-deucy," with the left stirrup longer than the right—they lean slightly to the left around turns. The five-foot-four-inch Hartack rides with his stirrups almost even. He sits high and well forward, which means less punishment for the horse when Bill shifts his 107 pounds of weight. When Bill shifts to the left he maintains his balance by digging in with his right knee, or—if he's up so high that his knee is off the horse—with a toed-in right boot.

His ability to keep control of a horse was brilliantly demonstrated in the $277,150 Garden State Stakes for two-year-olds at Camden, New Jersey, last fall. Earlier in 1957 Hartack had won racing's most famous classic, the Kentucky Derby. Now he was out to take the year's richest purse—$155,047 to the winner. He was riding Nadir, a big colt with the clowning tendencies of his sire, Nasrullah, and his blood brother, Nashua.

Hartack whipped Nadir at the start to get him up with the leaders. In the backstretch he passed Music Man Fox and then Yemen to attain a clear lead. Leaving the bend for home, however, Nadir tried to bolt. When Hartack dug into him he swerved. So did Nadir's owner, Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, who leaned so far he fell off his chair in the clubhouse. The horse was trying to run out, but Hartack, applying a steady left-handed whip lashing and leaning to his left, kept Nadir straight down the stretch to win by two lengths.

It was one race where rival jockeys couldn't claim that Hartack forced his way inside. There were reports out of Hialeah in Florida a year ago that Hartack was shouting at other jockeys to let him through on the rail—a charge Hartack indignantly denies. "I never shouted in a race in my life," he says, "except when I was in trouble."

However, Hartack normally does move inside the pack to the rail whenever he spots the slightest opening. He has had a total of seven suspensions for careless riding, the last of them coming at Delaware Park in June, 1956.

Taking the rail brought him a nasty injury at Bowie, Maryland, in 1954. Wire Works, an unruly two-year-old with only one eye, ran so close to the rail that Bill's ankle scraped the fence for an eighth of a mile. Hartack thought at first that bones were broken, but two days later—his ankle deadened with a local anesthetic—he was riding again.

One point about Bill Hartack on which everybody agrees is that winning is an obsession with him. Riding anywhere from 1200 to 1700 horses a year, this Pennsylvania coal miner's son has won approximately one fourth of his races (24 per cent), and finished in the money more than half the time (55 per cent). These figures are comparable to the batting statistics of Ted Williams and Stan Musial, but still not good enough to suit Hartack. Apparently nothing short of winning every race would fully satisfy him.

In the jockeys' room at New York's Jamaica track on the day last November when he pushed his 1957 purse winnings over $3,000,000, Hartack was as eager for victory as if he hadn't brought a horse home in front all year. It was a matter of pride rather than pocketbook. His earnings for the year already were so great that income taxes would take practically everything he won from there on out.

Inside the room the temperature felt like eighty-five. Outside it was a raw forty, and snowing. But Hartack's mind wasn't on the weather, nor on his four-day-old case of cold and stomach cramps.

"I've got to win this race," he said, as he changed into salmon-pink silks to ride Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' three-year-old gray colt, Promised Land, in the Idlewild Handicap, which offered $40,000 first money. "If I win, it will be my last race of the year"—he later changed his mind about that. "It will put me over three million. Will second do it? It won't. So I've got to win."

The race duly got under way. Coming around the final turn into the homestretch, Hartack was fourth with Promised Land. Then Ismael (Milo) Valenzuela moved up on the outside with the bay colt, Eddie Schmidt. Now Promised Land was fifth with less than 900 feet to go. In a split second Hartack spun his horse to the inside. Bill found a hole between the second and third horses from the rail, and drove Promised Land on to win by a neck in a five-horse blanket finish.

In the jockeys' room after the race, riders with lockers nearby gathered around to congratulate Hartack on breaking the $3,000,000 barrier—a mark no jockey had ever approached before.

Bill Hartack was a happy young man as he chatted about the race. However, the smile he carries to the winner's circle quickly wears off. One loser can do it, even on a day when he scores a flock of victories. He says, "Maybe a win would have meant more to the man who lost than it did to the winners."

Hartack concedes without apology that he is anything but a bubbling personality around the tracks. "I'm in a serious business," he says, "and I'm too wrapped up in my business to go around slapping backs." Nor does he have the instinct of an Eddie Arcaro for cultivating good relations with the press—Bill's attitude toward most newspapermen is closer to that of the independent-minded Ted Williams.

It actually wasn't until last year, though, that there was much talk about Hartack's being a temperamental type. Jockey agent Chick Lang, whose 20 per cent of Hartack's fees came to around $50,000 last year, says the talk all started at Hialeah in February of 1957, when Hartack, riding Bardstown, lost out to Summer Tan in the McLennan Handicap.

As agent Lang tells it, one of the racing writers came bustling up to Hartack and said, "What happened? How come you got beat?"

"Did you see the race?" Hartack demanded.

"Sure, I saw the race," replied the writer.

"Then write about it—the way you saw it," Hartack snapped.

Explains agent Lang, "Bill was seething inwardly because he'd lost such an important race. It's hard for him to accept a defeat. I know that same writer wouldn't dare go up to Ted Williams after he'd

NEXT WEEK

We Found a New Northwest Passage

Discovery of a Long-Sought Route Across the Arctic

By Capt. Thomas C. Pullen, R. C. N.

Hollywood's Oriental Fad

John Wayne and Co. on Location in Japan

A Biologist Looks at the Riddle of Life

How to Crack Down on the Crooks

Senator McClellan's Answer to Labor Gangsters

In Color:

The World's Busiest Sport:

for Dry-Fly Fishermen

Killers of Timbala

A Complete Novelette by David Walker

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fanned three times and ask him what was the matter."

Hartack had a more serious run-in with a newspaperman in Louisville last year at the annual trainers' dinner held in between the Derby Trial and the Kentucky Derby. Hartack had ridden Calumet Farm's Gen. Duke in the Derby Trial, and also was slated to ride him in the Derby itself. Later Gen. Duke wound up being scratched, and Hartack rode the other Calumet entry, Iron Liege. He won out by a close margin over Willie Shoemaker on Gallant Man—the controversial race in which Shoemaker misjudged the distance poles and stood up in his stirrups before the finish line.

These developments were all in the future, of course, at the time of the trainers' dinner. "Gen. Duke looked like he was the best three-year-old for the Calumet stable," Hartack relates. "I'm sure Jimmy Jones"—Calumet trainer—"thought he would win the Derby. I thought so. But the Duke ran a bad race in the Derby Trial. It was learned later he broke a small bone in his left foot.

"Well, at the dinner this half-gassed newspaperman came up to me and said, 'I guess you put an easy ride under the Duke's belt for the Derby.'

"'I don't like what you're insinuating,' I told him. I guess I called him a liar.

"He kept leaning all over me and spluttering in my food. I kept saying, 'Please go away.' Finally I said, 'Look, I came here to eat. If you don't go away I'll punch you right in the nose.' Then some people led him away."

Some later accounts of this incident have made Hartack the villain, with the newspaperman as an innocent victim. But Eddie Arcaro, who was there, supports Hartack's version. He says that under the circumstances, Bill handled himself well and did a good job of keeping his head.

There was no friction whatsoever during my own numerous encounters with Hartack. Bill is a bright fellow. He averaged eighty-six-plus at Black Lick Township High School in Twin Rocks, Pennsylvania, and was graduated seventh in a class of thirty-four. Although he obviously doesn't enjoy being interviewed—he is an introvert and lacks conversational spontaneity—when you make a date with him, he keeps it. His answers to questions are brief but direct.

"With me, black is black and white is white," he said at one point. "I never make excuses. If my answer to one of your questions sounds like an alibi, I hope it's not taken that way. Either I know what I'm doing when I get on a horse or I don't know. You either ride a horse good or you ride him bad."

It's evident that Hartack believes in his heart that he generally "rides 'em good." He says he has never known what it is to be in a slump. Losing streaks, yes—he failed to win over a stretch of twenty-seven races last December and January—but never a slump in the sense that he was riding poorly. Incidentally, it didn't take him long to break out of his midwinter losing streak this year. He won such major Florida stakes races as the McLennan Handicap—aboard Iron Liege—and the Everglades Handicap, Flamingo Stakes and Florida Derby. In these last three events he rode Tim Tam, which became one of the big advance favorites for this week's Kentucky Derby.

Although Hartack was accepting fewer mounts than ever before during the opening months of 1958, he still had a total of fifty-six winners by the beginning of April, which put him in fifth place in the national jockey standings. He planned a strenuous campaign from Derby Week on to recapture the lead for the fourth straight year.

Bill never spares his horses. He figures they have been trained for one purpose—to run as fast as possible. He does a great deal of whipping, which often goes unnoticed, because he is left-handed and hits low. "It seems to surprise a lot of horses," he observes. "Maybe that's why some of them run better for me."

Hartack says that Arcaro and Shoemaker are the best jockeys in the business. He modestly declines to rate himself. When Hartack and Arcaro are riding in the same race, they generally do a lot of talking on the way from the jockeys' room to the paddock. Asked if anything Arcaro says sinks in, Hartack replies, "Everything Arcaro says sinks in."

However, they differ in personality and attitude. Arcaro once remarked, "I've heard it said that Hartack complains he has no time for himself. Well, when he's been around a little longer he will learn that his time is not his own. That's the price of fame."

When Hartack was invited to comment on this, he said, without enlarging, "I don't agree with him."

"Maybe I'm not a nice person to get along with," Hartack declared on another occasion—a day when he had won two races out of two. "I like to be alone for at least an hour after a day of riding. I often go for an auto ride or to the movies. On days when I lose a few races I feel even worse."

When strangers try to become friendly with him in public places he gives them brusque treatment. In relaxed surroundings, however, on an evening when he hasn't been to the track, Bill Hartack is excellent company. He will discuss anything from the family pony he used to play with as a boy to his plans for getting married and raising two sons as soon as he can settle down.

He once gave up a girl because she drank—a glass of wine with a big meal is about as much as Bill ever takes himself. He doesn't smoke—he got tired of grubbing cigarettes as an exercise boy. He has no real diet problem, although he generally limits himself to one big meal a day.

His breakfast is juice and coffee. Theoretically he skips lunch, but at the track he usually ends up nibbling on a chicken leg, peanuts, potato chips or some such snack. At dinner he lets himself go for the full-course treatment. With all this, he has been gaining less than a pound a year, although his neck size in the past two years has expanded from 13 to 14½.

Hartack likes ten hours' sleep. He sleeps through alarm clocks, telephones and knocks on the door—it takes a sound shaking to awake him. This cost him many chances to pick up fees as an exercise boy, and it's one reason why he now has a traveling companion. During the Florida racing season Hartack's companion was Nick Virtue, a construction worker by trade. Recently Hartack also took on a secretary to help him cope with his growing fan mail and other paper work.

Away from the race tracks Bill has a variety of recreational interests, such as dancing, swimming, fishing, softball and boating, the latter in his own fourteen-foot runabout with a sixty-horsepower outboard motor. He took up skin diving for a while, but quit for fear that it might damage his lungs. He still enjoys water skiing, though, and also likes to tear around in his sports car. Agent Lang thinks Hartack should give up the water skiing and the sports-car driving. He and Bill have had a number of heated disputes over this, but they always patch things up a few hours later.

Hartack is addicted to clothes. He has about thirty-five custom-tailored suits—all of the summer variety, because he is allergic to wool. He has dozens of sport shirts, and some twenty-five pairs of Size 5 shoes. He buys an expensive new "business" car every year and puts 35,000 miles on it.

Bill maintains a handsome six-room house in Miami Springs, but he is even prouder of the home he has established for his family in West Virginia—a farm with a six-room ranch house and three-car garage.

Hartack reminisced not long ago, "I always wanted to get my father out of the mines. This was it. I never wanted to conquer the world, not even as a kid. I just wanted to make a living and help my father. He worked hard in the coal mines twenty-seven years to bring up my two sisters and me."

William John Hartack, Jr., was born December 9, 1932, in a coal miner's shanty on stilts in Colver, Pennsylvania. Papa Hartack walked half a mile to Colver Hospital to get Dr. A. D. Martin, who has brought thousands of Allegheny Mountain babies into the world. Recently Doctor Martin went through a file of fifty books, each containing the records of 100 births. The forty-sixth book had the details.

"The mother was twenty-one," said Doctor Martin. "The delivery was made at 4:25 P.M. The shack was No. 371. It's still there."

Little Billy was the second of three children born to William John Hartack, Sr.—the name was Valentin Hartuk when he arrived in this country from Czechoslovakia at the age of one—and petite Nancy Rager, daughter of Pennsylvania Dutch parents from Vintondale.

"We brought some ice cream along in case you people serve supper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The oldest Hartack child, Evelyn, is now Mrs. Robert Ferguson, of Los Angeles. The youngest is Maxine. Bill is putting her through the University of Miami in Florida.

In December of 1940, just a few days after Bill's eighth birthday, a tragic accident changed the lives of the Hartacks. The father, mother and Maxine—then only fourteen months old—were out in the family car when a trailer truck smashed into them. Mrs. Hartack died of her injuries. Baby Maxine was in the hospital almost a year. Papa Hartack spent ten weeks in the hospital.

The older children had been in class at Mylo grade school at the time of the accident. While their father was recovering, Evelyn and Billy were looked after by Mrs. Olive Smith and her husband, who is now dead. Mrs. Smith today is registrar of births for Cambria County.

Shortly after Maxine got home from the hospital to a three-room bungalow in Ebensburg that the father had built, the Hartacks suffered another disaster. A fire in the night burned the bungalow to the ground. Only a coughing spell by Maxine saved the family—it awakened her father in time to get everybody out.

Billy Hartack was an altar boy at his Roman Catholic church. In grade school, Papa Hartack says that the bigger kids used to pick on the little fellow—he'd often come home with a bloody nose or black eye. In high school, however, he got along fine. Although too small to make the grade in varsity sports, he traveled with the football squad, and acted as timer at basketball games. He was a trap drummer in the school orchestra. The high-school principal, Elmer E. Smith, remembers Bill as a clever student and as a boy with tremendous competitive drive.

It took a few months after his graduation from high school in 1950 for Bill Hartack to find his niche in life. His father, who is also of small stature, relates, "One night Andy Bruno, a jockey agent, came over to the house in Belsano"—where the Hartacks had moved after their fire. "I worked near Andy's father in the mines, and was asking different miners what job Billy might fit. Andy said, 'Why, your boy is just the right size to be a jockey. Let me take him to Charles Town. They're racing there.'"

So Bill, who had just turned eighteen, packed some belongings in an old suitcase and went by bus alone to the Charles Town track on December 11, 1950. His first day at the races was enough to scare the wits out of him.

"Five horses fell in the first race and they called off the rest of the program," Hartack explains. "The track had snow on the surface, but was frozen solid with ice underneath. I wanted to turn around and go home. Then I met Junie Corbin."

Trainer Corbin took Hartack on as a stable hand. "He was a hard worker right from the start," Corbin says. "He did everything around the stables but muck (clean) stalls. I wouldn't let him do that. He was too bright a boy. He walked hots"—meaning horses that had just finished workouts—"and took care of saddles and tack."

With the help of pointers from groom Charley Wright, Hartack graduated to exercise boy inside of a month. He would gallop horses in the morning, then watch them race in the afternoon, often with two-dollar losing mutuel tickets in his worn pockets. Betting on the races is something Hartack long since has given up, although he'll still shoot a game of craps at a private party, or at legal gambling houses in places like Cuba or Puerto Rico.

Hartack was an exercise boy for approximately twenty months. In the fall of

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1952, trainer Corbin, who had developed a father-son relationship with the boy, told Bill that it was time he became a jockey. Hartack protested that he wasn't ready, but eventually agreed to a contract which read, in part:

> The said minor, William John Hartack, Jr., agrees to ride under contract for Norman Corbin, to keep all his secrets, etc., for $125 a month for the first year, $200 a month for the second year and $250 a month for the third year.

As a minor, Bill had to get his father to sign his contract. He went home to do this, then picked up a Pittsburgh newspaper and was shocked to find himself listed to ride a horse called Hal's Play the next day—October 9, 1952—in a $2000 claiming race at Waterford Park in Chester, West Virginia.

Hartack tried to get Corbin to withdraw him. "I'm scared," he said. "You promised me more time." But the trainer insisted that Bill was as ready as he ever would be.

So Bill went through with the race. Hal's Play was a sixty-six-to-one shot and he ran that way, finishing eighth in a field of eleven. Hartack forgot to lower his goggles and couldn't see where he was going. The same thing happened his second time out aboard an even longer shot, War Belle. The mare wound up seventh in a twelve-horse field.

In his third try, on October fourteenth, Corbin let Hartack ride his bread-and-butter horse, Nickleby, a useful five-year-old gelding. Nickleby was an easy winner, returning $18.40 to two-dollar betters and earning a $780 purse—not bad at a track that had some $300 purses.

Bill was on his way. By the time his first meeting was over, he had seven winners out of thirty-four mounts for a 21-per-cent average. Today, five and a half years later, he is close to the 2000 mark in winners, and his average is at 24 per cent.

He has been up around the top of the jockey standings from the start. Every year he has had considerably more than 300 winners, which is equivalent to hitting more than forty home runs in a baseball season. In his first full year of 1953 Hartack had 350, placing second to Willie Shoemaker, who set an all-time record of 485. He was second to Shoemaker again in 1954, with 323 winners to Willie's 380. Since then he has been at the head of the list.

The last two years he has led not only in winners and in total purses but also in stakes-and-feature winnings. In this last category, Eddie Arcaro used to have a monopoly—he was the leading big-race rider for six straight years until Hartack muscled ahead of him in 1956.

Early in his career Hartack went through six jockey agents, a couple of whom—Cal Bolling and Eddie Litzenberger—made the bad guess of leaving him for "better jobs." In 1955 Norman Corbin lined up John Charles (Chick) Lang, Jr., for Hartack. Lang grew up around race tracks. His father rode a Kentucky Derby winner when Chick was two—Reigh Count in 1928—and his grandfather, J. P. Mayberry, trained a Derby winner—Judge Himes in 1903.

The Hartack-Lang combination has become one of the most effective in sports. It is Lang's job to line up horses for Hartack to ride. Between the two of them, they do a fine job of figuring out which mount Bill should accept in a given race. Hartack is astute at sizing up not only the horses he rides but also those he races against, while Lang is a thorough student of past performances as reported daily in the racing newspaper, The Morning Telegraph.

Hartack's ties with Norman Corbin ended in the spring of 1954 when the trainer sold his contract. An unfortunate episode had put Corbin in financial straits. One of the horses he was running at Charles Town came up doped—Spring Lark, a $4000 New England claimer owned by Mrs. Richard E. Lunn, the former Liz Whitney, whose ex-husband, Jock Whitney, is now United States Ambassador to Great Britain. Tests disclosed the presence of a drug in Spring Lark's urine after the colt had won an allowance race with Hartack riding.

Corbin insists, "The evidence pointed to tampering by one unsavory character who was seen around the barns that day. I left my horse alone for only twenty minutes, and that's when the needle must have been used by this other guy. His horses were tossed off the grounds, but he wasn't suspended. He had three previous suspensions. I'd been training for half of my thirty-four years and had a clean record, but I was suspended for six months."

At the hearing when this action was taken, Hartack testified for Corbin to no avail, and later risked a suspension himself by telling off one of the Charles Town stewards, Andrew R. (Snooks) Winters, in a restaurant the next day. Subsequently Bill boarded Corbin's horses free of charge at the Charles Town farm he bought for his family. There is still one Corbin horse there—Bold Sidar, a seven-year-old with a game leg.

Meanwhile Corbin got back on his feet financially by selling his contract for Hartack's riding services for $15,000 to Mrs. Ada L. Rice, wife of a Chicago stockbroker. The sale was arranged through trainer Tommy J. Kelly. Hartack scored his first major wins for Mrs. Rice. He won six stakes races aboard her Pet Bully, including the $100,000-plus Washington Park Handicap on Labor Day in 1954. However, when the contract expired in the fall of 1955, he turned free lance.

"You have your pick of the best mounts as a free lance," says Hartack. "If I ever signed a contract I'd have to get up at six A.M. for workouts. This way I get up at 10:30 and get to the track at noon."

He rejected a fabulous contract offer last year from Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham, the cosmetics queen who operates the Maine Chance Farm stable. As outlined by an intermediary, the offer included a $35,000 tax-paid salary and all riding expenses, plus 10 per cent of his purse winnings.

Hartack's only tie with a racing stable today is an oral agreement with Jimmy Jones, trainer for Calumet Farm. "I have first call on his services," Jones says, "but I would never stand in his way any time he thought he had a better horse to ride."

All jockeys get 10 per cent of their purse winnings in stakes races. For Hartack last year that meant 10 per cent of a record $1,718,231, the amount he earned while winning forty-three stakes—another record. In addition to stakes earnings, an ace rider like Bill Hartack also gets 10 per cent of his winnings in feature, allowance and overnight claiming races, less the twenty-five-dollar minimum riding fee. So he probably grossed at least $260,000 in 1957, minus his agent's 20 per cent.

As a year goes on, Hartack's income-tax bracket rises to a level where his net profit for winning dwindles almost to nothing. But long after he has reached the financial point of no return, he keeps on riding—and winning. Money isn't everything to Bill Hartack. Winning is. He always wants to be Number One.

THE END

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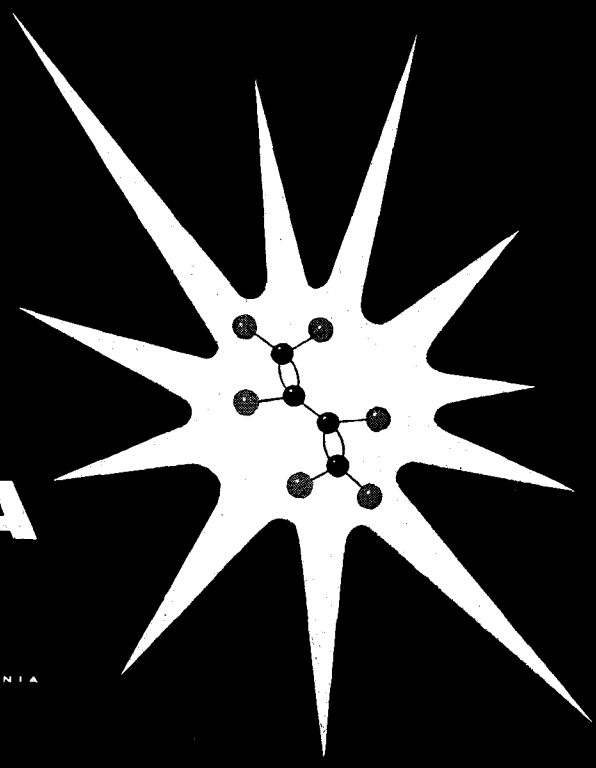

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The Lad and I Came Through

(Continued from Page 33)

could enter the United States, except by a special act of Congress or by waiting, perhaps years, for a quota number.

Flying over the Atlantic, I kept recalling, somewhat uneasily, Carol's farewell remark. "Don't come back without a baby," she had said. "Any baby." But now that I was on my own, I decided to be sensible. *In Greece*, I told myself, *I will make the necessary inquiries and then return home to talk things over.* After all, we had been married nearly five years; we could wait a few more months.

At the airport in Athens, my office's Greek correspondent, John Rigos, was waiting. He was a big, jovial fellow who, fortunately for me, had developed a strong liking for Americans while serving as a liaison officer with General Van Fleet during the Greek civil war.

On the way into town I mentioned the orphanage. Rigos insisted that we drive out the next morning.

Called "Metera," which is Greek for mother, the orphanage was founded in 1955 by Queen Frederika and built by special taxes and donations. It was nestled among a cluster of pines some six dusty miles from Athens, and looked more like a modern school or hospital than an orphanage. There were six handsome stone-and-brick buildings, each with a terrace and garden, and all interconnected by cloisterlike walkways.

In a neat office, darkly shaded against the Mediterranean sun, Rigos and I met Metera's welfare supervisor, an attractive young woman named Maria Agapitou; and the head nurse, Helena Nussbaum, a sparse, gentle-mannered Swiss matron. I told them I had just come to look around.

"At our babies, of course," said Miss Nussbaum.

"Of course," I replied apprehensively.

Any man who suddenly finds himself in a roomful of strange infants can only be described as bewildered.

"This is little Luisa. . . . Here is young Julita. . . . And now we have Aphrodite. Isn't she sweet?"

Miss Nussbaum knew them all. And they knew her. Some even smiled at me. I smiled back. But after touring two of the buildings, all the babies began to look alike—pink and bright and alike. I said I'd come back later.

The next day, between press briefings and official receptions, I looked up the lawyer who had been recommended by Carol. His name was John Lambrinidis, and he was a slim, pleasant-faced young bachelor who always seemed in a hurry—and soon was.

He didn't minimize the difficulties involved in adoptions. Neither did the American consul general, Joseph B. Costanzo, a brisk, dapper little man with a large white boutonniere.

"As things now stand," he told me with a short laugh, "it might take forty years before any Greek baby gets a visa."

Forty years!

By now, any idea of bringing back a baby in two weeks seemed not only preposterous but impossible. I wrote Carol as much, and went swimming. But the next morning, I found Rigos and the lawyer waiting in my hotel lobby.

"Metera?"

"I guess we should see the rest of it."

We saw more girls and then the boys—seventy-six babies in all.

By the time we reached the last building, the two Johns and I were getting the knack of it, chucking chins, tweaking noses, making funny faces and kitchy-coos. Some of the babies seemed bored. One went sound asleep in a nurse's arms. But several laughed. We took pictures of most of them.

With our film all gone, we drove back to Athens and my hotel, where a colleague nabbed me. "Grab your hat, bub," he said. "We're flying to Corfu to see the king and queen."

King Paul and Queen Frederika were waiting at the entrance to their summer palace. Introductions over, I maneuvered my way through the crowd. "Your majesty," I said, addressing the queen, "let me say how deeply impressed I was with Metera."

The queen seemed surprised and delighted. "I am so glad that you found time to go there," she said. "Metera is a part of my life."

I mentioned how difficult it must be for anyone to choose a baby.

"Perhaps," the queen replied, "they choose us."

Ode Owed to Retirement

Where are the blondes
of yesterYear
who used to type mY
letters
With shapely legs and
roguish Eyes
and ~~siloet~~ silhouetted
sweaters?

LEROY A. MULLEN
Lt. Col., USAF-Ret.

Her meaning became clear the next morning when Rigos dropped by with the baby pictures we had taken the day before. I lined them up on my bed.

Then I saw him. Never in all my life had I seen such a wonderful, beautiful, laughing face. It fairly leaped out at me, brimming with life and vitality and confidence.

Here, I said to myself, *is no ordinary baby. This one has something extra, a kind of look that says: "I can handle anything that comes my way. Just give me the chance."*

I scarcely could wait to get back to Metera. "This baby," I said, thrusting the snapshot into Miss Nussbaum's hands. "Who is he? Where is he?"

"What a lovely picture," she said. "We call him Petros."

He was dozing off when we reached his crib. Miss Nussbaum picked him up and handed him to me. He blinked, opened his eyes and smiled—the biggest, friendliest smile in the whole world.

Excitedly, I took notes on Petros' background from the welfare files: "Born five and a half months ago. Mother, 22, came from a Peloponnesus mountain village near Sparta. Abandoned by husband, and too poor to manage alone, she offered child for adoption at birth." Back at the hotel, I dashed off an airmail, special-delivery letter to Carol, with pictures.

"Petros," I wrote, "weighs eighteen pounds, has bright, happy disposition, smiles and giggles a lot, but nurses say he will yowl when he wants something to eat (only then). He has four teeth—two more popping through—light auburn hair, hazel eyes, very delicate and smooth skin. He seems to approve of me. He let me hold him without crying."

I told Carol I'd telephone her Tuesday to talk it over. Then I called Lambrinidis.

"John, I want to adopt a baby."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"But the courts are in recess until next month."

"Isn't there anything you can do?"

"I'll see, Philip—I'll see. Let me call you back."

The rest of the day I spent on or near the telephone. Could Metera "reserve" Petros until I knew for certain? They could and did. Had the consulate heard anything from Washington on the new immigration bill? Not yet, but word was expected soon. Finally, would my Greek hosts excuse me from the grand opening of the Balkan Games at the Olympic Stadium that night, and from other functions in the next few days?

"We'll not only excuse you but send a limousine and chauffeur around to help run your errands," said George Cavounidis, director of the government's foreign-press department.

I dispatched the chauffeur and car to Metera with the zipper bag full of diapers, bottles and other baby things. I wanted to stake out my claim.

The next morning, papers carried the big news that the United States Senate had passed and sent to the President a new immigration bill which, among other things, would—and there it was in print—"admit during a two-year period an unlimited number of orphans adopted by Americans overseas."

Good old Senate! Come on, Ike! The President had ten days in which to sign the bill or veto it. And I had just counted up and found I had only nine days left in Greece when Lambrinidis called.

"Great news, Philip. The First Instance Court is holding a special session in three days to hear a murder trial, and I've got your case included too!" Lambrinidis rattled off instructions, "Rush out to Metera with your character references. I'll get Metera's committee together to O.K. everything. We must also find the baby's mother. She must appear in court too. And, tell me, which baby do you want?"

"John, I've got to telephone my wife first. Can't you wait for a couple of days? Maybe by that time Carol will have my letter and pictures."

"I don't know," said Lambrinidis. "I'll try."

I spent the rest of the day at Metera. Metera's committee met late in the afternoon, and a member broke the news to me gently.

"Perhaps you didn't know," she said, "but recently we decided to request a home study of all adopting parents."

My heart sank. How could a "home study" be completed in the few days I had left, and with only Carol at home?

It was a sound rule, I knew, but there just didn't seem to be time. I cabled Carol to try to get someone to do a home study in a rush, then waited for Lambrinidis. He showed up the next morning, all out of breath.

"The court!" he panted. "It's going to meet tomorrow instead of Wednesday! You must choose your baby now so I can draw up the papers!"

"But the home study?"

"Never mind. Just choose the baby."

"Petros," I said. "And we'll name him Nicholas."

There was no time to talk things over with Carol now. I cabled her my decision.

Everything now depended on finding and getting Nicholas' mother to next day's hearing. An urgent call was placed to the welfare office in Sparta, nearest her village. It was now noon. The circuit to Sparta closed down at one P.M.—for the day!

Metera's operator cranked away.

"Wait a minute," came the agonizing reply.

At five minutes to one, the call got through. Yes, the welfare officer knew where the mother was. Yes, he'd go there at once and try to bring her to Athens. But he might have to hire a taxi. Would I pay the fare?

"Plus tip," I promised. "Only hurry."

I had just opened a cable from my office saying,

OH, DADDY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

when Carol called from New York. She was crying.

"No one will do the home study. They say it would take weeks, maybe months. What can we do—what can we do?"

"Don't give up," I told her. "And quit crying. Your tears are costing four dollars a minute, plus tax." But she was still sobbing when we hung up.

It seemed that half of Greece was crowded into Athens' ancient and dilapidated courthouse that next morning. Nicholas' mother and the welfare officer had arrived at four A.M., by taxi; the fare, $65. I was shocked at how much older than twenty-two she looked. Hard work and unhappiness had left their mark on her strong, plain face. Yet there was a simple, even beautiful dignity about her as she sat quietly in a back row.

It was past noon when one of the three judges called out, "Philippos Clarke."

Lambrinidis nudged me. "That's you."

It was all over in a minute. Twice the judges asked the mother if she consented to the adoption. Twice she murmured, "*Malista*"—yes—in a shy, scarcely audible voice.

In the corridor, I took her hand and tried to convey my gratitude and my assurance that her child would always be well cared for.

"Thank you," she replied simply.

Lambrinidis said our case in court looked good. The big hurdle now was the home study. There was just one thing to do: Metera had to be convinced that I was the only father for Nicholas, home study or no home study.

We sought out Metera's committee members, one by one. At a Greek-American dinner, I was asked to say a few words, and ended with a plea for Nicholas and me. Rigos got stories and pictures of "The American and the Orphan" into six Athens newspapers. Finally, the Greek national radio sent a recording crew around to my hotel for an interview. I poured out my heart.

By now, I was getting pretty well known around town. People would come up to me in the street, shake my hand and say something in Greek which I took to mean "Good luck," or, perhaps, "Give 'em hell." They also kept saying, "What a wonderful thing you are doing." I tried to convince them it was Nicholas and his fellow Greeks who were doing the wonderful thing for me.

After three days and three nights of campaigning, Lambrinidis called, "Rush out to Metera. The committee is holding a special meeting."

Rigos and I arrived in a swirling dust storm and dashed up the steps of the orphanage. Metera's director, Dr. Spyros Doxiadis, a friendly-looking man with large, brown-rimmed spectacles, was seated at a desk with three members of the committee.

We reviewed the dilemma of the home study. Then Doctor Doxiadis conferred briefly with the others and turned to me. "In these special circumstances," he said, choosing his words carefully, "Metera

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feels that a home study will not be necessary. We will give you Nicholas."

In the hallway outside, two nurses did a little dance. Miss Nussbaum wiped away tears and murmured, "God bless you both."

Doctor Doxiadis handed me Nicholas' vaccination card and said, "I saw the queen on Corfu yesterday. She wanted to know if you might be adopting a baby, and if she could do anything to help."

I cabled Carol the wonderful news:

METERA WAIVED HOME STUDY AND AGREED GIVE US NICHOLAS. ONLY HIS VISA NEEDED NOW.

Visa! The consulate was closed for the day and I had to leave with the other journalists for a tour of the Aegean Islands. I cabled my office, saying that I desperately needed more than the remaining five days of the press tour. The reply came:

STAY ONE MORE WEEK IF ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

It *was* necessary. The President hadn't signed the new immigration bill yet, and even assuming he did, Consul General Costanzo informed me, it might take "weeks" before the consulate received all the forms and instructions it needed for issuing visas. I had visions of Nicholas growing up in Greece, while Carol and I grew old in America, battling bureaucracy.

> The really smart girl is one who makes sure that the man after her own heart gets it.
>
> CY N. PEACE

To make matters worse, Lambrinidis called to say the court now urgently needed Carol's specific legal consent to the adoption of Nicholas before it could issue the adoption decree.

"I've just received a letter from Carol saying she's so happy about Nicholas that she's about to burst," I said. "Won't that do?"

Lambrinidis was at the hotel in ten minutes. "Most Greek judges have big hearts," he said. "You read the letter and I'll translate it for them into Greek."

"Darling," the letter began, "I am the happiest girl in the world. I just can't find the words to tell you what I think of our baby. He is the most beautiful boy I have ever seen, and I can't wait to hold you both in my arms." Lambrinidis smiled and scribbled away. "I have been spending my time crying and praying. I have never prayed so hard. Also, you will notice quite a change in me. I have lost eight pounds. I just couldn't eat, not knowing whether Nicholas would ever be ours."

"There, she said it."

"Said what?"

"Nicholas—his name. How else would the court know it's him?"

Lambrinidis and I spent the next day at the courthouse. Now that Metera had waived the home study, our three judges had interrupted their vacations to meet again and reach their decision. Nervously, I thought of Carol's letter, wondering if the judges would accept it.

They met late in the afternoon, and came out smiling. I knew, even before Lambrinidis told me, that I was finally a father.

"You know, Philip," said Lambrinidis after congratulating me, "in Greece the heart comes first. The wife of one of the judges warned him that he'd better rule favorably or she'd never forgive him!"

Now came Wednesday and the fateful deadline for the President to sign the immigration bill. No news. I didn't have the courage to visit Nicholas again until I knew, one way or the other.

Early the next morning, the United States Consulate called with news that the President had signed—just before the deadline. "We think we can give your son a visa," said a clerk excitedly. "Please bring him here for a physical examination tomorrow morning with six photographs. We'll give you a form so you can get his Greek passport."

Working frantically, Lambrinidis, Rigos and I managed to slash through the remaining red tape. Nicholas passed his physical with flying colors.

"Healthiest baby I've seen in a long time," said the consulate's doctor.

"Quite a boy," conceded Consul General Costanzo.

The Foreign Ministry remained open an hour late until all the documents were in, signed, stamped and sealed, and Nicholas' precious Greek passport handed over to me. Lambrinidis then pushed and prodded to get the adoption papers typed, signed, stamped, registered and, most important, delivered. He got them just as the records office closed for the weekend.

At six A.M., Saturday, Miss Elizabeth Rice, consul in charge of visas, telephoned. "We have a message signed 'Dulles,'" she said in a rather awed voice. "It asks us to issue your son's visa at once."

The word, I thought happily, had really got around.

I called T.W.A. to confirm my seat on the afternoon flight to New York, plus bassinet for Nicholas, and cabled Carol the joyful news. Metera said it would get Nicholas ready, along with the zipper bag of baby things and four bottles of milk. Then, with Lambrinidis, I hurried to the consulate. Both Miss Rice and Costanzo were there, engrossed in a black notebook.

"We're afraid," said Costanzo, "that there's some difficulty."

"What kind of difficulty?" I asked.

"Well, Washington asks us to issue your visa under the old regulations, and the old regulations say that visas may be granted only to orphans adopted by American citizens *and* their spouses. Your papers list you as the only adopting parent."

"But surely you can't reverse yourselves now, only three hours before my plane leaves." I felt a sudden surge of anger.

"It's not ourselves," said Costanzo evenly. "It's the regulations."

"To hell with the regulations!" I exploded.

Costanzo looked shocked. Miss Rice looked frightened.

"Won't my wife's consent to the adoption be enough?" I argued. "Look, it's right in the decree!"

"But our regulations ——"

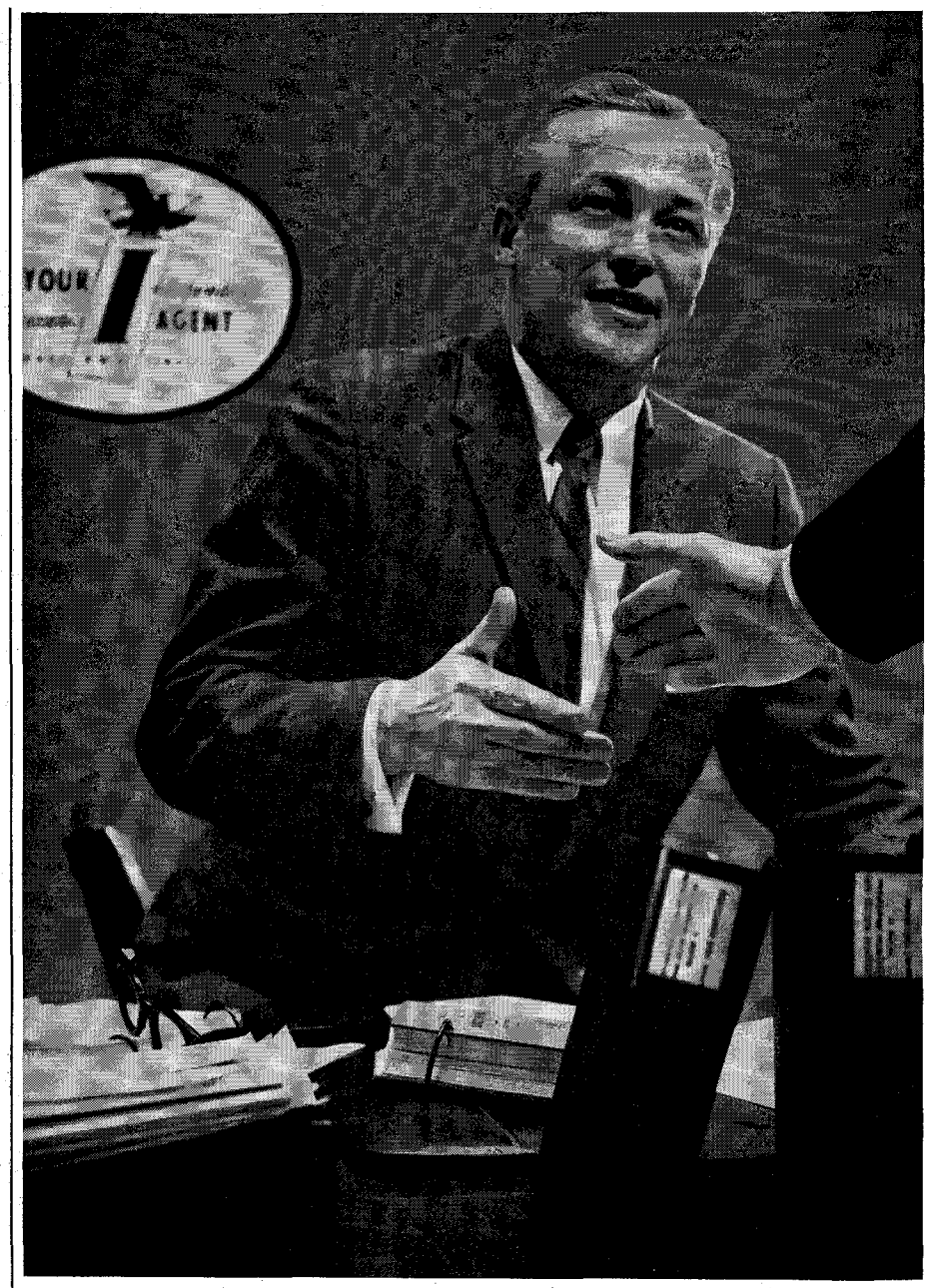
"Mr. Costanzo, Miss Rice," I begged. "Can't you interpret the regulations humanely?"

"We are sworn to uphold the law," said Costanzo. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" I shouted, pacing the floor. "What can I tell my wife now? How can I live with her after all this? Don't you know she's waiting for us? And what about Nicholas? Surely, you can't ask me to abandon my own son?"

Costanzo finally agreed to ask Washington if it would waive the "and spouse" regulation. "Best I can do," he said, and disappeared into his inner office.

On the way out, we passed a long line of Greeks waiting forlornly for visas. "Some of the older ones," Lambrinidis



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said, "have been coming here every day for years."

I canceled the plane reservations, telephoned Metera to unpack Nicholas' things, and cabled Carol and my office the bad news, urging them to do all they could at their end. And then I got an idea.

"Remember that form the consulate gave me to take to the Foreign Ministry for Nicholas' passport?" I asked Rigos. "I think it's called a pro-visa, and it said something about guaranteeing that an American visa would be issued. Let's try to get it back."

The passport office couldn't give us the pro-visa, but they would lend it to us for a while. We took it and drove off in search of a copying office. We found one, a little hole-in-the-wall place. The manager, proud of his artistry, turned out six beautiful copies of the pro-visa in fifteen minutes.

All it consisted of was a typed slip which said: "This is to certify that Nicholas Charles Clarke is proceeding to the United States and a visa will be issued to him provided he is in possession of a Greek passport." I clipped the best of the pro-visa copies to Nicholas' passport.

That night Miss Rice telephoned with Washington's answer: "The State Department regrets ——"

I had only two days left, and now it seemed almost hopeless. I knew that if I had to, I could leave Nicholas with Metera for a while. But how long would it be before Carol and I could send for him? And what if more red tape developed in the meantime? What, I thought with sudden fright, if something happened so that we'd never see him again?

But the battle wasn't over yet. Several Greek officials called at the American Embassy to plead my case. And over the weekend, Arthur Larson, one of President Eisenhower's special assistants, checked in from Washington. George Cavounidis and I tracked him down on Sunday at a remote beach where he had gone with some other Americans for a swim.

"How do you do," said George, in his impeccable English. "Tell me, Mr. Larson, why don't you Americans give poor Mr. Clarke his baby?"

Larson was speechless.

"If you don't," continued George, with just the trace of a smile, "I think there may be some demonstrations in front of the American Embassy."

I had a feeling that Cavounidis wasn't kidding. He and many other Greeks were quite proud of the idea that Nicholas—a countryman of theirs—was to be the first orphan to enter the United States under the new Immigration Act. And they had done a lot to make it possible, only to find that it was the Americans who now were blocking things.

On Monday morning, Cavounidis told me the Prime Minister had appealed to the American ambassador. "This afternoon," he added, "we are telephoning our ambassador in Washington to make representations at the State Department."

The wheels were turning, but now I had only hours left. And on top of everything else, I had just got Carol's last letter: "It is one A.M. and I can't sleep. Phil, I love Nicholas so much already. I can just picture him splashing in his bath, and lifting him out, smelling all lovely of talcum powder and soap. I hope he won't mind pink blankets on his crib. The girls gave me a shower on Thursday, and Susan Gilroy gave him a beautiful pink wool blanket. Connie Brown is taking me shopping Monday to get a baby carriage. I only hope I can last out until you both get home. I have such a big smile on my face all day long that my face aches. Give Nicholas a big kiss from his Mummy, and one for you, too. See you both soon."

At this, I got another idea: Take Nicholas and go to Carol's sister in London. Just like that. No more indecision, no more doubt.

I knew that no airline could properly give Nicholas a ticket to the States without a valid visa. But I also knew that Greeks don't need visas for England. I'd get Nicholas that far, at least. And with the pro-visa maybe we could even bluff our way onto a British plane from London to New York.

I telephoned the airline office. Did they have a flight to London that day?

"Yes, at 5:40."

Did they have a seat?

"Yes. There's just one left."

"And my small son?"

"Sorry, sir."

"But he's only five and a half months old. Can't I carry him on my lap?"

"Well, if he's that small ——"

I cabled Carol's sister, Sheila, and her husband, Jack Smith, in London:

ARRIVING MIDNIGHT WITH ADOPTED ORPHAN BABY. PLEASE MEET AS MAY HAVE TROUBLE.

Next, I telephoned Metera to get Nicholas ready once again, and rushed to my room to pack. It was then that I discovered my return ticket to New York was gone. For nearly an hour Rigos and I ransacked the hotel. Still no ticket.

In desperation, I telephoned Cavounidis at the foreign-press ministry. He persuaded the airline to issue me a "lost ticket." But, to my utter dismay, before I could pick up the ticket, the airline office closed down for the Mediterranean siesta.

There was nothing to do now but wait until the office reopened at 5:00, and pray that somehow we could race the fifteen miles to the airport before the plane left at 5:40. I telephoned the American Embassy to see if there was any last-minute development. There wasn't, but the counselor, who had been placed in charge of Embassy efforts to resolve the "Nicholas affair," advised me not to try anything rash.

"Such as try to smuggle my son into the States without a visa?" I suggested.

"Well, I suppose you could call it that." He warned that the immigration authorities in New York might even take Nicholas away from me.

I thanked him for the advice and called the airport to say we'd be there in a jiffy and to please hold everything.

Joined by Nicholas, his nurse from Metera, and a carful of others, we arrived at the airport precisely at 5:40. My plane was taxiing out to the runway for take-off.

Cavounidis leaped from the limousine and sprinted through the nearest door. Luckily, it was the dispatcher's office.

"Stop that plane!" he shouted.

"What plane?" inquired an official archly.

"The five-forty BEA plane for London."

"It's gone."

"Not yet. We saw it."

"But it's practically in the air."

"I don't care," said Cavounidis. "I order you, in the name of the Greek Government, to stop that plane!"

"Oh, very well, if you put it that way." The official picked up a phone and called the control tower.

In assembly-line fashion, five officials inspected Nicholas' passport, peered quizzically at the pro-visa, and then, with airline employees shouting, "Hurry, hurry!" in the background, stamped it one by one.

Grabbing the passport and Nicholas, I ran to the plane. There was no time for elaborate farewells, only for a hurried embrace or two and a clumsy try at putting my heart into words.

Athens faded into a purplish mist behind us. Like a fadeout in a movie melodrama, I thought, drying my glasses. Nicholas didn't bother to look. He was sound asleep beside me, wrapped in a blanket and fastened tight with a seat belt.

In Rome, I telegraphed ahead for the first available flight space from London to New York, and cabled Carol that Nicholas and I were on our way.

From Rome on, every seat was taken, and I held Nicholas on my lap. In London, he woke up only long enough to smile at a young lady from BOAC who said I had a seat and a bassinet on the ten-o'clock flight to New York that night.

"Thanks," I said, turned Nicholas over to his eager new aunt and uncle, and, on reaching their house, fell into an exhausted sleep.

I awoke in time to telephone Carol. She wasn't bothered about Nicholas' not having a visa, only whether he cried on the trip, drank his milk and had his diapers changed.

Still groggy, I got Nicholas out to London Airport. I handed over my ticket and passport; then heard a young man with a quiet voice saying, "And your son's passport, please."

My heart stood still while he studied the pro-visa. After the longest thirty seconds I ever have known, he handed me the passport and Nicholas' ticket. "Pleasant journey," he said. I could swear he winked.

Fortunately, Nicholas was asleep when the plane took off. Fortunately, too, my fellow passengers liked babies. It was about two A.M., mid-Atlantic time—but eight A.M. and feeding time at Metera—when Nicholas awoke. For a time, he sat on my lap, chewing on my tie, tugging at my hair and reaching for my glasses. He also played peek-a-boo with a passenger behind us who was trying to read. Then he began to cry. At first it was intermittent, then steady, then loud, clear and insistent.

Clutching Nicholas and apologizing, I crawled over the two passengers seated next to me and into the darkened aisle. Anyone who has ever tried to walk a crying baby in a crowded plane knows what it was like. I kept stumbling over legs and into people. It didn't help, either, when the plane ran into bumpy weather.

I finally cornered the stewardess in the galley, and she warmed up a bottle, then escaped somewhere. Nicholas took a few swallows and tossed the bottle onto the floor. Must interfere with his crying, I surmised. He didn't stop until the long night ended somewhere over Newfoundland. By the time we landed at Idlewild, he was, to everyone's relief, asleep.

Only three weeks and two days before, I had left for Greece alone. But now it seemed that I had been a father a very long time.

Emerging haggard and unshaven with the sleeping Nicholas in my arms, I heard my name called. "Follow me," said a woman in a blue uniform.

Here it comes, I thought, holding Nicholas tighter.

She led me into a glassed-in enclosure where a man sat at a small desk.

"I'm Louis Gidel, of Immigration," he said. "May I see your passports and adoption papers?"

I balanced Nicholas on one trembling arm, and fished for the documents. "Have you been advised that I don't have a visa for my son?" I asked, expecting the worst.

"We know all about it," replied Gidel, smiling. "Commissioner Swing telephoned from Washington yesterday. You are to take your baby home and not worry about a thing. When the court makes your wife an adopting parent, too, we'll see that your son gets his alien's card. By the way, he's the first orphan in under the new bill."

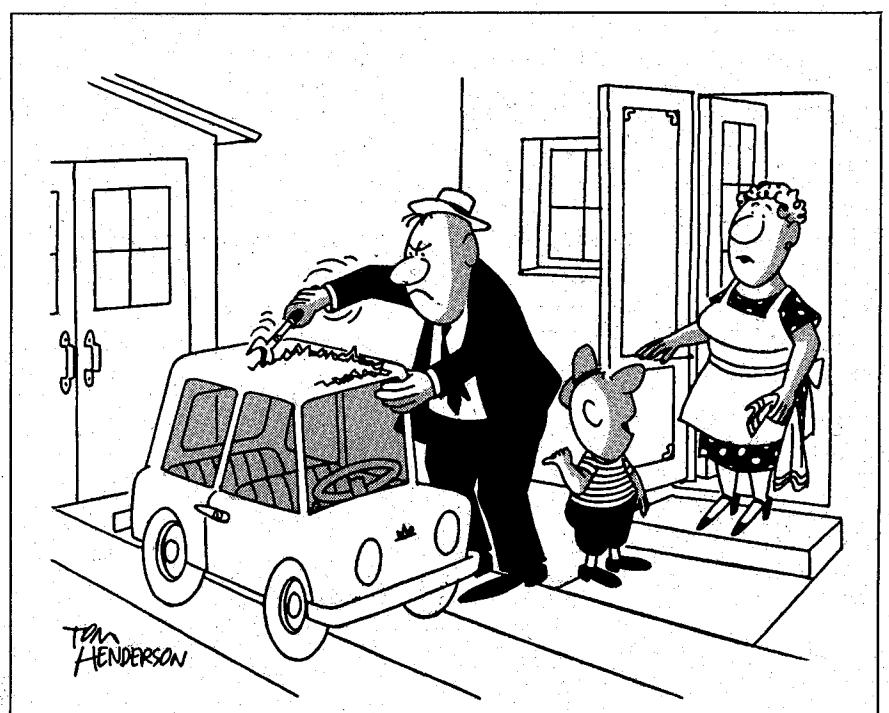
Suddenly the drab little office was the most beautiful place in the world. I looked down at Nicholas through tears of joy and relief. "Thanks," I said; "thanks for both of us."

"You're welcome, I'm sure," said Gidel. "The commissioner likes babies."

And now where was Carol? The plane was ahead of schedule, but she was there early too.

I will admit she kissed me ...st. But the still-slumbering Nicholas was first in her arms. She could not take her eyes from him. I finally had to lead her outside, where our neighbor, Connie Brown, waited with a car.

Nicholas' first look at America was out the back window of the Browns' car, somewhere along the Belt Parkway on Long Island. He seemed to approve. He liked his new mother too. We were still on the Parkway when he looked up at her and smiled his big, wide, wonderful smile. THE END



"Dad locked the keys in the car."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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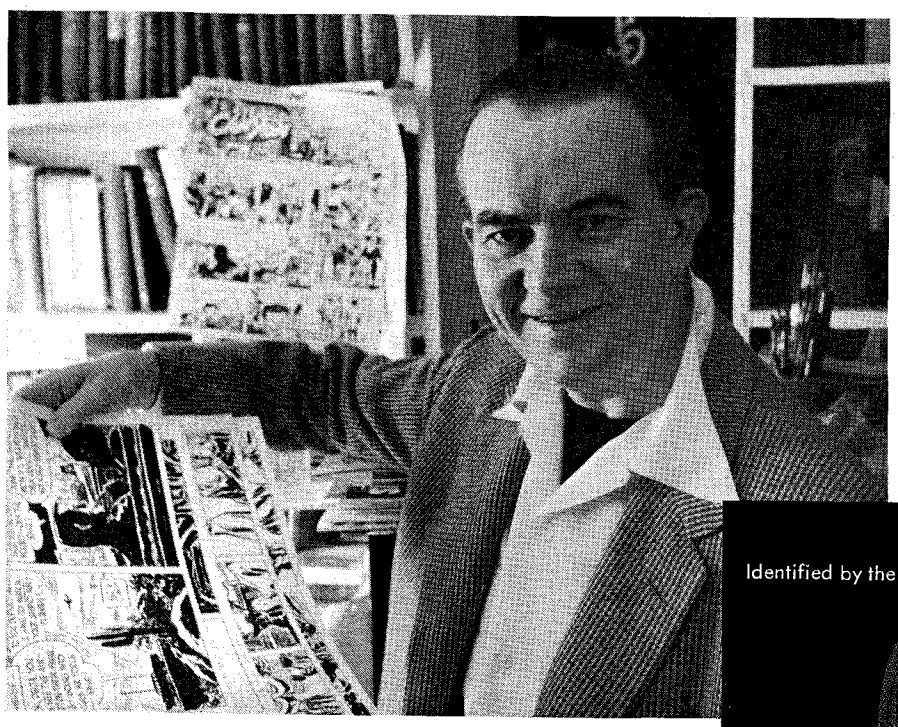
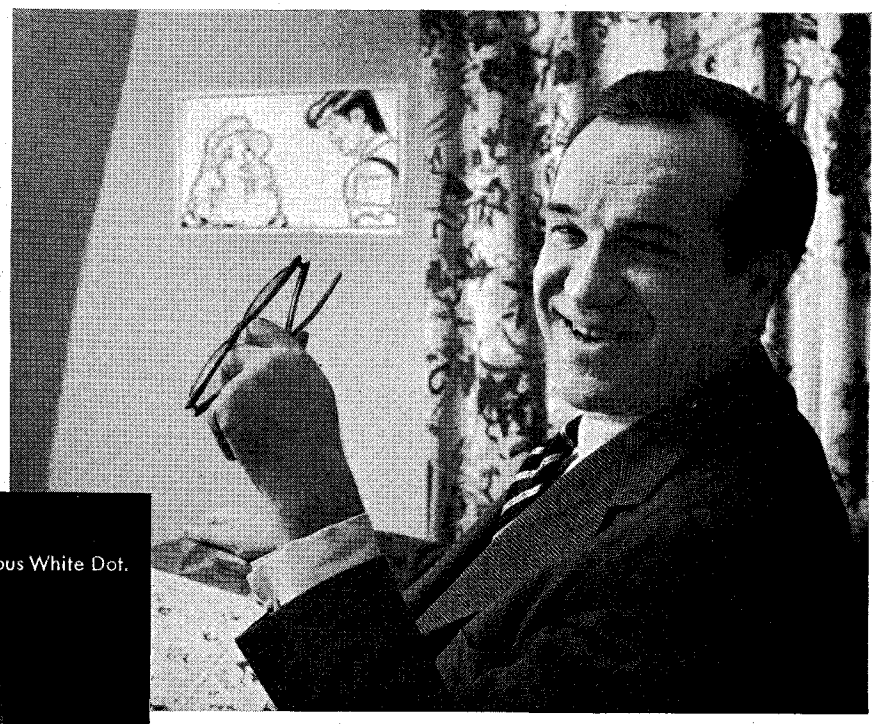


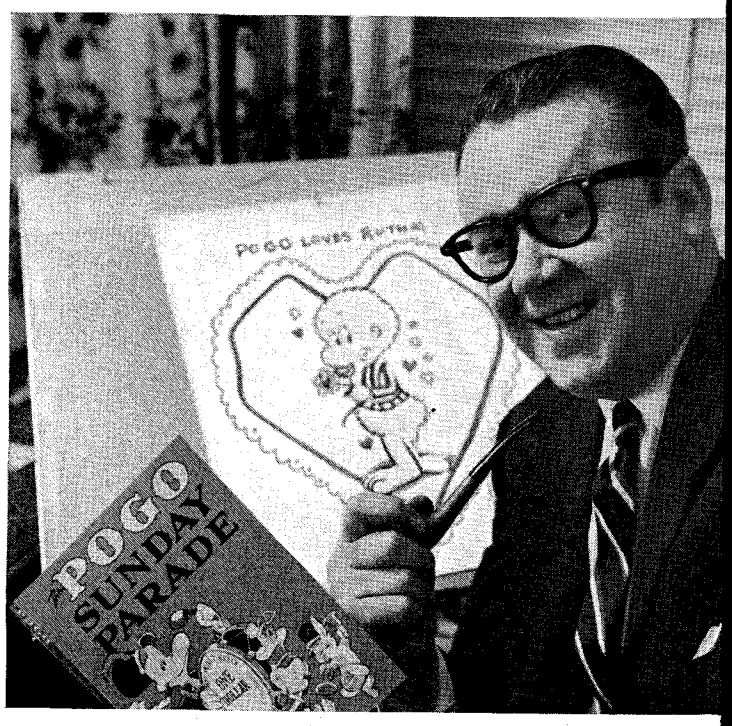
Milton Caniff, creator of "Steve Canyon," did not create the United States Air Force as many suspect. But it seems safe to say that he is its chief unofficial spokesman—through his widely popular comic strip.

Milton Caniff



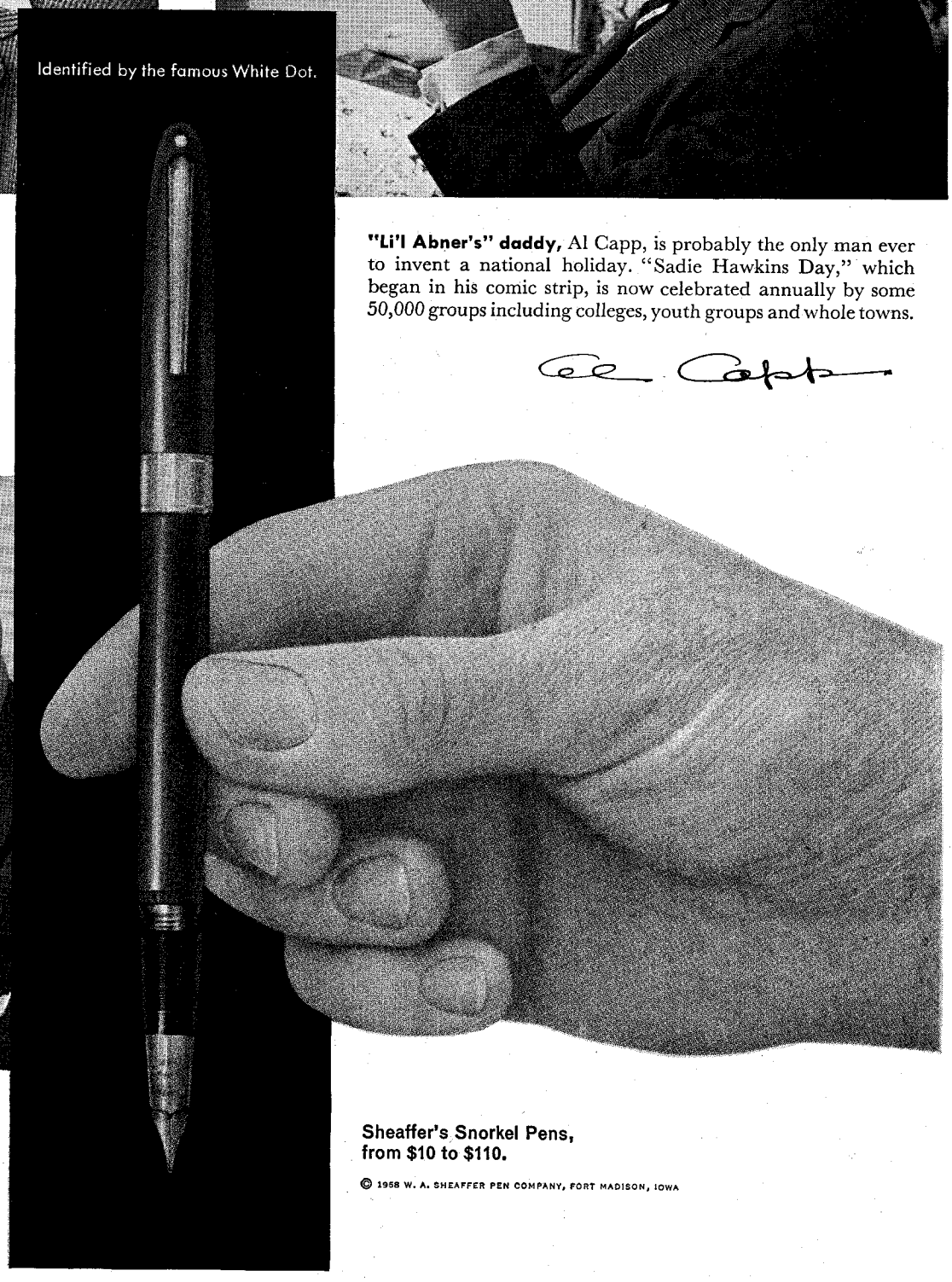
"Li'l Abner's" daddy, Al Capp, is probably the only man ever to invent a national holiday. "Sadie Hawkins Day," which began in his comic strip, is now celebrated annually by some 50,000 groups including colleges, youth groups and whole towns.

Al Capp



Walt Kelly, who has more fun with words than almost anybody, also has more books to his credit than any other comic strip artist. No self-respecting *Pogophile* would dare be caught without the complete "Pogo" 5-Foot Shelf.

Walt Kelly



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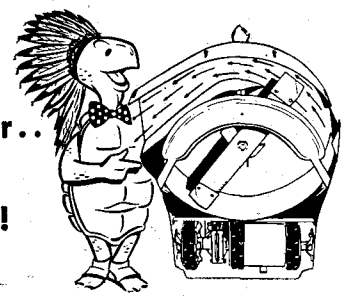

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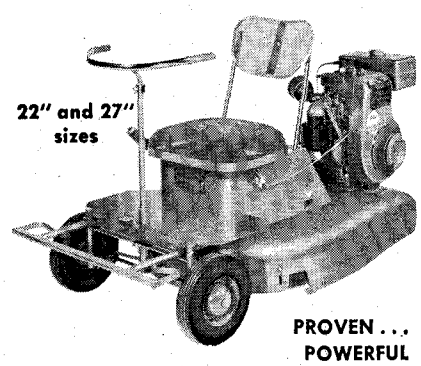

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Big Man From Texas

(Continued from Page 37)

did was stand there meek as a sick sheep and hold Big'un's horse.

Big'un went on up the steps and quite a few people followed along, just to watch. Big as he was, he moved neat and smooth. Like a welterweight fighter. Kind of like a panther too.

The crowd in the courtroom stuck out about three feet into the hall. Big'un reached one hand out over people's heads so he could lean against the doorway and watch the trial in comfort.

Now Al Morgan had been going pretty good, up till right then. This was Carl Bright's first big case since he'd been prosecuting attorney, and he had quite a bit to learn. Besides that, Al Morgan had taken the trouble to hire a high-powered criminal lawyer out of Oklahoma City and have his friends shoot one of the witnesses and scare the rest up pretty good.

Right then, Al's lawyer was having some fun cross-examining one of the state's witnesses. He tore that poor witness' testimony apart and ground it under his heel. Then he laughed at him and grinned at the jury and sent the dazed witness stumbling away from the stand.

"Say, judge!" Big'un shoved away and made a path through the packed crowd.

Judge Devlin looked around for his gavel. Big'un got through the standing crowd and stopped at the end of the aisle.

Al Morgan had been leaning back in his chair chewing on an unlit cigar and enjoying the show. He looked around to see what was causing the commotion and his chair came down, wham! He got to his feet and stood there tense and scared, like a cornered rabbit. Big'un didn't even look at him.

"Now looky here, judge," he said easily. "This way of doin' ain't goin' to convict anybody. Just go ahead and turn 'im loose now and let me take care of 'im."

By then the judge had found his gavel in his drawer. He pounded the desk with it till it sounded like a jack kicking the side of a new barn.

Si Thomas, the sheriff, got his gun out and moved over to where he could bat Al Morgan over the head with it if Al started running, which seemed likely. But Al didn't. He took the cigar out of his mouth and whirled around to the judge.

"I plead guilty," he said.

His lawyer got him by the shoulders and tried to drag him back to his chair. "You're crazy!" he said. "We've pretty near got this thing beat."

Al shook loose. "Plead me guilty!" he snapped over his shoulder.

The lawyer ignored that. "Your honor," he said, "I request a brief recess to talk with my client about a new problem which has arisen."

"Plead me guilty," Al told him, "or you don't get one cotton-pickin' red cent."

"Your honor," the lawyer said, "my client wishes to withdraw his plea, enter a new plea of guilty as charged, and throw himself on the mercy of the learned court."

"Don't say it unless you mean it," the judge warned him.

"We mean it, all right," Al said fervently.

"Well, then"—the judge turned to the jury—"you all go get somethin' to eat and we'll try this other fellow, the cow thief, at one o'clock—feller charged with bein' a cow thief, I mean. Thisn here's throwed hisself on the mercy of the court, and that means you all are shut of 'im. I'll tend to the sentencin'."

Al Morgan breathed a long sigh, looked fearfully over his shoulder at Big'un Logan, and sat down. Big'un still hadn't so much as glanced at him. That was because he'd noticed Catherine Bright.

Most everybody always did notice Catherine Bright, though it hardly ever got any farther than that. Partly because her brother was the prosecuting attorney and partly because she was six feet and one inch tall. Right then she was real busy trying to act like she didn't know Big'un was looking at her.

The judge was leaning forward, studying the defendant. "Murder," he said, "is a right serious business."

The Oklahoma City lawyer got to his feet. "The circumstances ——"

Al Morgan shoved him back to his seat. "You're right, judge," he said encouragingly. "It's serious, all right."

"Well, now," the judge said, "the most I ever gave a man that admitted he was guilty was twenty-five years."

Big'un tore his eyes away from Catherine Bright and shook his head. "That wouldn't be enough," he said.

The judge pointed his gavel at Big'un. "You don't figure in this," he said.

"He's right, though, judge," Al said quickly.

The judge leaned back thoughtfully. "Well, you ought to know," he said to Al. "How's a life term sound to you?"

Al looked hopefully at Big'un. "It'd sure be aplenty," he said. "You can't go any farther than that, hardly."

Big'un nodded. The judge hit the bench with his gavel.

"She's did, then. . . . Sheriff, get the defendant out of here, and the first chance you get, take 'im to the pen and give 'im to the warden for the rest of his dadgummed natural life."

Al Morgan made sure he kept the sheriff between him and Big'un while he was getting out of the courtroom. Big'un went on up to the bench and shook hands with the judge, who was the one acquitted him the time he beat up that gang so bad over at Alva.

The judge made him acquainted with Carl Bright, and Carl introduced him to his sister. Carl was tall, like his sister, but skinny and frail, which she sure as the world wasn't.

Big'un smiled kind of in his direction and forgot he was there. "Usually," he said to Catherine, "when people come to town for court they get up a dance."

Catherine didn't say anything. She looked down at the handkerchief she had in her hands in a way that was likely to make people forget how big she was. One of those who forgot one time was Bud McKay, which is why his nose got broken.

"Wonder if they'll have a dance here tonight?" Big'un asked her.

"Yes," Catherine said.

"Then I'll take you," Big'un said, matter-of-fact as the right answer to an arithmetic problem.

"No," Catherine said, "you won't."

That surprised Big'un, and he showed it. "Why?"

"I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Aw!" Big'un was incredulous.

Catherine was already mad. That made her madder. "You, Mr. Big'un Logan, are too big for your britches."

"No," Big'un said seriously. "No, I don't think so."

"Why, you even think you're bigger than the law of the land! You just now proved you do."

"Well," Big'un said, "if I am, there's no sense in actin' like I'm not."

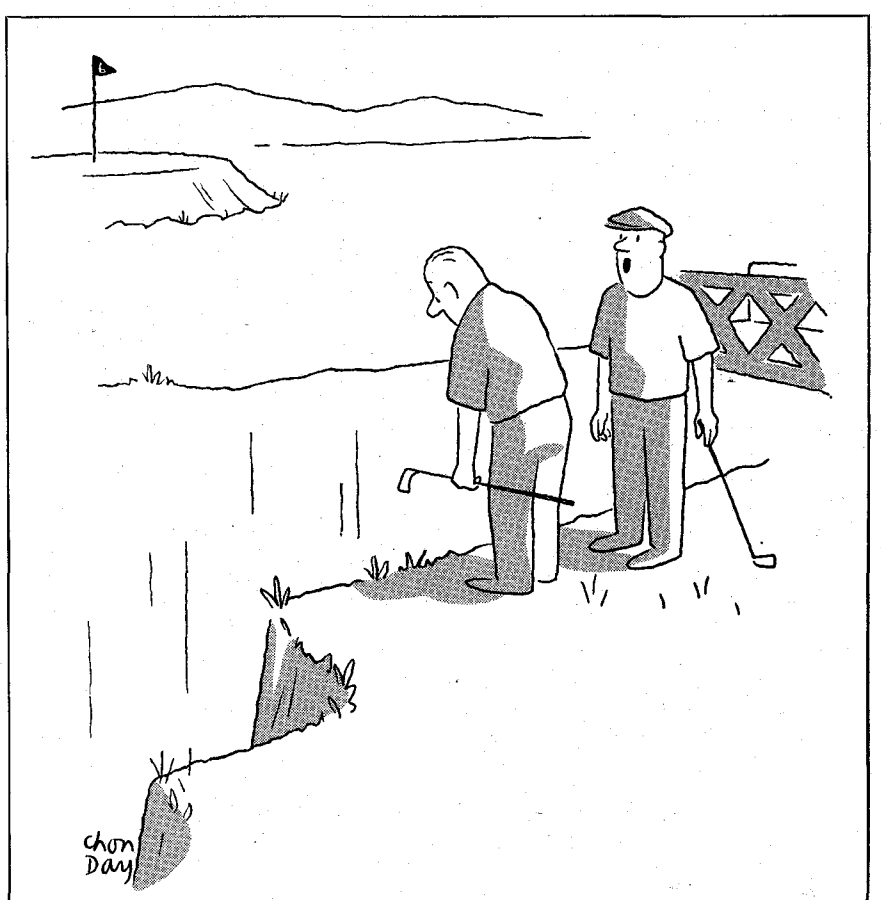
Sometime in there, Carl Bright had started taking an interest in the conversation. Now he got into it. "My sister won't go to the dance with you," he said. "She's told you, and that should be enough. Now I'm telling you, and that's the end of it."

Big'un didn't even look at him. "If she's not," he said, "I want to hear a better reason. From her."

"It's not necessary for her to give you a reason," Carl said. "But aside from everything else, we don't believe in dancing."

"You don't, maybe," Big'un said. "I haven't heard her say it."

"We don't believe in dancing," Catherine said, and she took her brother's arm and they walked out of the courtroom.



"If I were you, I'd settle for a two-stroke penalty."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Carl left her at the door and came back. "I know your reputation, Mr. Logan," he said tightly, "and I've got one more thing to tell you."

"There's not hardly anybody don't know my reputation," Big'un said, and waited.

"Gambling's against the law in this county," Carl said. "It's against the law every place for that matter, but it gets enforced in this county whenever I find out about it."

"All right," Big'un said, and walked past the prosecuting attorney and out of the courthouse and down the street and through King's place and into the back room.

Five of the best poker players in the Cherokee Strip were waiting for him with blood in their eyes and an unopened deck in the middle of the table. Big'un hung his gun belt over a spare chair, squeezed his legs under the table, and went to work.

Inside of an hour they lost Bud McKay, who had his own theory about betting into a one-card draw and was willing to sacrifice his daddy's grocery store, if necessary, to prove it would work. A half hour later they had to start playing four-handed for a spell, while Old Man Mr. Coyle Perkins went out to talk to his banker. Things got real lively when Mr. Perkins sat in again.

At seven o'clock, Big'un stood up. It took him five minutes to put all his money in his pockets. "I'll be back," he said over his shoulder.

Most of the spectators went up front to get a drink, and the poker players sat back in their chairs. Mr. Perkins counted the money he had left, with the look of a man who's thinking about a second mortgage.

"They always said that about him," he said. "A big man with a big weakness for a big poker game."

Bud McKay sighed. "If that's a weakness—what we just got through seein'—then who wants to be strong?"

Big'un went around to Mrs. Johnson's rooming house and Mrs. Johnson let him in with a disapproving look on her face. Catherine was in the parlor with a party dress on. She got up and came across the room.

"Were you pretty sure I'd be waiting?" she asked.

"I figured there was a good enough chance I'd better find out."

"We didn't used to believe in dancing," Catherine said. "My brother still doesn't but now I do."

People said it was the nicest dance there'd ever been around here. Catherine and her beau towered over the room, just whirling and skipping around as graceful as an antelope footrace, and acting like there wasn't anything else in the whole Oklahoma Territory except them and the music.

Along late in the evening some of the boys from the Bar Crazy Q came by to break up the dance, but it didn't amount to much. Big'un excused himself from his partner, gathered up an armful of the handiest punchers, and heaved them at the door. They didn't come back and not a fiddler's elbow faltered.

Back at the poker game, there was another new deck in the center of the table and the players were waiting. Everybody in the front room followed Big'un back there, including Carl Bright.

Big'un got all his money back on the table, because the game was tablestakes and he was a man who believed in being able to protect a good hand when he got it. Old Man Mr. Perkins started dealing a round of stud and the prosecuting attorney started writing things down on a piece of paper.

"What you doin' there, Carl?" Mr. Perkins asked him.

"Writing down names," Carl said, not looking up. "I'm going back and charge the five of you with violating the gambling statutes."

"Oh," Mr. Perkins said. "Well, I guess we are, all right. . . . Big'un, I never heard of you raisin' on the second card thataway. What you up to, anyway?"

There wasn't much left in the game but Big'un's winnings and a warranty deed to a half section of Mr. Perkins' land when the sheriff came in.

"Big'un," the sheriff said, "I got warrants here to arrest all you gamblers. Will you come with me?"

Big'un looked at his hole card, folded his hand and looked up. "I'd have to think about that, sheriff," he said. "But offhand I'd say probably not."

"That's what I thought," the sheriff said dejectedly.

"I'd hate to have you think I'm just bein' stubborn about this thing," Big'un said. "But, you see, if I was to break this game, I know a bigger one I could get into in Enid. And if I could break that one, there's some real awful big ones in Oklahoma City and Kansas City. And if I could break enough of those, why, I'd have enough money to buy out the XIT outfit."

All over the room, people looked at each other and nodded. Now they knew something about Big'un Logan they'd never quite been able to figure out before. It had never seemed quite right that big poker games would be the weakness of a man like that; a man who didn't have any other weaknesses to go with it, like women and liquor and killing. Didn't seem like enough. Either he ought to be too big for weaknesses or he ought to have bigger and better ones. But now they understood. And, after what they'd seen that day, his thinking seemed reasonable to them. The XIT was the biggest ranch and Big'un Logan was the biggest man, so why not?

The sheriff sighed. "I doubt if the XIT's for sale, Big'un."

"Then I might have to find me some bigger games and start me a spread bigger than the XIT."

"You couldn't settle for less? You've got enough in front of you right now to make a pretty fair start."

"No," Big'un said thoughtfully. "No, I guess I ought to have the biggest there is."

"I see your point, I guess. And the most cows and the biggest house and the greenest grass?"

Big'un nodded. "And the tallest windmills."

"Then you can't see your way to lettin' me arrest you?"

"I guess not, sheriff. You see, I've been pretty close before and then had my luck give out or run into better poker players or somethin'. But I've got a feelin' this might be the time."

"Can't hardly blame you, I guess. Well, I'm an old man and my daughter keeps pesterin' me to come back to Missouri. . . . Boys, if anybody sees any of the county commissioners, tell 'em about me resignin'."

"Sure will," Mr. Perkins said. "Come back and see us, sheriff. . . . Arthur, your nine's high. Bet it."

The sheriff stopped at the door and turned around. "Me gettin' out like this," he said, "don't leave nobody but Bud McKay to watch the jail. And you all know Al Morgan has got some pretty mean friends. Saw a couple of 'em at the trial too."

"Somebody ought to go give Bud a hand," one of the watchers said absently. But everybody kept staying for

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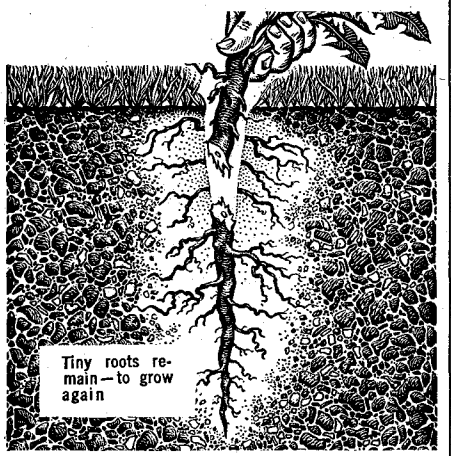

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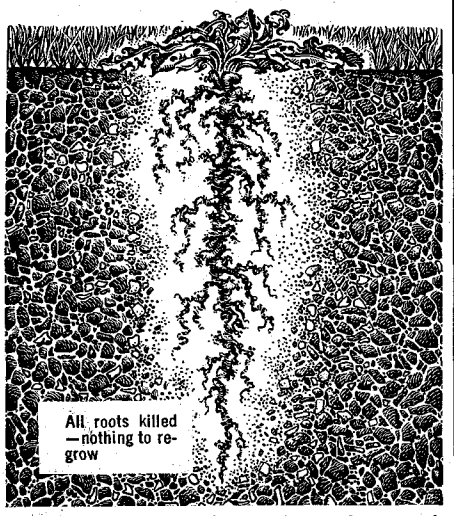

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one more round, and nobody had left yet when the shooting started.

It turned out they'd got Bud McKay without firing a shot. Knocked him in the head when he came to the door, and locked him in the cell they took Al Morgan out of.

But when they got back to the door, Carl Bright opened up on them. He'd been on his way to King's, with a borrowed Winchester, to try to arrest Big'un Logan. He opened up from behind an elm tree in the courthouse lawn. First he shot a couple at the jailhouse door, to encourage Morgan and his three friends to stay inside.

While he was doing that, he was in plain sight of the man the jailbreakers had left to watch the horses. But the light was bad, and that one couldn't shoot much, anyway. And that was a good thing, because Carl wasn't much of a shot either. He missed the man five times before he put him out of business.

He left his tree then and started to the street to run the horses off. The people in the jail crowded out the door and started shooting. Carl turned around, threw one shot at them and killed Al Morgan as dead as a hammer. He took two more steps, then went down with a bullet in his right thigh. He got up again and made it to the hitching rack, dragging his leg.

The horses were going wild and a couple of them broke their bridles and ran away. Carl got the others turned loose and turned around, and two slugs hit him in the chest at the same time.

He rolled over in the street and turned till he was on his left side, and shot once more, from the hip. But he couldn't get another shell levered into the chamber after that, though he kept trying as long as he was conscious and maybe a little longer.

King's place had emptied by then, but it was almost two blocks from the shooting. The three outlaws who were left got to the street, found out they were afoot, turned to see the angry mob bearing down on them, and threw their hands up.

Some of the people started disarming them and putting them into a cell for safekeeping until they could decide whether to lynch them or not. Others bent over Carl Bright until Big'un Logan shoved a dozen of them away, picked the prosecuting attorney up like you would a baby, and ran three blocks with him to the doctor's house.

The doctor had gone into action with the first shot. He was ready and waiting, with his sleeves rolled up. He waved Big'un out of there and went to work.

Big'un was standing on the front porch when Catherine Bright got there. She rushed past, like she didn't see him, and hurried on into the doctor's house. Big'un was still standing there when she came out again. So were a lot of other people.

"How's your brother?" Big'un asked her.

"He's still alive, no thanks to you."

"How bad's he hurt?"

"I hope you're proud of yourself, running the sheriff off and leaving Carl at the mercy of those bloodthirsty outlaws."

"What's the doc say about him?"

"Just for a poker game!" she said scornfully. "Just so you could do things bigger than anybody else had. Big? You don't know what big is!"

"I guess I didn't do exactly right. Your brother goin' to get well or isn't he? I need to know."

"Big?" she said again. "Why, my brother is skinny and peaked and scared of things sometimes, but he made a runt out of you this night. You and your little, teeny ideas about things. He's a bigger man in a minute than you are in a hundred years."

"He might be," Big'un said doggedly. "I wish you'd tell me how he's gettin' along."

"And making me go along with you. That was the worst." She stopped, sobbing, and that was the first time Big'un had realized she was crying there in the dark. "Making his own sister humiliate him like that. A girl you didn't even care anything about either. Just the girl that happened to be the biggest girl in sight." She went back in the house with her shoulders shaking.

People always figured that talking-to did Big'un Logan a lot of good. But he still had a lot to learn about things or he wouldn't have made the play he tried next.

He marched back to King's and into the back room. There were people there, talking in low voices about Carl Bright, but nobody had touched the poker table since the first shot was fired in the jailbreak.

Big'un gathered up about all the paper money he could hold in both hands and went out again. He busted into the doctor's office two minutes later, holding the money out in front of him.

"Here, doc," he said. "Here's more money than you'll make in five years. Take it and cure that boy."

The doc looked up from his patient for about two seconds, and then got back to work. He didn't look up again. "Why, you big-footed, ignorant, hammerheaded fool!" the doctor said. "You think there's enough money in the world to pay for the life of a man like this one?"

And he called Big'un about five names he ordinarily wouldn't have used in front of Catherine, with the Angel of Death hovering over his hands.

Big'un Logan staggered back out onto the porch, looked at the money, and then slowly carried it back to King's. He threw it on the table and put the winnings from his pockets with it and never touched any of it again. Neither did he ever turn another card.

It was twenty-three days before the doc would say Carl Bright was out of danger. The day he did, Big'un went right down to Mrs. Johnson's. Catherine was back in the kitchen, helping Mrs. Johnson with the dinner.

"Catherine," Big'un said, "you were right about a lot of things, but you were wrong about one thing. About how much it's got to do with it that you happen to be such a big, fine figure of a girl. I'd want to be married to you even if you were so little I'd have to carry you around in my pocket to keep from losin' you."

"All right," Catherine said. "I'm glad you told me. And Carl told me to say there's no hard feelings, and for you to come and see him. And now you go off and try to learn about thinking big. A man like you ought to think bigger than other people, not littler."

"All right," Big'un said, "but I'm not goin' very far."

He practiced thinking bigger for a day; then went down to the courthouse, pleaded guilty to the gambling charge and sold his saddle to pay his fine.

He thought for another day, then went to see Carl Bright. When he left Carl's room, he went and found the county commissioners and got them to appoint him to fill out the sheriff's unexpired term. Lawlessness disappeared from the county overnight. The wildest outlaw in the world was looking for better odds than going up against a combination like Big'un Logan and Carl Bright.

Two more days, and Big'un was back in Mrs. Johnson's kitchen.

"I'm tryin'," he told Catherine Bright, "but I guess it just don't come natural."

"What doesn't?"

"Thinkin' big."

"Oh."

"I've got over that XIT business, though. That's good, ain't it?"

"I think so."

"Well, they'll have to get along with the present management. I'm shut of them."

"That's encouraging."

"But—well, it seems like the more I aim to think big—why, the more all I can think of is little things."

"What little things?"

"Well, like a little house at the edge of town, and a little land with it, and a little orchard, and some little kids around the house, and ——"

"You're doing fine," Catherine said.

"I am? I was afraid maybe ——"

"You're doing fine. . . . How many children?"

"Oh, about ten or twelve."

"You can stop right there," Catherine said, taking off her apron. "You're thinking big enough now." THE END

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Death Stands By (Continued from Page 21)

Max said, "You can try."

He left the apartment. Odeen closed the door quietly behind him, then found and lit a cigarette. He needed a moment to compose himself. It wouldn't do to have Kelly see any trace of worry in him. He had to show her an untroubled face. He stood in the center of the room, trying to look cheerful. In a moment the bedroom door opened and Iris Atkinson looked out.

"It's you, Miles," she said. She was small and dark, forty-odd. Ten years of police work hadn't dimmed the merry light in her eyes. "I was hoping Alice would be a few minutes early."

"Not Alice." Odeen's smile and his voice lied well for him, showing no anger, no trouble, no strain. "Never a minute early, never a minute late—that's Alice. She'll walk in at twelve midnight, exactly. You can go home now, if you like. I'll take over." When she'd gone, he went to an ash tray and snubbed out his cigarette.

He was bending over, his back to the bedroom door, when a voice spoke to him. "Good evening, Mr. Odeen."

"Hello, Kelly." It had been "Miles" from the first; now it was "Mr. Odeen." He turned. "Hey, now! Jeans again!"

This was Kelly Pomeroy, the eyewitness. She was a schoolteacher, a girl from the high desert country east of the mountains. In a little more than a week her testimony would send Mario Marcotte to the gas chamber.

> If you have ever been driven from pillar to post, chances are a woman was behind the wheel.
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She was wearing jeans, moccasins and a white sweat shirt, with sleeves pushed up on her forearms. She was twenty-three and oddly beautiful. Her eyes were deeply brown and widely spaced, her nose was thin and straight, her chin small, her mouth wide. Her graceful brows were narrow, her dark brown hair was worn short and straight. The whole effect was lovely and faintly unreal. Odeen knew her to be as real as any—she assumed no airs, struck no poses. She was more intense, more intelligent than most, more determined, but her hopes and needs and fears were those common to women everywhere.

"You promised me no more jeans," he said.

"And you promised me I wouldn't need them."

She wore jeans when she was afraid, a habit she'd brought from the ranch country. In jeans, she'd learned to ride almost any horse that could be ridden, to camp alone in wild and desolate land, to hunt and fish—in jeans she felt capable. Not so in a dress. "Dad wanted me to be a concert pianist," she'd told Odeen. "Seems I'm one of those sticky people with brains and talent, and not a darned thing else. I had to tell dad no. In a dress I'm a complete coward—I knew I'd fail miserably my first try." She'd made a dismal face. "Can you imagine jeans in Carnegie Hall?" She hadn't been completely serious then—Kelly seldom was—but Odeen knew she was serious now. And afraid.

He smiled at her. "All spooked up again?"

"That's right. One thing I have around here is plenty of time to think, and I've thought of something that should have been obvious a long time ago." She looked at him steadily with wide brown eyes. "I'm not going to get to the trial," she said. "I'm going to commit suicide."

"You're what?"

"I'm going to commit suicide."

Odeen stared at her. She was not being dramatic; she was stating a sober fact. The muscles of Odeen's back and chest tightened suddenly.

"C'mon, now. What kind of talk is this?"

"It's the truth."

"The food, maybe? Lumps in the mashed potatoes?"

"Something else," she said. "Wait." She went into the bedroom and came out again, her arms filled with newspapers. She waved Odeen to the davenport and dropped the papers beside him.

"I suppose you've read these?"

"Sure. I try to stay informed."

"Then you know ——"

The hall door opened to admit Alice Bline, policewoman. It was midnight exactly. Alice was younger than the others assigned to duty here, a tall blonde with a blunt voice and direct eyes. She was efficient, but not friendly. She nodded without speaking. She went into the bedroom, to the chair that faced the foot of the bed. Kelly pretended a shudder.

"I'm supposed to sleep with that watching me." She looked at Odeen and lifted a hand. "Don't bother. She's a fine woman; you've told me that. And gentle, motherly types are scarce in the police department. Just don't run out of seconal, that's all I ask ——" Her voice broke, her face became still. "Sleeping tablets," she whispered.

"What about them?"

"I could take an overdose," Kelly said. "I could kill myself with sleeping tablets."

"It's been done," Odeen said. "Nothing to it, I guess—just gulp them down, go to sleep—kaput!"

Kelly looked at him steadily. "I'm not kidding!"

Odeen said, "You've got to be."

"I'm not." Her face was grave. "I want you to listen seriously and think seriously. I'm going to show you something that will make your hair stand up. It did mine."

His face became agreeably patient. "Let's have it."

"The Marcotte brothers are pretty big people in this city—you've said it, the papers say it. They have to do with the criminal element—control them, I guess—but they've been here so long, they've been so clever and quiet in the way they ran things, they're generally accepted and recognized as substantial citizens. Not nice, just substantial. Right?"

"Much as I hate to admit it," Odeen said.

"They hobnobbed with judges and senators."

"They did," Odeen said.

"If there hadn't been this blood feud, personal revenge, family honor sort of thing—a fix that forced Mario Marcotte to kill with his own hands—they would have gone on like that—hobnobbing, I mean—until they died of old age."

"It's possible."

"But I upset the apple cart."

"Indeed you did."

"I was the country girl come to the big city, hay still in my hair. Mr. Nevada hired me to tutor his son, Donny, just home from the hospital. No one but Mr. Nevada and Donny knew I was in the house that night. Certainly, Mario Marcotte didn't know. I heard a noise in the hedge and looked out to see what was

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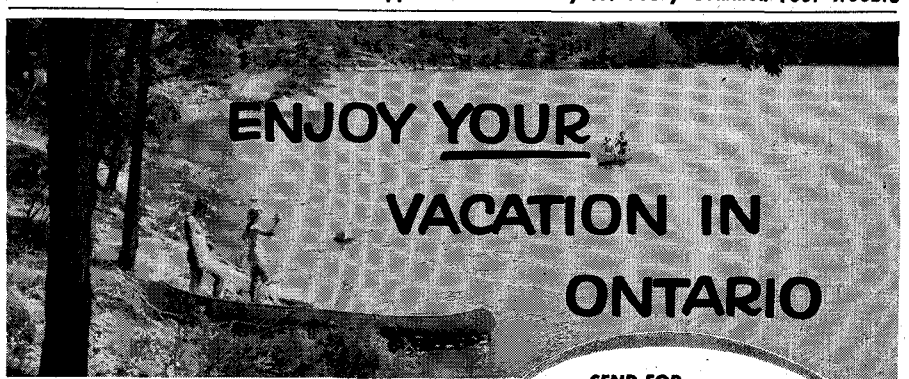

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going on. I saw Mario Marcotte standing outside the front window, a rifle in his hands. I saw him fire through the window. That shot killed Mr. Nevada." She looked at Odeen soberly. "Do I bore you, Mr. Odeen?"

"No. I am wondering why you're all steamed up."

"We'll get to that," she said. "Being a stranger in these parts, I didn't know Mario Marcotte from a hill of beans. I couldn't find him in the mug books; his picture isn't there. But you remembered another murder, you knew about blood feuds and such. Without telling me why, you and the district attorney took me to a place where I was sure to see Mario. I saw him; I knew him instantly. And Mr. Mario Marcotte, the untouchable Mario, the man who hobnobs with judges and senators, went to jail charged with first-degree murder. Because of me, a nobody. I'm the little David who conked the giant with a rock."

"And we're grateful," Odeen said.

She frowned impatiently. "But do you get the picture? A big wheel, a man respected, if not admired, sent to jail by a girl nobody knows. He will be executed because of me!"

"We have other, corroborating evidence."

"It's worthless without me."

He nodded. "Practically."

"All right," she said. "And who am I to send the big wheel to the gas chamber? A funny-looking girl from the ranch country. A real bright type, loaded with brains—and screwy. Anybody back home will tell you Kelly Pomeroy is a little nuts. Nice, but nuts."

"Hey, now!" Odeen said. He leaned across the pile of newspapers, putting his hand on hers. "You're a pretty girl, Kelly. Not a run-of-the-mill, assembly-line job—different and lovely. Completely sane and sensible and as sweet as they come. Anybody says different, they'll get punched in the nose."

"Quit it!" She squeezed his hand. "I know what I am. I'm satisfied with me. And I'm glad you are—thanks for saying so. But what we think has nothing to do with it. It's what the Marcotte brothers and the defense attorneys are trying to make people think that counts. And why they want them to think it."

"So tell me," Odeen said.

"Nowhere in these papers does the defense say I was honestly mistaken." She pushed the papers toward him. "Look through them. You won't find it anywhere, because that's not the line they're taking. It's not strong enough. It wouldn't win an acquittal. They've got another idea. They're at a loss to explain why I would do such a thing—that's the line! Why would a girl make such a fantastic accusation? The honored, respected, hobnobbing Mr. Mario Marcotte a murderer? Incredible! That line they can use. They have the answer to the why. They know it will clear Mario. But they won't use the answer until afterward."

"What's the answer?"

"I was crazy," she said. "Or at least hopelessly neurotic. Never mind the bribe I refused, or the threats, or the bullet that came through my car window—they'll write those off as imagination. They'll describe me as a giddy girl from the cow country, hungry for attention and publicity, dramatizing herself. Maybe I saw the murderer, maybe not. But I said I did. Then I picked the most important man I could find, so the case would be big, nationwide—so my part would be big. That's what they'll say. And they'll point to my funny-looking face, to my weakness for jeans. 'She's just the girl who would do it,' they'll say; 'the poor girl, what a shame.' All this, of course, they'll say afterward."

"I repeat," Odeen said, "you're sane, sensible and damned good-looking. But what's this 'afterward'?"

"After I kill myself."

"Why will you kill yourself?"

"Because I was conscience-stricken. Because I couldn't send an innocent man to his death. Because I couldn't stand the disgrace of the truth." She waved her hands. "Or because my fevered little brain finally popped the last cork! Pick a reason—any of them—all of them. One or all will explain my suicide. And the suicide will prove I was crazy. It will prove a crazy girl unjustly accused the perfectly innocent Mario Marcotte for crazy reasons. He'll be acquitted—it's the only way he can be. He'll walk free. And that's not all. There's ——"

"But, Kelly, you're not ——"

"Hold everything," she said. "Let me finish. There's another jim-dandy angle that I'd like to point out to you. The fact that I was loony all along, and proved it by committing suicide, is about the only acceptable explanation for the state's star witness getting dead before she got on the witness stand. They've got to have an explanation for that, you know. Sooner or later, somebody would begin to wonder."

"You're not going to kill yourself."

"Oh, but I am."

"How?"

"There're lots of ways." She pointed to the window. "Twelve stories to the street. I can jump out. I can take a poison I've concealed—a goofy girl with a death complex, it's reasonable I'd always have poison handy. An overdose of sleeping pills. They're here, and everybody knows I have to have them to sleep. I can hang myself from a bathroom fixture. I can cut my throat." She shook her head. "'Poor Kelly,' they'll say. 'Poor, insane Kelly Pomeroy. Isn't it too bad what she did to herself?'"

"You don't want to die."

"I'll have to," she said. "I'll have help."

He stared at her for a long moment. "Look," he said then. "You're in protective custody. Some fifteen policemen and women are devoting their time to your safety. One of us is with you, watching you, every hour of the day and night. We're not going to let you hurt yourself. And you can be very sure no one who would hurt you will get past us."

"No one will get past you."

"Then you're safe."

She shook her head. "Police are people, aren't they? Wearing a badge doesn't make a cop a superman. There could be a bad one, a greedy one, a murderous one among you. The police are underpaid; you've told me that. A cop always needs money. Mario Marcotte is a rich man. How much is Mario's life worth to Mario? Twenty-five thousand? A hundred thousand? A quarter of a million? My death is his only hope of living. He'll pay all he has, if he has to. And all he has is a lot of money to wave in front of an ordinary guy—like a cop. Isn't it now?"

Odeen's eyes were furious. "Kelly, you ——"

"A lot of money," Kelly said gently, "and so easy to get. I'm small and not very tough. And then? 'I took my eyes off her one minute, and she jumped out the window.' Or, 'How was I to know she had poison hid out?' Or, 'She went into the bathroom, she didn't come out, I went in, I found her like that—hanging.' Would the cop be believed? Probably not. But how will you prove he's lying? Especially when it's pointed out I was loony from the start."

"Kelly, you don't know what you're saying!"

"I do know," she said. "The only thing I don't know is which one it will be. That's the jack-pot question, Mr. Odeen. Which one of my guards will be my executioner?"

"None of us!" Odeen snapped.

Kelly got up and walked to the folding doors. She pushed them open. She took a water glass from a cupboard, a small bottle from the window sill above the sink.

"What are you up to?" he asked.

"I'm taking my pill." She turned to look at him, small and grave. "I'm going to bed. I'm going to sleep. I'm sure you'll take good care of me." She closed the folding doors and moved across the living room. "If you don't—if it turns out you're the one who sold out to Mario Marcotte, I don't think I'd want to live to know about that. Good night, Mr. Odeen."

She pulled the door almost shut. Odeen sat staring at the line of light around it. Alone, now, he could let his anger do what it would with his face. His jaw muscles bunched, his mouth flattened and there was fury in his gray eyes. This was the anger he'd hidden from Kelly, and Kelly had added to it immeasurably.

He could deny all she'd said. He could say she was a highly imaginative girl who thought too vividly. Cooped up here, she'd put together a structure of fears. Her odd beauty, her predilection for jeans—no one would try to use these as proof of mental imbalance. The line the Marcotte brothers were taking wasn't a deep scheme to rationalize her suicide; it was an intimation that they had no scheme at all. While it was possible the Marcotte brothers would pay a fortune for her death, possible that a police officer could be found who'd try to earn it, it was improbable beyond belief. All of this he could say, and would have said, twenty-four hours ago. But he could not say it now. Mario Marcotte was not worried. Add that to Kelly's clear reasoning and the threat was too real to be denied.

Odeen was by nature a blunt and positive man who liked to solve his problems by immediate action. When he saw a threat to himself or to something he held to be good and fine, his instinct was to attack, to strike first, to hit hard. He hated the waiting game. Patience cost him dearly, restraint set his teeth on edge, the elusive enraged him. Now he had to wait and go on waiting. He needed more than Kelly's intuitive reasoning, more than a report that Mario Marcotte was telling jokes. He needed proof—proof that this was not remote possibility, but fact to come. The soft-voiced informant might help, but he had to wait until she called. And he had to walk alone while he waited, doing all he could silently.

The light around the bedroom door was gone. He went to the door and pushed it open slowly. The only light in the room was a reading lamp beside Alice Bline's chair, its narrow beam falling on the knitting in her hands. The swiftly moving needles stopped, the woman looked steadily at Odeen. Odeen made no sound. He walked quietly to the bed to look down at Kelly Pomeroy.

In the dimness, her face was child-like. Her dark hair was a shadow against her pillow, her scrubbed cheeks caught and reflected faint gleams of light. The drug was working; her face was relaxed. He had come silently, she was partially drugged, and yet she knew he was here. Without opening her eyes, she spoke

The Perfect Squelch

The campus belle, ever eager to outdo her rivals, soon paraded before them with the handsome exchange student from Iran. She helped him with his English, lunched with him, and showed off her prize at every opportunity. To jolt her, one of the other coeds informed her that under Iranian law a man might have as many as six wives.

That evening at a social gathering, the belle confronted her Iranian and asked whether it was true. "Not any longer," he said thoughtfully, "but the practice did have its advantages." A snicker at the belle's expense ran around the gathering.

"Well," she stormed, "I suppose you feel you might grow tired of just one woman. Isn't that awfully egotistical? A woman might grow tired of you too."

"That," the Iranian said mildly, "is what the other five are for."

Maxine L. Henry

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with a voice thick and drowsy, "Well, Mr. Odeen. Are you the one? Is it now?"

He put a gentle hand on her forehead. "I'm not the one, and it isn't now," he said. "There won't ever be one, Kelly. That's a promise. You can go to sleep believing it."

Kelly smiled a little, turning her face to the pillow.

Odeen straightened. In addition to the doors opening on the dressing room and bath and the door through which he'd come, there was one other. It opened on the outer hall. It was locked and the night chain was secure. Odeen made sure of it. Then he gestured at Alice Bline. She started to put her knitting on the table beside her. Odeen shook his head. Alice brought her knitting into the sitting room, her face set and resentful.

"I'm supposed to stay in there."

"This is a new deal," Odeen said easily. "Her nerves are rubbed raw from being cooped up here so long. You know how it bothers her, trying to sleep with someone watching her. I think we'd better ease up for the time we've got left. The hall door is secure. Ben's out in the hall. The only way in to her is through this door, and we can both watch it from here."

It was evasion, valid enough to serve for the moment. Odeen knew this wouldn't be the only time he'd have to withhold the truth before this thing was done.

"A new deal," Odeen told Sgt. Lewis Barber, officer in charge of the day shift, the next morning. "Our Kelly's nerves are as ragged as my letterman's sweater. She's jumping at shadows. She's even afraid of us. So let's take some of the weight off her."

"Suits me," Barber said. He was a long-faced, long-nosed, morose man who'd become accustomed to carrying most of the world's woes on his shoulders, and complained about it only a little. "What do I do? Sing to her?"

"We've only a week left," Odeen said. "We can stretch a point here and there to keep her happy. Let's keep one man in the hall all the time. He can watch both doors. We can let her have the bedroom, dressing room and bath all alone; she can check the bedroom-hall-door lock herself. You and Ruby can stay in the front room here. That way we'll be two together all the time. Never one of us alone with her."

Barber looked at him sourly. "You mean we got to watch each other? Does she think one of us is going ——"

"That's right." Odeen smiled. "See how bad it is? That cabin fever's really got her climbing the walls. A month of this—I can't say I blame her. But what's the difference? It won't cost us much to make her last week a breeze."

"Insults," Barber said. "I should get mad. And I will, when I get around to it. Anything else?"

"A few things," Odeen said. "We'll go all the way. I'll bring in a supply of food. Canned stuff, mostly; eggs and so on. She'll trust me to buy it, she can keep her eye on it in the bedroom, she'll trust her own cooking. We'll keep her supply of sleeping pills down to less than a lethal dose. And I've ordered jail-type screens put on all the windows. Tobin will do it today. See that they're right, will you? Bolted in. So nobody can ——"

"Wait a minute!" Barber was staring at Odeen. "When you say all the way, you mean all the way. It's jake with me, but, laddy buck, did you clear this with the captain?"

"Not yet," Odeen said. "But I will."

"Holy Mike," Barber whispered.

Odeen's smile was a little stiff. "There's nothing big about this. Kelly's seeing ghosts; we're going to make it easy for her. Is that so much? A little extra work, a few bucks for the screens. Harry'll growl, but he won't roar."

"He'll roar," Barber said. "And he'll bite."

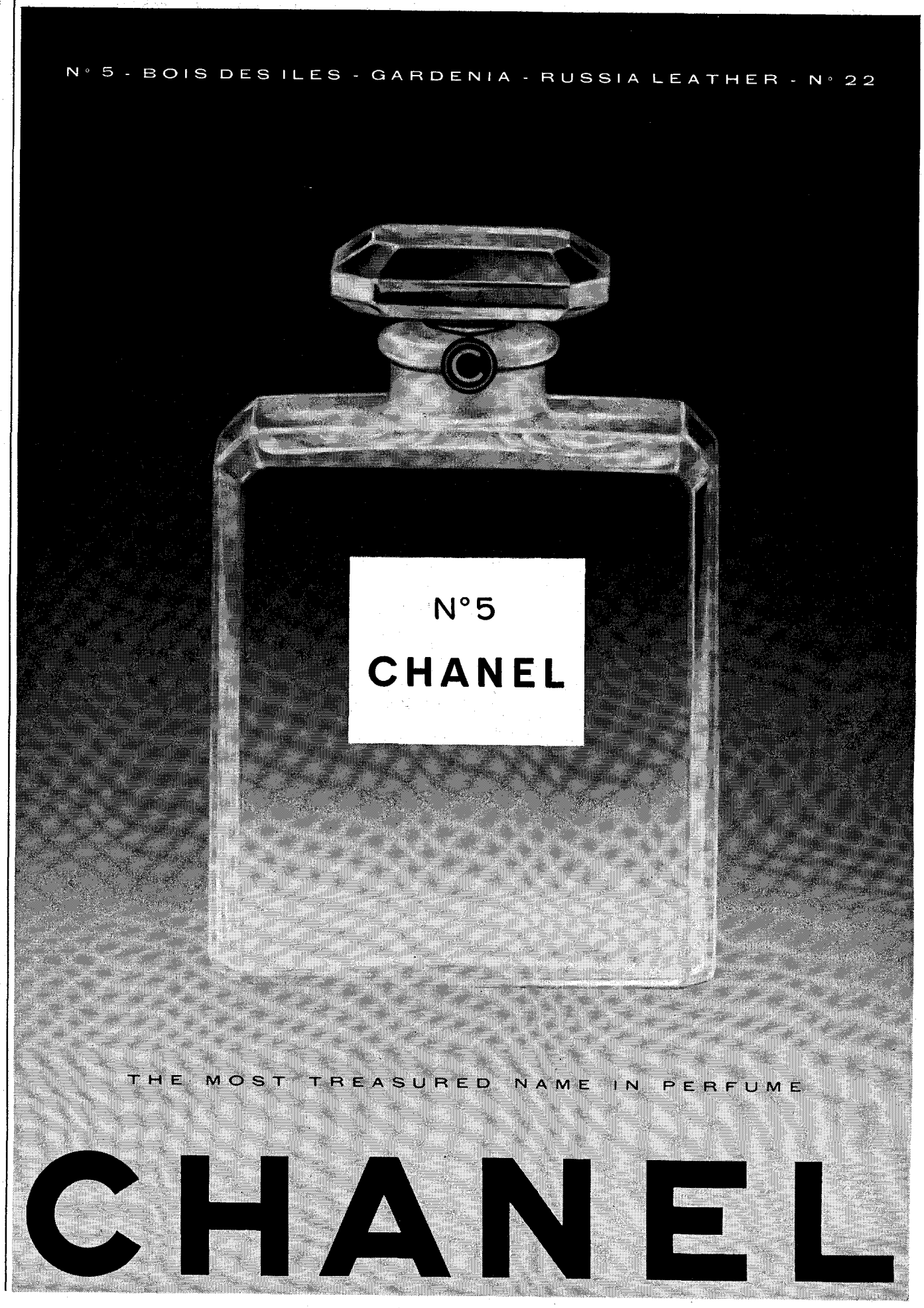
"Don't worry about it. The whole thing is mine; it was my idea, I gave the orders. Just come through for me, that's all I ask. And pass the word when Proudfoot comes on duty."

"Will do," Barber said. "But you're going to suffer."

Odeen went home. Home was a small apartment—a sitting room, kitchenette, a fold-down bed. He had a family—mother, father and two brothers—but they lived in a city two hundred miles away. Here he was alone. There were no messages for him—the manager took them and left notes when he was away—no word from the woman with the soft, accented voice. Odeen's brows knotted again; he rubbed the high arch of his nose. "Wait," he said, "and go on waiting." He made a meal of eggs and bacon, and then he slept. The ringing telephone wakened him in mid-afternoon. The call was from Capt. Harry Groggin. Sergeant Odeen was to report at once. The clock said two-fifteen. The screens should now be up.

It was three o'clock exactly when Odeen walked into the office of Capt. Harry Groggin, chief of detectives. Groggin was sitting at a cluttered desk—a barrel-chested, big-handed man, belligerent of face. His thin hair was pale red. His shoulders strained at the seams of his coat.

"Well," he said, "you finally got here."



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"I was in bed when you called," Odeen said evenly.

"I'm surprised you find time to sleep, busy as you are." Groggin tipped his chair back. "I thought you might like to let me know what goes on. I understand you ordered some screens installed."

"I did."

"I thought I was in command around here."

"You are," Odeen said.

"You don't wait for my approval. You don't even ask for it. And I hear you got your own ideas about security up there. I hear you're telling the hotel detail what to do and how to do it." He leaned forward, his face flushed. "Are you trying to make me look bad?"

"No," Odeen said.

"I think you are," Groggin said. "I say you're gettin' too big for your pants." He got to his feet, a short-legged bull of a man. His thick neck was red. "Bright boy—top of the list every time we have an exam. You know what that means to me? You're a book guy, smart with a pencil, dumb where it counts!" Harry Groggin had learned his trade on the street, pounding a beat. He'd been running the detective bureau for twelve years—shrewd and clever, but not a brilliant man. His authority was hard-earned; he guarded it jealously. "College men!" he said. "I'm supposed to make detectives out of college men that can't find Limburger cheese if it's in their mustache!"

Odeen waited.

"You made a good pinch," Groggin said. "You put Mario in jail. You got lucky, but don't let it go to your head."

Odeen said, "I'll try not to."

Groggin rocked back on his heels, his jaw hard. Did Odeen by any chance know what it had cost to have those screens installed? While they were on the subject, did he have any notion how much it was costing the taxpayers to keep that Pomeroy woman milk-fed and pampered? Did he know how many people were tied up by that idiot guard detail, while important work piled up on every desk in the detective bureau?

Odeen said, "Fifteen, all told."

"Well," Groggin said. "You can count."

That was about all Odeen could do. He couldn't remember the rules. He couldn't put a requisition through channels. He couldn't be bothered to consult his superiors.

"Why'd you have screens put up?" Groggin asked.

"She's worried," Odeen said. "A month of being in that goldfish bowl, somebody watching every move—wouldn't she be? She's scared. She's afraid she won't get to the trial."

"Who's going to stop her?"

"Well," Odeen said, "Mario offered her a year in Rio, all expenses paid. He tried threats. Somebody tried for her with a thirty-eight one night—somebody we've never been able to find."

"I know all that," Groggin said. "But she's in our hands now. Did you think somebody was going to fly in a window twelve stories above the street and wring her neck? Did you think somebody was going to dump arsenic in her soup? Did you think somebody was going to con one of our people, if there was only one watching her at a time, into letting them hang her from a light fixture? Is that what you thought? Answer me!"

"Captain, I thought the girl needed any peace of mind we could give her. The screens, the double security, letting her cook her own food—if that's what it takes, why not give it to her? Why argue? It's not important either way. At least it didn't seem so to me."

"That's your answer, eh?"

"Indulging a scared kid, that's my answer."

"Sure," Groggin said. "That's fine! That's great! Let's keep her happy!" He stared at Odeen for a long moment, then exploded. "You dumb jerk! You stupid cluck! This's a fine example of what a bright boy with not one lick of common sense can do. And you don't even know what you've done!" He made fists of his big hands. "I'll tell you what you've done. You've just about ruined me! You've disgraced the department!"

"Captain, the girl is ——"

"Have you got any idea what those screens mean?" The captain was yelling now. "And the double security, and cooking her own food? To the newspapers, I mean? To anybody with one ounce of common sense? Who could throw her out the window? Who could hang her? Who could poison her? With fifteen cops watching her, who could? Only a cop—that's what the newspapers will say. But you couldn't see that one coming! Oh, no! You're too bright! Pamper the girl, that's as far as you can see! So now they're saying the department's so lousy we've got to have cops watching cops. They're saying Groggin is such a fathead he can't even pick a detail of fifteen honest men!"

Odeen's face was stubborn. "My orders were to keep the girl happy. I think we owe it to her."

"Sergeant!" Groggin aimed a rigid finger at Odeen. "You're going to stop thinking right now! That's an order. I'll do the thinking. I'm stuck with those screens and the double security, but you're not going to stick me with anything else. Get out of line once more—I mean this!—make one more wrong move, and I'll bust you, so help me. You won't see that girl again. You'll be back in uniform, walking a beat. Is that clear, sergeant? Have you got it?"

"It's very clear."

"All right, then! Get out of here!"

Odeen went out of the office and down the hall. He turned a corner and a man fell in step with him—a short, dark man who wore a thin mustache and horn-rimmed glasses. His name was Vern Lister and he worked for the district attorney.

"A ravenous beast, that Groggin," he said. "Real wild."

"You heard?"

"Everybody in the building heard. His voice carries. You must like a beating, Miles. You walked into that one with your chin out and your hands down. Then you held still."

Odeen scowled. "I love a beating."

They took an elevator down. No more was said until they were out of the building. Then Odeen turned to Lister. There was still anger in his face, but none in his voice. "Well?"

"The chief wants his turn at you." Lister's eyes were warm and intelligent, smiling behind his glasses. "I was sent to bring you or whatever fragments Groggin might leave. Do you come willingly or do I argue?"

Odeen shrugged. "I'm all argued out."

The county courthouse was ten minutes away by cab. They rode an elevator to the fourth floor. A receptionist in an outer office waved them through. Vern Lister announced Odeen to District Attorney Clyde Pickens. "He's a dirty, disloyal traitor, a back-stabber, a disgrace to the department. One more false move and he'll be back in harness, pounding the pavements—banished!"

Clyde Pickens said, "You're joking!"

Tiredly, Odeen said, "You know better than that."

The district attorney was a big man, heavily fleshed. He had blue eyes and white hair. He did not wear his hair long, he did not wear a frock coat and a string tie, but even without them he had the look of a traditional politician—almost, if not quite, comic. And there were many who refused to think of him in other terms. A solid party man, he had been the party choice in a one-party city. He had been elected to four successive terms.

"A service," he'd told Odeen, "characterized by unremitting apathy. I've confined myself to the prosecution of minor criminals and citizens unfortunate enough to blunder into the clutches of the law. No crusader I. It was understood I was not to be—a titular district attorney was what they wanted. I have done exactly as I was told. I have never thought highly of myself because of that. A great many people have looked upon me as a buffoon." He'd said this with weariness in his face, but with a strange hardness in his eyes.

"This case you've brought me," he'd said to Odeen, "is the one I've been waiting for—praying for. It's a case that even I can win. And I'm going to win it. The repercussions will shake even the topmost rats out of their holes. I'll be the most unloved man in the state. I'll be through politically. But I will have done two things I hold to be important. I will have justified myself—to myself. And to those people who cast their votes, seriously and in good faith, for Clyde Pickens—if there are any such."

Remembering this, Odeen knew what concern lay behind Clyde Pickens' eyes now. "Tell me," the district attorney said. "What in heaven's name has gone wrong? This sudden rash of security measures. I understand she's to cook her own meals at your orders. And jail screens on the windows. Why, Miles?"

Patiently, Odeen said, "She's been cooped up too long. A month now. Think of it—in that apartment. She has cabin fever that amounts to hysteria. Now is what I've done so much? A little extra effort, a little added expense—this for her peace of mind. Don't you think she deserves it, Clyde?"

Clyde Pickens shook his head. "I won't buy it."

"But, Clyde ——"

The district attorney held up his hand. "That pitch might convince Groggin; he wouldn't think past the obvious. But I'd like to think I'm a little sharper than he is. Kelly Pomeroy is a sound girl. Not hysterical. If she's afraid, it's for a good and sufficient reason. If you're afraid for her, it's also for a good reason." He leaned across the desk. "Why are you afraid?"

Odeen's face turned hard. He shook his head.

"You won't tell me?" Clyde Pickens' blue eyes searched Odeen's face. "No," he said, reading Odeen's face, changing what he'd said because of what he saw. "You can't tell me."

Odeen met the blue eyes silently.

"All right, Miles," Clyde Pickens said. "I respect your judgment. I won't crowd you. But you must know I can think into this thing a little way. The new security measures are not alone for Kelly's peace of mind. You wouldn't have gone to such lengths unless you yourself were afraid someone would harm her. Who could that someone be? The security we had before was enough to protect her from an outsider. It must be an insider, then. You must be afraid of the police."

Odeen said nothing.

After a moment, Clyde Pickens said, "Your refusal to talk now proves it, doesn't it? It's also clear that you haven't positive, conclusive information at the moment—the potential killer is not behind bars. I appreciate your position, Miles. Even the thought of a renegade cop would shake you deeply. And you know what it will mean to the department. You've got to be very careful, very sure. You trusted everyone completely before this came up. Now you must distrust them the same way."

Odeen held his silence.

"Miles," Clyde Pickens said, "I don't have to tell you how much this case means to me. I've got to win it. And I can't without that girl. Keep her safe, Miles. Do anything you need to do. When you can, come to me. I'll move heaven and earth to help you. Is that agreed?"

"Agreed," Odeen said.

Kelly Pomeroy was still in jeans when Odeen took over the second relief that night. Still afraid. And yet there was an excitement in her wide-set eyes, an odd sort of eagerness in the way she greeted him. Odeen knew she had been waiting for him impatiently. There was the smell of fresh coffee in the apartment. A tray stood on the table beside the davenport. Odeen was amused and smiling.

"Well, hey, now!" he said. "How about this? Coffee and cakes to start the night's work! Why didn't we think of this weeks ago?"

"It seemed to me the overshoe put up a better fight than the tire."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I'm full of resentment," Kelly said. "Your groceryman delivered a prepared cake mix, as if I, the best cook in the whole state, couldn't bake a cupcake without it."

"He'll get forty lashes. That's a promise!"

Alice Bline was invited to sit with them. She refused. Ben Silcox was glad to share the food; he had cupcakes and coffee in the hall. Now Odeen found the reason for Kelly's excitement. The new security—the heavy screens bolted in place, the food she could guard and prepare herself. "I'm going to sleep only when you're on duty," she said—the danger implicit in all this was an adventure. Frightening, yes. But frightening in the way hunting lions would be frightening. Her eyes were big when she said, "I'm the quarry, though, not the hunter."

"Sure," Odeen grinned. "Make it a production."

"Miles." She stared at him. "Do you mean you're not taking this thing seriously? After all you've done—the screens, the food, keeping the sleeping pills to a minimum—after all this, you still don't ——"

Odeen dropped a big hand on hers. "Whoa, now!" he said. "We're not going to have a hassle. You can't crowd me into hurting your feelings. Neither can you hurt mine. You were worried for reasons you thought valid. I did my best to ease that worry because I think your peace of mind is our concern. You be alert, we'll follow through. Isn't that enough?"

She was angry. "You still don't believe ——"

"You're entitled to your opinion, I'm entitled to mine," he said. "Maybe we don't agree, but no harm's done. I'm going all the way with you. You can see that. And I promise I'll keep at it until you're on the stand."

"Well!" she said. "You darned well better!"

Behind his smile, Odeen's mind was busy. The reason he'd given for the doubled security was not standing up too well. He had sold the cabin fever to Captain Groggin, but not to Clyde Pickens. Now Kelly's narrowing eyes told him his explanation was feeble indeed. He knew her mind was saying, "The big slob just doesn't want to scare me."

She was right, but not entirely right. Odeen was still holding a thin and desperate hope that all this would turn out to be only nightmare, a dreamed-up thing with no reality. When all the facts were in, it would vanish, having never been.

He carried that hope to his apartment in the morning. The hope all but died when he found there'd been a phone call for him. He was to meet the woman with the soft, accented voice in the map room of the public library. . . .

She was there before him, waiting nervously in the wide, high-windowed, almost empty room. A large map was spread before her on a high desk, her head was bent. She was young, twenty-two or three, her hair was dark. She was good-looking in a soft, dark mid-European way, though wide of hip and thick of ankle. She had been brought to this country at sixteen for the purpose of marriage, and she had cause to fear things here. She was Donny Nevada's mother.

"Mr. Odeen, I am sorry." Her soft voice was a hurried, frightened whisper. "I maybe should not have called you. I don't have nothings much to say."

"You didn't find out anything more?"

"Mr. Odeen, in the Marcotte house I am nothing," she said. "You know that. They let me stay because they think I leave my husband for one of them. I am family. But"—she moved her small hands helplessly—"no, what you say, honor? They tell me nothings. I listen, yes. I hear. That is all."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Money," she said. "They talk of money; how much it will cost to have it done. Fifty thousand dollars—that is what Paul said it would cost to have her killed." Her dark eyes pleaded with him. "You must believe. Would I come to you if I didn't know? What would they do to me, Mario and Paul, if they knew I talked to you? I would die. I am this afraid, Mr. Odeen. But I come."

"Yes, Mrs. Nevada," Odeen said. "I know how dangerous it is for you to talk to the police. And I will believe you."

"I don't care if I die," she said, "if these men pay for what they do to me, my husband and my son. But Mario is not going to pay. I know this, Mr. Odeen. In my mind, in my heart. This girl who see my husband killed, she is going to be killed. It is settled. Paul tells a man it is—what you say?—in the bag." Her eyes flashed. "What I tell you, it is true."

Odeen's face was stiff. "Who will kill her?"

"I cannot say to you his name." Now her eyes were very frightened. "If I tell you what I hear, you will be very angry. Please."

"Tell me!" Odeen said.

"It is one of the police—for fifty thousand dollars." She caught her breath. "Please, I don't like to tell you. Please, I cannot help it, Mr. Odeen! I cannot ——"

TO BE CONTINUED

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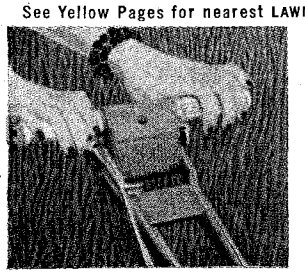

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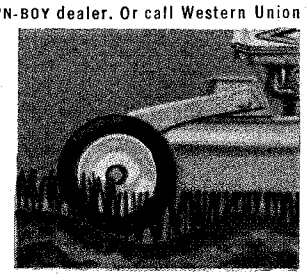

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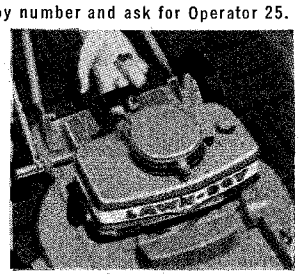

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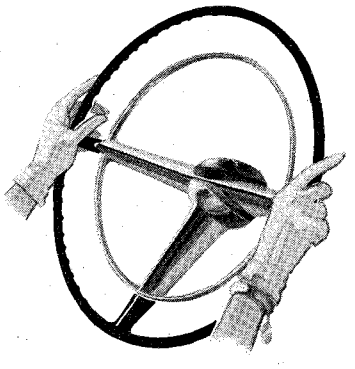

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BUICK Safety POWER STEERING

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One Last Dream (Continued from Page 24)

Doc looked up at the ten-foot-tall figure of Cuauhtemoc, which had been painted so that its eyes met the beholder's from any angle in the bank. He tried not to smile.

"That's not pop in his eyes," he said. "That's romance, Mrs. Shire. Cuauhtemoc was the last romantic."

"That goon?" she grunted.

"Yes. He refused to believe that bullets could penetrate his holy robes. He thought that by wanting it to be true, he could make it true. Think of it—magical feathers against gunpowder and bullets!"

"Well, I wish he'd die and get it over with," Mrs. Shire said stolidly. "Such pictures have no place in a bank. I expect him to yell 'Boo!' at me every time I turn my back on him."

She returned to her desk at the railing. Doc, the spell broken, picked up a document from his desk. All it required was his signature, to begin foreclosure against Lester A. Wade, doing business as Wade-Made Homes Company. It was something he should have done long ago.

But he folded the paper and put it in his pocket instead. Not duty, but sheer restlessness, made him say, "I'm going out to see Les Wade, Mrs. Shire. Maybe I can get some money out of him."

He tried to keep his mind on business as he drove across the city, but as he passed a certain building, his eye caught a flash of movement in a show window. A small woman with a girlish figure was fitting a lacy slip over a dummy.

There she was, doing her own window dressing! Barbara loved that part of running a shop, but she should have been at her books or riding herd on the help. She was a soft touch for her clerks, and anyone could get credit there. Not that she wasn't meeting the payments on her note at the bank. Doc saw to that personally, even though it meant helping her with her books himself.

Doc had met Mrs. Compton through his daughter-in-law. He smiled, remembering how he had first disapproved of Nancy running around with the sophisticated blond divorcee who had come here to open a dress shop. He had financed Barbara reluctantly, under heavy pressure from Nancy. Her note was so large that Doc had quietly covered it with collateral of his own, rather than try to explain the basic rules of banking to Nancy.

Because of Nancy and Ben, he kept running into Barbara socially. Last night they had all gone to a party together. Nancy had agreed that she and Ben could walk home, when Doc suggested that he and Barbara leave early. And where he had got the nerve for that, Doc Charters would never know!

First they had driven up into the nearby foothills, where he had once owned a ranch. But he kept meeting teen-age couples wandering these same roads, and he did not want Barbara to get the wrong idea. He turned hastily toward the freeway, and first thing he knew, they were halfway to Los Angeles.

There was a moon, and he was driving Ben's convertible, with the top down. The first fall blooms were on the orange trees. "I can't believe that this is autumn," Barbara sighed. "I used to dread the winter so much. It was so dark where I lived anyway."

Barbara came from Sioux City, and for most of her marriage she had lived in a dreary little flat over a drugstore. At seventeen, she had married a high-school classmate who was going to be an actor, or a writer, or at least something. Now and then, his sensitive spirit crushed by adversity, he beat up on Barbara. When she finally gave up on him, after sixteen years, Compton was still a meter reader for the gas company. But he was still planning to be a writer, or an actor, or at least something.

They got back to her place at two-thirty A.M. Doc took her hand and began his little thank-you speech. Suddenly the hand was on the back of his head, and Barbara was standing on tiptoe, looking up at him.

"Do you want to kiss me good night?" she said sedately. "I'd like you to, Elwood, if you'd like to."

Nobody called him Elwood! He was just Doc—good old Doc! Occupation, banker. Physical condition, excellent. Ambitions, none. Age, fifty-four. Number of years since he had kissed a woman, twenty-nine.

But that had been last night. Today Doc parked in front of a nearly finished house, on a steep knoll two miles from the center of the city. This had once been part of his ranch, when the city was only a town. The windmill and tanks and sheds were all gone. The eucalyptus trees he had planted thirty years ago, all over these slopes, were towering groves now.

This part of his ranch had been cut up into fine building sites, all opening on a road that followed the winding bottom of a shallow canyon. White wooden fences led up into the trees, where huge, rambling houses peeped out of the shade, station wagons loafed beside swimming pools, and purebred dogs barked at impudent native ground squirrels. A fine subdivision.

But Doc frowned up at the unfinished house, which occupied the finest site of all. On the rough-graded slope was a sign, WADE-MADE. Les Wade's truck stood in front of the three-car garage. From inside the house came the whine of an electric polisher or sander.

Les had made his money building little "payday" houses. Not big money, but he had always been solvent. Doc climbed the slope slowly, dreading this job, wondering why Les had suddenly succumbed to delusions of grandeur.

An expensive architect had designed this house, and Doc supposed that some people would find its slashing modern lines "interesting." Little work remained to be done on the house, but it would take three thousand dollars' worth of masonry retaining walls to fulfill the architect's design for a terraced lawn. With those modern bumps on it too. The whole plan was crazy!

Doc went inside. The noise from the polisher or sander, or whatever it was, came from the rear of the house. Doc took advantage of it to explore the house surreptitiously, before facing Les and a showdown.

The reckless interior dismayed him. A wide flagstone sidewalk—that was all you could call it, a sidewalk!—ran through the hardwood floors of the living room, from the front door to the fireplace. Doc, deeply shocked, went quickly into the dining room. Here, in one wall, he found a whole nest of cookery gear—built-in electric oven, toaster, coffee maker and chafing dish—each in its own little copper-lined compartment.

Doc shrugged hopelessly and went into the den, which had built-in television, flagstone planters and a curious knob on one wall. Doc twisted the knob. With a soft purr, part of one wall descended and became a guest bed. Doc twisted the knob the other way. The bed rose into the wall with another triumphant purr.

Whew, Doc thought. *Cold, modern, efficient, like a Soviet whetstone factory.* He prowled on. The master bedroom was—he paced it off—twenty-six feet square. It had a fireplace in one corner, more flagstone planters, indirect lighting, and an enormous stone-and-bronze bathroom, one entire wall of which was built of glass bricks. *I suppose you'd be invisible*, Doc thought dubiously, *but I'd want mighty big towels in here.*

He went into the kitchen unhappily. Les Wade, a small, aggressive man, was running a hand polisher lovingly over bright birch paneling. To Doc, the kitchen looked like a den, just as the dining room had looked like a kitchen. Les shut off the polisher. His quick look of fear gave way to a synthetic grin.

"Hi, Doc!" he said jovially. "Say, when you going to let me build the retaining walls for that lawn?"

"Now you wait a minute, Les," said Doc. "How much have you got tied up in this place now?"

"Oh, around fifty-four thousand."

"You said you'd bring it in for fifty thousand. How much do you expect to get for it?"

Les took off his dusty hat, with a flat carpenter's pencil in it, to scratch his bald head. "I planned to ask sixty-five thousand, but it ran me more than I figgered. Them architects always mislead you! Now I'll have to get seventy or seventy-five thousand."

"Don't blame the architect. You know how to figure a set of plans. You could have built ten houses for what you've got in this. Les, what got into you?"

"Doc, for once in my life I wanted to build a house the way one should be built, that's all. There's nothing in this house that I'd do different. It's perfect. This is my—well, my sort of masterpiece."

Doc did not want to hurt him. "Fine, Les; fine! But why didn't you build one that would sell? You haven't had a single offer on this place, have you?"

"Well, business is sort of slow lately."

"Other houses are selling. I'm afraid it's no longer a question of financing your masonry. I'm out on this limb with you, and I've let it drag on so long that I'm to the point where I'll have to salvage what I can for both of us."

Les squinted at him, his hard blue eyes glittering. "You'd break me," he snarled, "for thirty thousand stinking dollars!"

"It's closer to forty," Doc reminded him.

"Doc, didn't you ever want to do something so much that nothing else was any good until you'd done it?" Les pleaded. "But no, of course not! You're a banker, and bankers don't want nothing except their dough on time."

"Once," said Doc, "I wanted to be a doctor. I know your feeling, but you just built the wrong house."

"I did? Come here, you bullheaded old reactionary! Let me show you about this house."

Because he knew he was in the wrong, Les was more aggressive than usual. When he shouted, he was trying to convince himself as much as Doc. Doc put up with it, knowing a man had to get it out of his system.

"Look at them appliances!" Les said, in the dining room. "Think of the late suppers young wives give, long after old fogies like you are in bed. Your trouble, Doc, is that you're an old man. This is a house for a young woman. Now let's go into the master bedroom. . . . Look at them planters! My stonemason was an Italian from the old country. The quality work he does, he could build planters for the Pope. Now this knob, it lets down the guest bed."

"I saw it," Doc admitted.

"Oh, you did? Now, here's the bath."

"I saw that too."

"And you don't like it?" Les said incredulously.

Doc threw up his hands. "Les, it just doesn't look like a bathroom to me. People want a thing to look like what it's supposed to be."

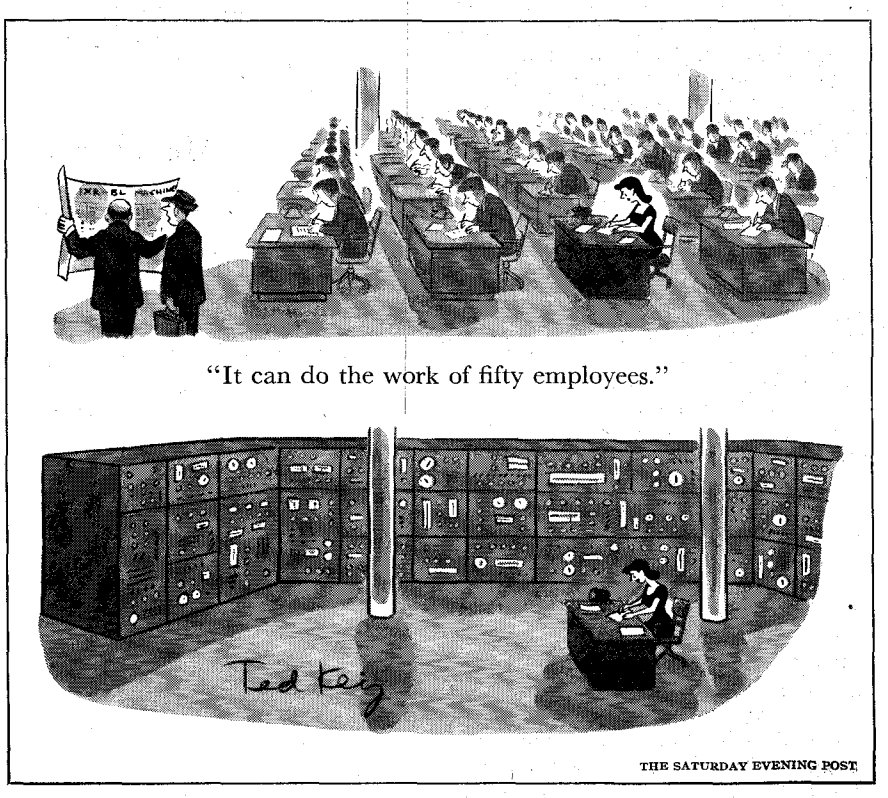
Les' eyes were full of hopeless fury—fear too. He groped for words. He said explosively, "I went at this all wrong! You got to see this place from the front door first! Come here, Doc; let's start over!"

Doc followed, sick at heart. He had never realized it meant so much to Les, the poor devil.

The poor devil stopped at the front door and made Doc turn to face the living room. Some of Les' faith in the house seemed to come back to him.

"That flagstone keeps dirt off your rugs, but the important thing is, it makes this what women call a hospitable house. Look how it leads you right to the heart of the house! Try to picture a young woman there at the fireplace, Doc, welcoming her guests."

"A rich young woman," Doc amended thoughtfully. "I'm afraid only old folks



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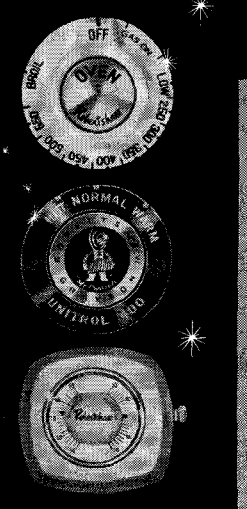

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can afford this place, and it's just too jazzy for them."

Les crumpled. He simply had not thought of how few young people could afford to pay seventy thousand for a house. But Doc did not notice. He was looking across the room, imagining a woman there at the fireplace. She was smiling and holding out her hands to someone who was going down that absurd flagstone sidewalk, and it made everything in the house suddenly different.

It was still a reckless house, but gay too. Pretty dramatic, but this was a dramatic woman. Still jazzy, but a man who married a girl nineteen years his junior was going to have to change some of his ideas anyway.

All his life, Doc Charters had been a patient man. He took one long, impatient look around him, and everywhere he saw Barbara Compton.

"Les," he said, "for seventy thousand dollars, how soon can you have it finished?"

The last he saw of Les, he was bouncing away in his truck, to find his mason and order out his stone. Then the reaction set in. *I've lost my mind,* Doc thought. *She won't have me. She won't like the house.*

He thought of Ben, wanting Ben to be the first to know. Ben had wanted to see him anyway, and Ben had a lot of common sense about women. Ben would reassure him. "Of course, she'll have you. Of course, she'll like the house," Ben would say.

Ben was a pediatrician. His waiting room, when Doc got there, was filled with crying children, but the nurse took Doc straight in.

"Diphtheria boosters," Ben said. "The coolie work of a medical practice. Did Nancy call you?"

Doc looked with pleasure at this son of his, this doctor, this man he admired. "Yes, she called," he said absently, "but I didn't have time to talk to her."

"Well, I may as well prepare you—Nancy wants a loan. She wants to go into business."

"Business? I thought one of these days you two were going to start having a family."

"That's just it. Nancy's pregnant, and she swears she isn't going to become just another reproductive machine. Says if she doesn't find something creative to do now, she never will. I'm not too happy about it, but she's probably right. Why should a gifted girl like her be assigned only a passive biological function? I don't want to be old-fashioned about it."

"No," said Doc, "we mustn't be old-fashioned. What sort of business does she have in mind?"

"She wants to go partners with Barbara Compton."

Doc suddenly felt numb, and sick, and very, very old. He was grateful that Ben had looked down to study some kid's medical record, giving him time to control his face. A man did not want his son to see him looking the way Doc felt now.

He knew now why Nancy had thrown him at Barbara, and why Barbara had been so sweet to an old fool of fifty-four. Not that he blamed either of them. Men who wanted a loan were nice to the banker, too, and no one held it against them. What right had he to resent Nancy and Barbara ganging up on him in a legitimate business deal?

"Oh?" he said calmly. "How does she propose to help run a business and raise a baby too?"

Ben looked up from the chart. "Oh, it can be done, and she can prove it! She says Barbara has style sense, but not executive ability. Lord knows Nancy has plenty of that!" Ben smiled ruefully. "She'll get her system in before she's confined. Once she's got it organized, she swears her half of the work will take only part of her day—two or three hours some days, five or six others. She promises it will never interfere with raising the baby, and, dad, I'm inclined to believe her."

In the waiting room, the children kept crying. To them, the smell of a doctor's office meant sharp needles and terror. To Doc, it had been holy incense, but from this moment on it would recall the humiliating end of the finest and most foolish dream that he had ever dreamed. And Doc Charters had dreamed some dandies.

If only she hadn't asked to be kissed! Doc thought with vindictive male pleasure of how Barbara would look when he said no. So she thought she could make a sucker out of him, did she?

A habit of fairness cultivated in thirty years in the bank came to his rescue. A deal was either good or bad, and this one was as sound as municipal bonds. Because he was the man he was—plain, small-townish, unimaginative and dull—he could not do it. He could not turn them down just to indulge his own vanity.

"Tell Nancy to come see me and we'll work something out, son," he said. "Sounds O.K. to me."

"Then you don't think she's just vooming off on some nitwit feminine tangent?"

"Of course not! They'll make a good team." Doc decided to change the subject. "When do you expect the baby?"

"Early in May."

"If it's a boy, don't name it Elwood, for heaven's sake. That's an awful handicap to grow up with."

Not until he got back to the bank did Doc remember that he owned a jazzy seventy-thousand-dollar house that had already proved itself a drug on the market. It was Mrs. Shire who reminded him. The bank's lawyers had called again about the Wade foreclosure, she said pointedly.

"It's off," Doc said, slumping into his chair.

"You mean he paid up? Where'd he get the money?"

"I bought the house myself," Doc sighed. He fished a crumpled document from his pocket and leaned over to hand it to her. "Here's the sales contract. Have the papers drawn up so Les can sign them tomorrow, will you? Pay off his note from my account, and stop the interest."

"How do you want title recorded?" she said dazedly.

"Just Elwood C. Charters, of course."

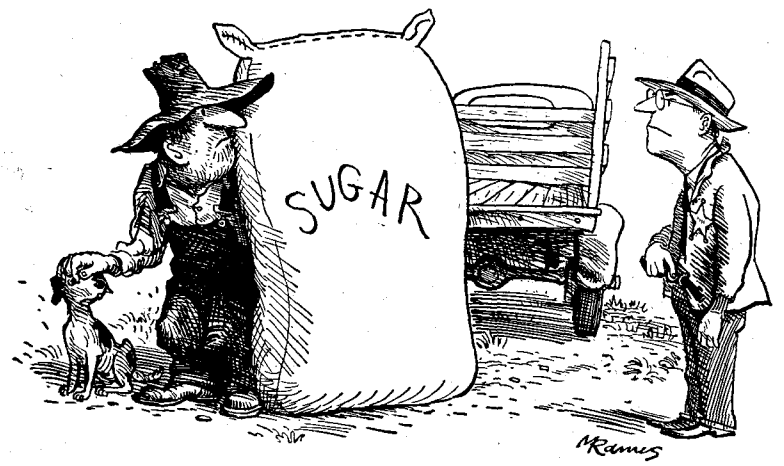
"Doc, what do you want with that hideous house?"

"An investment. Les is a good builder."

"Oh, the best," she agreed, "until now. You warned him, but he went ahead anyway, and now you're doing with your own money what your conscience won't let you do with the bank's. But one of these days you'll put your hand into your pocket and find it's empty!"

Doc did not answer. Mrs. Shire glared at him a moment, half fiercely, half fondly. She looked up at the mural over his head. "Uh—that picture! What a way to run a bank!" she said. "I like business to be more businesslike."

Her corsets applauded with a metallic creak as she turned her broad back and began typing. She was a hard woman on typewriters, especially when emotionally upset. A touch like a blacksmith shoeing horses.



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

As Zeke's regular job was hauling coal, the revenuers saw no reason for him to buy ten tons of sugar for himself. They saw even less reason for him to purchase it under a fictitious name eighty miles from his home town. So they arrested him for "possessing sugar intended for use in the illegal manufacture of whisky."

"Zeke, living in one of the biggest moonshine sections in the country, obviously bought the sugar to make whisky," the revenuers said. "He certainly couldn't put all of it in his coffee."

"It's no crime to buy sugar," Zeke retorted, "and what I bought it for is nobody's business but my own."

If you were the judge, would you jail Zeke?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Zeke was convicted. The court said he clearly must have bought the sugar for moonshining. "To hold otherwise," it added, "would be to close our eyes to facts which are susceptible of no other reasonable explanation."

Based upon a 1956 United States Court of Appeals decision.

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Doc leaned back and closed his eyes, trying not to see a young woman at a fireplace—a young woman in a young house. Inwardly he writhed—the president of the bank writhed—while the posting machines clacked and the small change chimed, and the business of the bank went on.

And yet, if he had it to do over again, he knew in his heart he would do it the same way. Those first meetings, just to oblige his daughter-in-law. Those sedate lunches with Barbara, talking over her loan. The evenings at her books, in the office behind the shop. Even the ride last night, and the kiss.

The house today—he would buy it too. To be old, and to suffer for having done such foolish things, was bad enough. But to be just plain old, incapable of feeling and pain—nothing could be worse than that!

"Elwood, may I come in?"

No one ever called him "Elwood"!

Doc opened his eyes and saw the woman he loved too much. He had told her a dozen times always to come right in, but she was just a little afraid of Mrs. Shire. She was hesitating there at the gate in the railing beside Mrs. Shire's desk, trying to ignore Mrs. Shire. And no one had ever been able to do that.

Barbara Compton had probably not been particularly pretty at seventeen. At thirty-five, she was beautiful. Small, yet all woman. Exquisitely dressed, as usual, but never overdressed. Always in a hurry, but somehow she never looked brisk or rushed or tense.

Serious brown eyes, too large for her morning-glory face. Fair hair that had had help from the pharmaceuticals, God bless them. Lips that did not smile easily, and that kissed with a questing frankness beyond the scope of seventeen.

Doc smiled his affable banker's smile as he stood up. "Come in, Barbara! Why the worried look, young lady?"

She had a right to look worried, but he understood, as he understood most people, and he still loved her.

Mrs. Shire opened the gate quickly. "Come in, dear. My, what a lovely hat! You're just too pretty to be a businesswoman," she said, and she meant every word of it.

Barbara came in and sat down in the chair at the end of Doc's desk—the Hot Squat, some irreverent borrower had named it. She crossed her distracting legs. She did not quite meet Doc's eyes.

"I've got to get back to work, but I had to see you, Elwood," she said, in her rather husky, breathless voice. "I'm at my wits' end. I've got to ask your help in something very, very personal. It involves Nancy, and I know how you feel about her."

"Oh?" Doc said carefully. "And just how do I feel about her?"

One of her rare smiles lit her adorable face. "Oh, you're absolutely fatuous about her, Elwood. She just twists you around her little finger." She leaned across the desk and put her hand on his arm. "But this time you've got to be on my side, because I'm right, and I know you'll agree with me—I know you will!"

Doc gave the hand a fatherly pat. "All right, now why don't we come to the point? Just what's wrong between you and Nancy?"

"She wants to buy a half interest in the shop!"

When she did not go on, Doc said, "I know. Ben told me about it. I think it's a great idea."

She gave him the strangest look, and snatched her hand from his arm. "Elwood!" she gasped.

"Certainly! Nancy is inexperienced, but frankly, I think she'll be a better manager than you. You stick to your merchandising! Let her hire the clerks, handle your credit and pay your bills. I'm not saying this as a doting father-in-law, Barbara. It's my considered judgment that the two of you ——"

"Elwood, you can't mean it!" she wailed. "It's mine! I built it, and no one can just walk in and pay me some money and take half of it away from me!"

Doc stared at her. "You mean you don't want to sell?" he said.

"Of course not!"

"Then why not tell her so?"

"Imagine telling Nancy that you don't want her for a partner!" Barbara cried. "Think how hurt she'd be! I just can't make myself do it. I thought maybe you would—well, you know—tell her it's not a very good investment—or something."

Her voice dwindled off. On her morning-glory face was the pink of embarrassment, the look of one who has asked something she had no right to ask. Doc's heart began to hammer, hammer, hammer, in rhythm to the clacking of the posting machines. He was, after all, pretty inexperienced with women. Did he want to risk getting hurt a second time, at his age?

He did. Her hand lay on the desk before him. He put his own over it. "Oh, come now! Nancy's an adult!" he said.

"But she's easily hurt, and I can't do it. Elwood, I just sit there like a chump and let her talk and talk and talk, and I can't make myself open my mouth!"

"Why not?" he said. "Because I love her? Because what hurts her might hurt me? Does it matter so much to you what her doting old father-in-law feels?"

The Sioux City meter reader had given Barbara a horror of affectation. She could not be coy. She had to be what she was. Back went her head. She did not take away her hand, but Doc felt it clench under his.

"Yes," she said simply.

And then he did not know how to go on. "Before you decide against Nancy," he said slowly, "I want to talk to you about something else. Today I bought a house. I hope you like it, because I bought it for you. It's a big house, and running it will take a lot of time. If your business means so much to you ——"

"Elwood, we can't talk here!" she murmured, with a warning nod toward Mrs. Shire.

He knew then, but what she saw in a stodgy old widower like himself he would never understand. "I was going to take you out there tonight and show you the place, and ask you to marry me, if you like it," he said. "I see no reason why we shouldn't go now, do you?"

"I'd love to," she said.

Mrs. Shire watched them go. Doc opened the gate in the railing for Barbara, smiling like a banker. Barbara behaved very circumspectly, like a businesswoman with a problem. But as they went out the door, she took Doc's arm, and as they went out of sight down the sidewalk, they were unconsciously keeping step.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Shire. "And she had to get back to the shop in such a hurry. Might as well do this over. He'll want to put her name on the deed now."

She ripped a paper out of the typewriter and searched in the drawer for another one. "It was bound to come," she sighed to herself, "but why does it have to be with someone who owes money to the bank? I like business to be businesslike."

She whirled her swivel chair suddenly, with a little startled shriek, and looked up at the huge, modern mural on the wall, where Cuauhtemoc, in his ritual feather robes, glared down at her with burning eyes. She was sure she had just heard the next-to-the-last romantic say, "Oh, shut up!"

THE END

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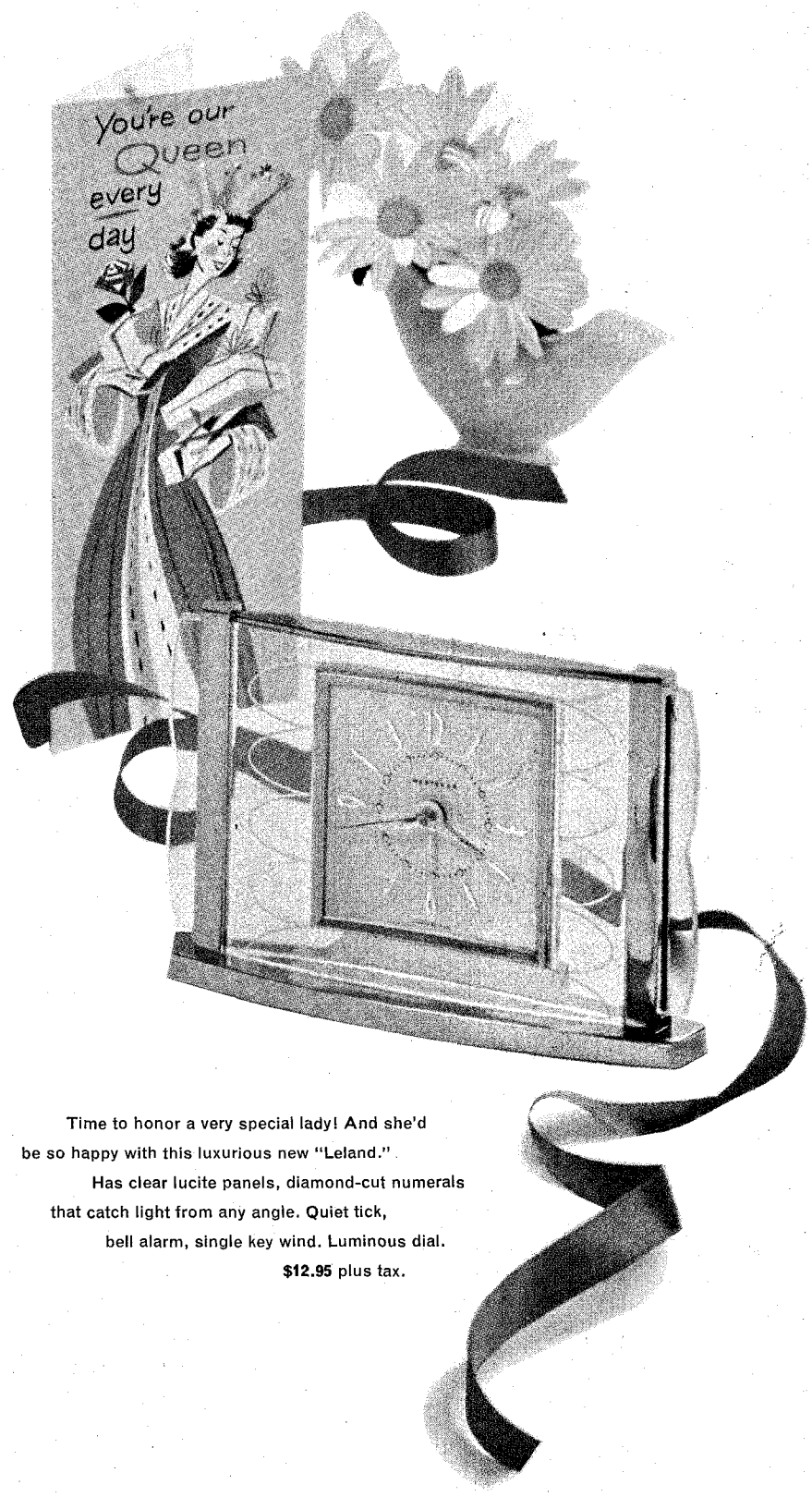

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Panic on the Runway (Continued from Page 35)

quarrel, and all of it had boiled down to only one thing: "Good-by."

Duke said, "Think I'll drop by the club and hoist a couple. How about you guys?"

Jerry shook his head. "I'm going to buzz on home. Eunice will have dinner ready, and maybe I can catch forty before I'm due back at the field."

"You, too, Mitch? Darn if I wouldn't invite myself home with you, if I thought Kay'd have some more of that spaghetti like she ——"

Out of the tail of his eye, Mitch saw the warning kick Jerry aimed at Duke's ankle, and he grinned sardonically.

"Don't break his leg, Jer! It takes the scuttlebutt a little longer to get around to the unmarried personnel."

Jerry said gloomily, "That's for sure! Eunice was bending my ear about you and Kay before I even got out of the sack this morning."

Duke demanded, "What about you and Kay?"

"She's left me."

"The hell!" He gaped stupidly. "But why? Not that it's any of my business, only I always thought you and Kay were—well, like happy!"

"She belongs," Mitch told him evenly, "to the school of thought which holds that if God had meant man to be jet-propelled, He'd have given him wings and a built-in tail pipe." He walked away toward his parked car, and Duke yelled after him, "Luck and all that! I sure wish I was going to be with you guys on the wind-up tonight!"

In at the kill, Mitch thought glumly; *that would be more like it. It was a tough fight, ma, and I think I lost.*

He ate supper at the PX cafeteria, picking disinterestedly at a plate of beef stew and wondering if he was feeling sorry for himself. What he felt mostly, he decided, was weariness, a premonition of failure—and loneliness. Without wanting to, he kept thinking about the first time he'd ever seen Kay.

It was in the officers' club at Stark AFB. Mitch sat at the bar and just rested. He was tired, and the atmosphere was vaguely comforting.

Suddenly he became quite alert. He hadn't seen Kay yet, he had never seen her, yet he'd swear he had known, somehow, that she was in the room. He turned to scan the crowd, and there she was, seated with some people whom he knew slightly. Mitch drank in every detail of her, the aura of quiet loveliness about her—and in that moment he knew he had taken a direct hit amidships.

She was at Stark visiting her brother and his family, and she expected to be there only two weeks, at the outside. Mitch spent those two weeks laying fast and furious siege to her heart.

Kay was no star-blinded sophomore who figured marriage to a set of brass buttons would be glamorous. She was a Regular Army brat, the daughter of a field-artillery colonel. Two of her brothers were AF, one a jet jockey. "I know what it's been like for my mother," she told Mitch, in that low, enchanting voice of hers. "And for my brothers' wives. I know what it was like for me, always bouncing from one Army post to another. I want my kids to have a real home, to go to one school and graduate from it with chums they've known all their lives. I want to put down roots, to belong somewhere."

"I love you," said Mitch. "Marry me. Then you'll belong with me." He knew that she was falling in love with him too; it was in the touch of her hands, the surrender in her eyes even when her voice kept saying, "Mitch, I can't!" A man has an advantage, armed with knowledge like that. Kay married him, and they had a wonderful, happy year together at Stark.

Why was it that only in looking back could he see that he had not been fair to her? *What the hell good is hindsight?* He pushed his stew away almost untouched. *All right,* he said in silent protest, *she knew I had turned down a career in aeronautical engineering. Maybe she kept hoping I'd go back to it, resign my commission, give up flying. But I never promised her I would; I never even hinted at it.*

The protest did not touch the core of his guilt. Kay had compromised with her own dislike for this life. His work as an instructor, at least, had been as stationary as could well be, under the circumstances; it was probably as permanent as he might wish it to be. The thing was, he had never really leveled with Kay about what he wanted. He had always known, he had been pointed in one direction since he was a kid in his teens. From the inception of Strategic Air Command, in the days of trundling B-29's and B-36's, he'd avidly read everything about it that he could get his hands on. By the time he got through aviation-cadet training, the Korean war was nearing its last phases. His application to SAC was turned down cold. Plenty of recalled reserves with experience under their belts were available just then.

"Get more practical experience," he was told when, on his return from a tour of duty as transport copilot in Korea, he protested orders assigning him to Stark as instructor of advanced cadets. "Experience level in SAC is high."

Well, there were few assignments where a man could build up flying time as quickly as in instructing, and he'd given it all he had. He was made captain shortly after becoming one of the youngest flight leaders in the wing, and now he was steadily zeroing in on his target. Soon he'd have minimum flying time for entry into the B-47 program as a potential aircraft commander. By now, he was sharing his hopes with Duke and Jerry.

Why hadn't he shared them with Kay too? At first, maybe he'd been afraid she wouldn't marry him at all, if she knew what sort of career he was really aiming for. Afterward—well, there'd been no point in worrying her with it until he found out what he could do.

When he had his minimum time in, the three lost no time in putting in a formal application for transfer. The C.O. called Mitch into his office to say, "I'm sure this application will be approved, but before I accept it, there's something I think you should know. Major Fellowes has been transferred to a Wing staff position and I've recommended you to replace him as squadron operations officer."

Operations for a year, transfer to Wing as staff officer, and after that, who knew? Staff and Command School, command assignments—safe, sound, sensible! He should wind up in no time flying a sleek, air-conditioned desk. "Sorry, sir," he said; "I appreciate it, but SAC's been my target for too long to pass up my chance at it, even for anything as good as this."

He had telephoned Kay to meet him at the club, and when she was there, across a table from him, looking small and lovely, he told her. At first he hadn't intended to let her know he had turned down a good, safe berth here, but looking into her dark eyes, feeling how much he loved her, he had wanted to lay it all on the line, not holding back anything.

She listened quietly until he had finished; then she asked, "Why SAC?" and he looked helplessly at her.

"It's hard to explain, honey, but it's what I want—what I've always wanted. SAC is—well, the heart of the whole Air Force, the guts, the striking power."

"The power," she said strangely. "The power and the glory, Mitch, is that it?" and he had known that she did not understand, at all.

That was the night, too, when he met Maj. Bradley J. Thomas for the first time. A B-47 was remaining overnight at Stark, and its crew drifted into the club. Mitch had a casual acquaintance with the copilot, a Major Glendon, and before the evening ended the crew wound up at their table: Glendon; the commander, Major Thomas, a big, heavy-jowled man; and their observer. SAC men, Mitch knew, had a tacit agreement not to discuss their work. With so many of their waking hours involving secret and top-secret materials and operations, a topic which one moment appeared innocent could develop, without warning, into a serious security violation. Their safety valve was in letting off steam in the form of gripes. Mitch could understand it, but it made him uncomfortable, because Kay listened absorbedly, asked sympathetic questions, and they let her have it straight. The long duty hours, the six- and seven-day weeks as compared to the five-day stint in other branches; the two- and three-day practice alerts with unbroken, around-the-clock duty; the family hardships, separations when individual crews or the entire wing would be away from home base on temporary duty. The tough row SAC wives had to hoe, alone and lonely much of the time, scared more often than not. Getting into mischief, some of them, just to break the monotony.

"Major"—Kay turned with sudden guilelessness to Glendon—"with your rank and experience, you must surely be qualified as an aircraft commander! How is it that you're still flying as a copilot?"

"My time may come yet," he said easily. "There's more involved in having your own crew than mere minimum requirements."

"If a pilot—say, like Mitch—were to transfer to SAC simply because he was qualified to be a commander, then it doesn't necessarily follow that he'd be assigned as one?"

Mitch could see, too late, where she was heading, and he stared angrily at her, but she refused to meet his glance.

Major Thomas made an amused sound. "I'd say it would be entirely unlikely."

"Why would you say that?" Mitch was unaware that he snapped at the major.

The latter turned, and his little smile died. "Are you considering a transfer?" he queried coolly, and Mitch said, "Frankly, yes."

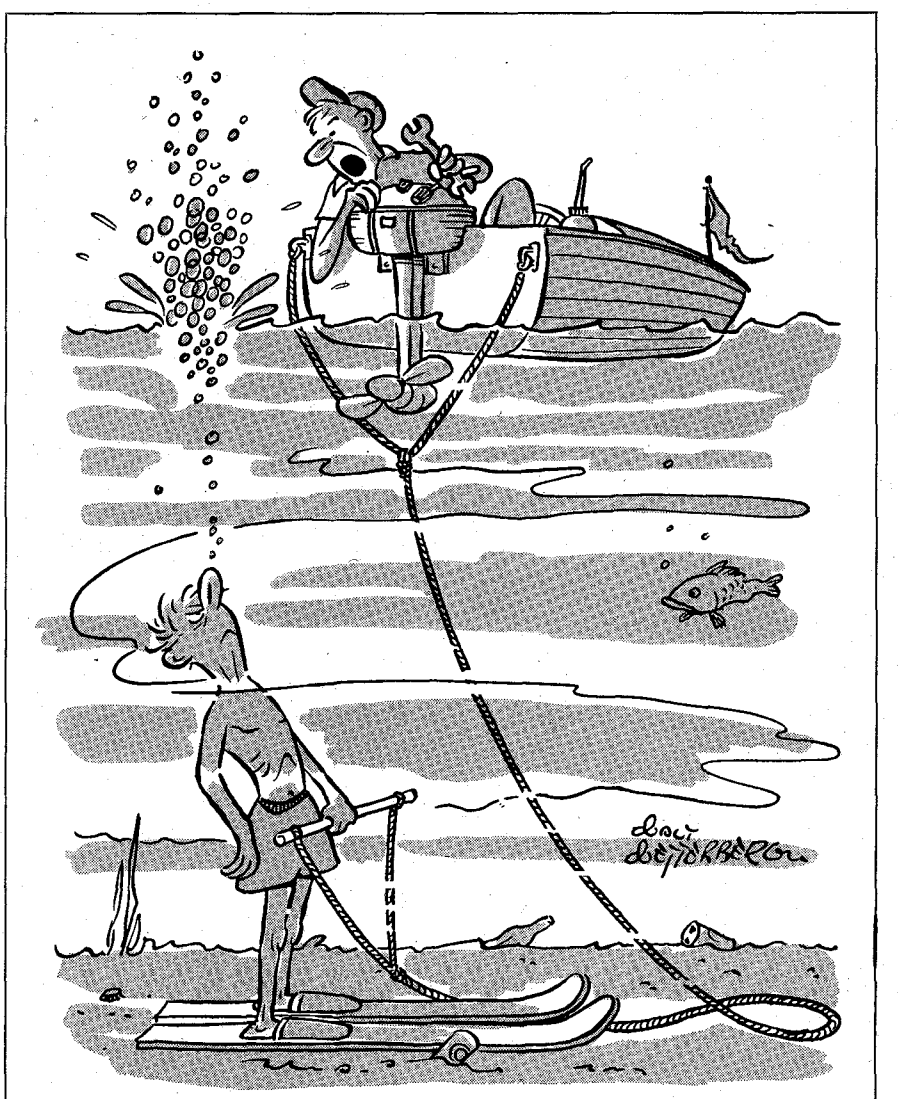
"Well, I'm afraid if your flying time has been primarily in trainers ——"

"What have trainers got to do with it? These aren't exactly Cubs we fly here!"

The major said patiently, "As Major Glendon has already pointed out, there is more to being aircraft commander than possessing minimum requirements. We work under maximum-performance conditions, and perfection is our standard, not our goal."

Mitch was liking him less all the time. A big, smug stuffed shirt with brass trim. "If that's so"—he knew he sounded hotly argumentative, and he didn't give a hang—"why aren't the minimum requirements raised?"

Thomas shrugged. "They're below the level actually required of the average pilot, because there are exceptional cases. You could be one of those, I suppose." His wry (*Continued on Page 90*)



"I am hurrying."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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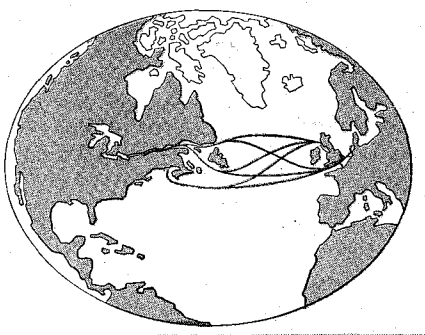
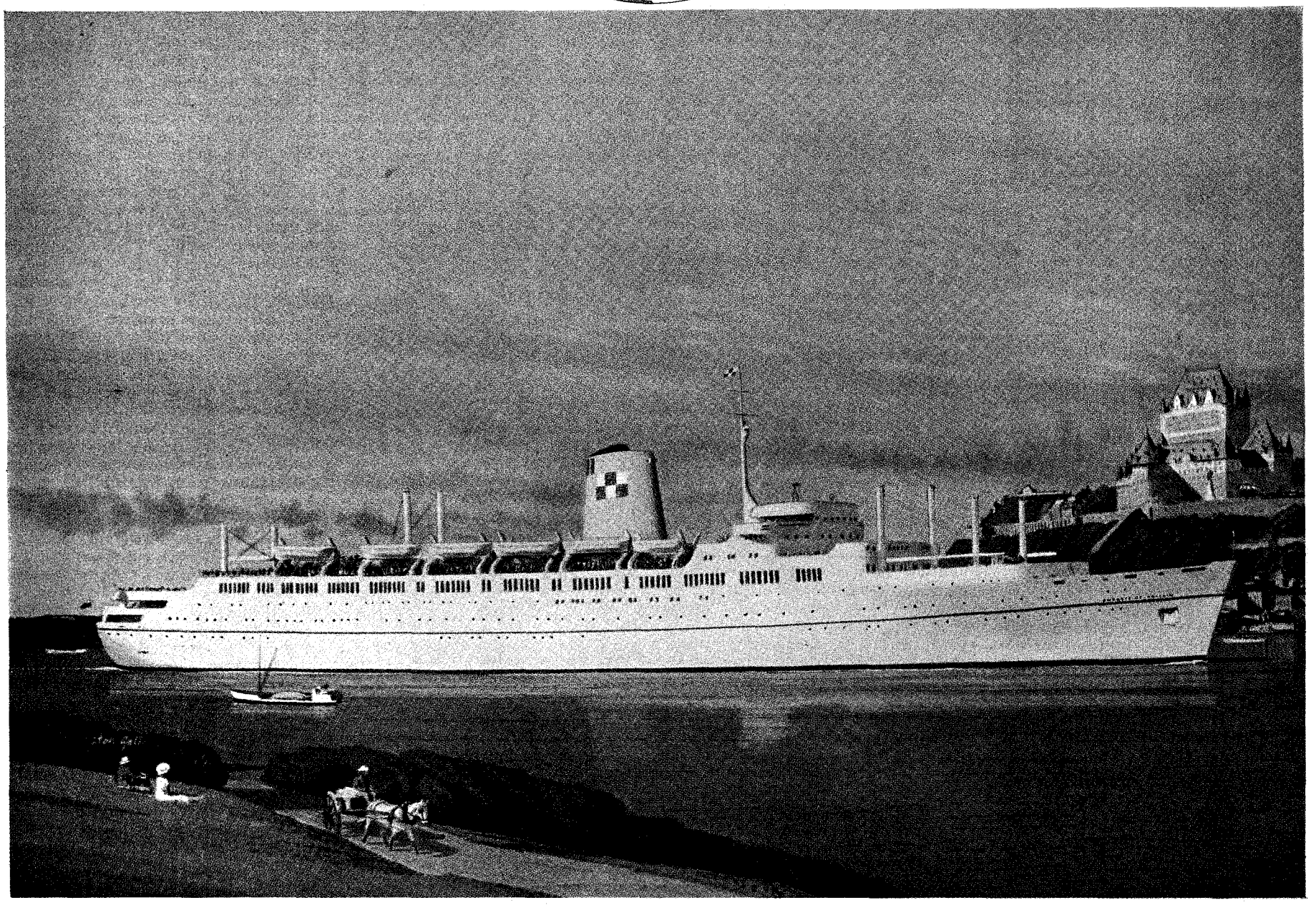
Canadian Pacific...  *by Sea...across the Atlantic*



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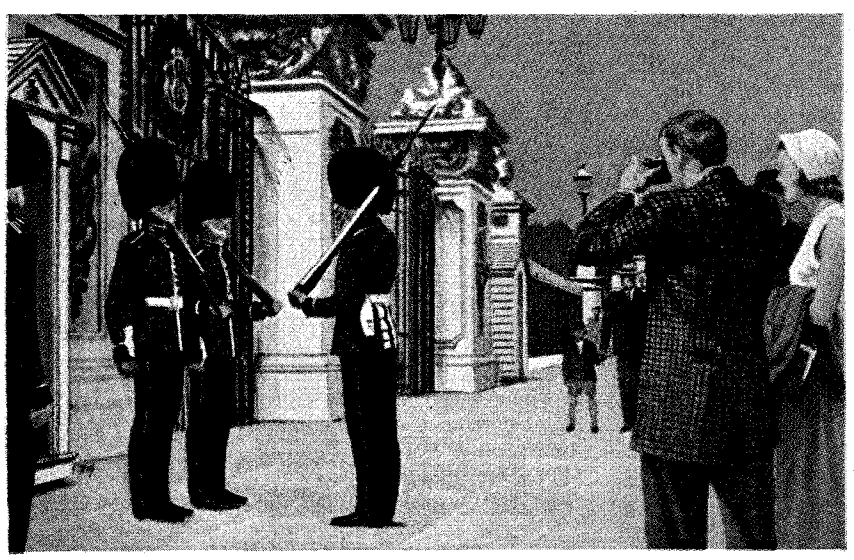

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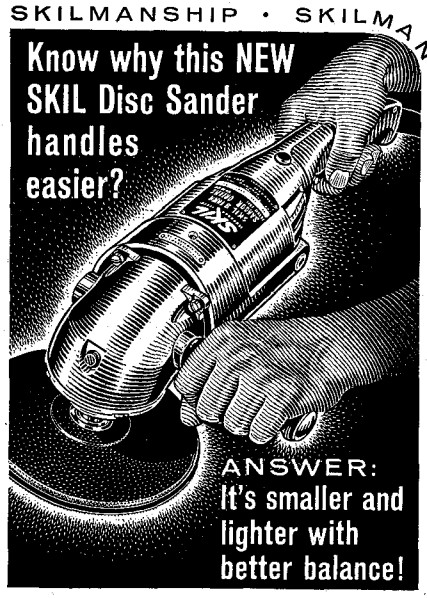

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(*Continued from Page 88*)

smile said that he doubted it like hell. "I know nothing of your personal ability, of course, but I do happen to be a wing stand-board pilot. I've checked out a lot of potential aircraft commanders, and I've yet to come across one of these 'exceptional' cases!"

For the first time, Mitch had been genuinely angry with Kay. On the way home, he said bitterly, "Thanks for the shining lack of faith you display in me! You don't think I could make it in SAC, do you? That's what you wanted the major to tell me!"

"Darling, I simply can't see it: your turning down an assured career opportunity for something so uncertain, being sent back to flying copilot if you should fail! I only wondered if you really understand what a rough go you're letting yourself in for."

Curtly, Mitch rejoined, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Kay, I'm no primary cadet! Give me credit for a little savvy of my own!" It had been their first quarrel, and they had patched it up after a fashion, but with neither of them really surrendering.

The transfer had been approved, as the C.O. predicted, and then the rat race had begun.

Colonel Van Ness, the squadron C.O., laid it on the line, the day the three of them signed in, ready for duty. "Gentlemen," he said in his hard clipped speech, "you are tentatively formed as Crew Eighty-two. I use the word 'tentatively' by design. A sharp crew can become fully operational in eight to ten months. However, in six months this wing is scheduled to depart for three months' temporary duty at an overseas base. Any crews not operational at that time will be disbanded and sent over as support personnel for the duration of the TDY. You have completed your SAC security course, so you know that nothing pertaining to operational plans may be discussed with anyone. Not even with your families." He seemed to be studying them closely. Then:

"I might add this: Normally, there'd be nothing to hinder you. You were rated highly, as officers, in your effectiveness reports from Training Command. Unfortunately, you'll be obliged to take a handicap in this element of time. If Captain Sprague were a bit older and more experienced, the time involved mightn't make so much difference, but under the circumstances—well, you may make it, anyway, although, to be perfectly frank with you, I doubt it. In any case, good luck!"

Duke and Jerry groused a little—"Now they tell us!"—but they refused to let their enthusiasm be dampened. Mitch had more difficulty in avoiding the dim view. He had expected the normal length of training in which to prove his ability, but the cards were stacked against him. Kay sensed the new uncertainty in him and tried despairingly to take advantage of it, growing wearily angry when he resisted.

"Refusal to admit defeat," she commented, "can be a virtue, I suppose, but in you, Mitch, I'm afraid it's a fault, because in you it's like a—a fear, a sort of frightened aggressiveness that won't let you turn back, even when you're up against the impossible!"

He said stubbornly, "Duke and Jerry think we can do it. I can't let them down."

"Duke and Jerry are grown men, with abilities of their own! They're not dependent on you!" She gazed at him for a moment, then she said helplessly, "It's just no good, is it, Mitch? You can't give it up."

It had been a rugged six months. He doubted if he and Kay had averaged an hour a day together. When he wasn't flight planning, or flying, there was constant schooling, long hours at night in the Flight Simulator, briefings at the Security Vault. When he was not scheduled for formal training, nights had to be milked dry of their fleeting hours in study at home. And always there was Maj. Bradley J. Thomas.

Mitch had all but forgotten what the major had said about being one of the standardization-board commanders, but his memory was quickly refreshed. Throughout the long, exhausting weeks of concentrated training, studying techniques until they became second nature, the major's shadow hovered constantly over Mitch, goading, riding. Occasionally he would append a routine comment with: "Save, of course, in *exceptional* cases," and his eyes would glint unpleasantly. At the weekly flying meetings, time was always devoted to hypothetical emergency procedures, and the major earmarked the toughest problems for Mitch, who had always managed to hold his own. Save once:

"Captain Sprague," said the cool, precise voice Mitch had come to detest, "on your take-off role you are five knots below maximum refusal speed. The fire-warning light comes on for Number Four engine, but there is no visible sign of fire. What action will you take?"

"Abort take-off, sir."

"Again on take-off role, you are five knots above maximum refusal. The co-pilot reports visual flame on Number Four. Will you abort your take-off?"

That was the time when overconfidence betrayed Mitch. Maximum refusal was that speed beyond which there would not be sufficient remaining runway on which to bring the craft to a stop. It would go plowing off the end of the strip, shearing off its gear in the soft earth, and coming to almost certain disaster. Mitch said, "I wouldn't abort above max refusal, sir. I'd shut down Number Four, notify the crew, and continue take-off." Then, with a feeling of rage, he recognized the trap almost the instant he tumbled into it. The major purred, "Do I understand correctly, captain, that you would never abort beyond maximum refusal?" and Mitch's face burned dully red.

"Sir, I overlooked an exception. An aft center of gravity, becoming apparent after max refusal is reached, would require that the take-off be aborted if it caused an uncontrollable nosing-up action. Major damage might be sustained by the aircraft, but to become airborne with such a condition could result in a fatal crash." He felt like a reciting schoolboy, and he was infuriated by the look in the older man's eyes.

The latter said dryly, "Very good, captain, but maybe now you can see my point that while exceptional flying ability is a help, you do not learn to make the split-second decisions often necessary, without years of experience to back you up. Your delay in making that decision might very well have cost your life, the lives of your crew and the aircraft. I believe I have pointed out to you before that there is no margin for error here!" For hours after that, Mitch's impotent rage had burned dully inside him.

Toward the end there had been the unhappy business of Kay and the baby. After an absence of nearly forty-eight hours, Mitch had arrived home to be told that Kay was in the hospital. Frightened out of his wits, he rushed there. Kay was sleeping, and they wouldn't let him see her, but the doctor reassured him, "She's going to be fine—although I'm sorry to have to tell you that she lost the baby. Of course, she was only three months along, and there's no permanent damage. She'll bear other children."

Mitch looked blankly at him. "Baby?" he said. "I didn't even know she was pregnant!" And when at length they had let him in to see her, he had knelt beside her bed, numb with shock. "Kay, honey, why didn't you tell me?"

She looked at him as if she did not really see him. "You were—busy," she murmured in a faraway voice. "We don't talk a great deal any more, do we? I suspect there are—many things we don't tell each other." She was withdrawn, remote, and he could not get through to her.

It was when she came home from the hospital, three days ago, that she had told him she was leaving. "I've got to get away by myself. Not just alone, but away! Somewhere there's nothing to remind me of you, so I can think this thing out."

Mitch said, almost humbly, "But you'll come back?"

"I don't know." She shook her dark head. "I—don't think so." And when he would have tried by tenderness, by argument, by physical nearness, to dissuade her, she burst out, "Don't pressure me, Mitch; it won't work this time! Maybe it seems to you that I'm letting you down, that I'm not interested in your future. It was our future I was concerned about, only there just doesn't seem to be one, not for us together. Nor any past, really. Maybe that's what we did wrong; we moved too quickly; we didn't give ourselves time to understand each other. I guess that's the thing about a—a whirlwind; it never steadies into a calm, safe breeze; it just stirs things up in a muddle and then—blows itself out."

All through the crew-co-ordination check flight, Mitch had been taut and edgy. When it was over, he encountered Major Thomas outside Operations. The major drawled, "Well, how did the critique go?" and Mitch said briefly, "We passed."

Major Thomas smiled thinly. "You mean the crew passed."

Mitch looked at him, blue eyes squinting a trifle. "Major Thomas, sir," he said evenly, "get the hell off my back!"

... ...

Oil Tanker

By Elizabeth Landeweer

With crude oil flooding into
maw,
The dockside tanker rolls
and drinks
Its gurgling cargo black
and raw,
While funnel rises, slowly
sinks,
And waves lap higher on
the hull,
Then staggering beneath a
load,
Scuppers awash and quota
full,
With one last swallow for
the road,
It gives a hoarse chest-
rattling cough
That echoes through the
fog and mist,
And like some bar fly wavers
off,
Outbound, and with a
portside list.

... ...

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So here it was, the whole dismal cycle complete, and Major Thomas riding check on the flight which would decide once and for all the fate of Crew 82. The whole thing, Mitch thought, was pretty funny—only, when he attempted to laugh, it didn't quite come off.

When he left the cafeteria, he still had twenty minutes to kill. He drove slowly back toward Operations. As he neared the end of the flight line, he halted at the road leading to the back gate, to wait for a string of buses to pass the intersection. They were overflowing with noisy kids, and Mitch recalled, vaguely, that he had seen posters about a picnic for base dependents being held this evening in a grove not far from here, down the back road.

Kay and I were going to have a kid. Funny, Mitch thought, staring somberly after the retreating buses, he didn't know anything about kids, he'd never paid much attention to them, but now, thinking about the one which would have been his and Kay's, he felt a sense of grieving loss. *I wish she'd told me.*

Major Thomas and Jerry Parsons came into the locker room while Mitch was changing to his flying clothes. They exchanged brief greetings and went out to the ship together. Preflight operational check was completed in a trifle less than the two hours allotted for it, and Mitch went alone to Base Operations to file clearance. He had a soda, timed himself to arrive back at board-aircraft scheduled time.

When all six jets were running smoothly and the pretaxi check list was completed, they taxied, on schedule, to the apron at the head of the runway, and Mitch's tension began to ease, absorbed as always by the singleness of purpose which flying brought him. In the cockpit behind him, Major Thomas had ceased to be anything but a competent copilot, reading the items on the check list. Mitch called the tower for clearance to take the runway, released the brakes and eased the throttles out of idle detent. The sleek monster glided smoothly onto the active runway, and Jerry's voice crackled in Mitch's earphones, "One minute to go."

Mitch moved the throttles, babied them up to a hundred per cent r.p.m. Jerry was calling off each ten seconds, to the final ten, then starting a count-down. "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . ." At his count of zero, Mitch intoned to the tower, "Zero-nine-two rolling."

"You're cleared for take-off, Zero-nine-two."

Slowly the heavy craft gathered momentum and the runway lights began to flash by more rapidly. "Line speed ninety-seven knots," droned the major's voice. On the air-speed indicator the hand was crawling past ninety-seven, and glancing out, Mitch saw the wide white stripe across the runway flash past. "Line speed checks!" Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a string of lights ahead and slightly to his left. With senses alert for anything unusual, he glanced quickly at the lights a second time, then dismissed them. They were only the buses on the back road, returning from the picnic grounds.

"Max refusal speed one-eighteen!" called the major. "Coming up—now!"

Mitch turned his full attention to keeping the wings level and the nose of the speeding craft pointed straight down the runway—and then a thrill of alarm jolted through him. The nose of the ship was rising off the runway. His glance darted to the trim-tab indicator. Two degrees nose-down, just as it should be. *What the hell* ——

He applied forward pressure to the control column, but the nose continued to rise. There was obviously a severe aft center of gravity, and cursing savagely beneath his breath, Mitch reached for the throttles, seeing the bright red lights marking the end of the runway coming at him with sickening speed. He saw something else too—the string of picnic buses, not moving now, parked on the back road, directly in the path of the hurtling jet! He could guess what was happening—indulgent drivers permitting the kids to spill out onto the roadway to watch the big jet take off. Only it wouldn't take off; it would come screaming across the remaining space and crash into their midst, a murderous holocaust, spewing death.

Instead of chopping the throttles, Mitch dropped his hand to the trim wheel and rolled in full forward trim. From behind him, unable to see the buses, but fully aware of the dangerous center-of-gravity condition, the major shouted, "What are you doing, you idiot! Abort your take-off, Sprague!"

"We're continuing take-off!" Mitch snapped back. "Stand by the gear!" With full forward trim, and every ounce of his strength exerted against the control column, the nose was dropping reluctantly toward a normal attitude, and hope flickered in Mitch. *We might just have a chance.* Raising the landing gear would move the center of gravity forward. If he could only control until the gear was up, once they were airborne —— *Only if I can't hold the nose close to normal attitude, the airspeed will drop below stalling.* With the nose still a trifle higher than normal, the big ship fairly leaped into the air as it reached unstick speed. "Gear up!" Mitch shouted. He hunched his shoulders forward and brought all his desperate strength to bear on the column. The wings were wallowing dangerously, responding sluggishly to control action while the airspeed hovered only a few knots above stalling speed. Mitch felt the shuddering action of the gear motors going into operation. It would take twenty-five seconds for them to retract fully—the longest twenty-five seconds Mitch Sprague would ever live through. The needle on the indicator continued to oscillate gently a few precious knots above stalling speed.

Mitch felt the jolt in the seat of his pants as the heavy gear thudded into the uplocks. "Flaps up," he said, with a kind of drained, weary relief. The airspeed needle took heart and swung boldly away from its dangerous position, and when it reached normal climb speed, Mitch eased

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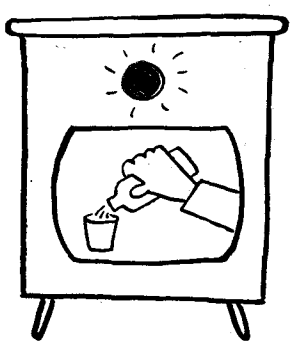

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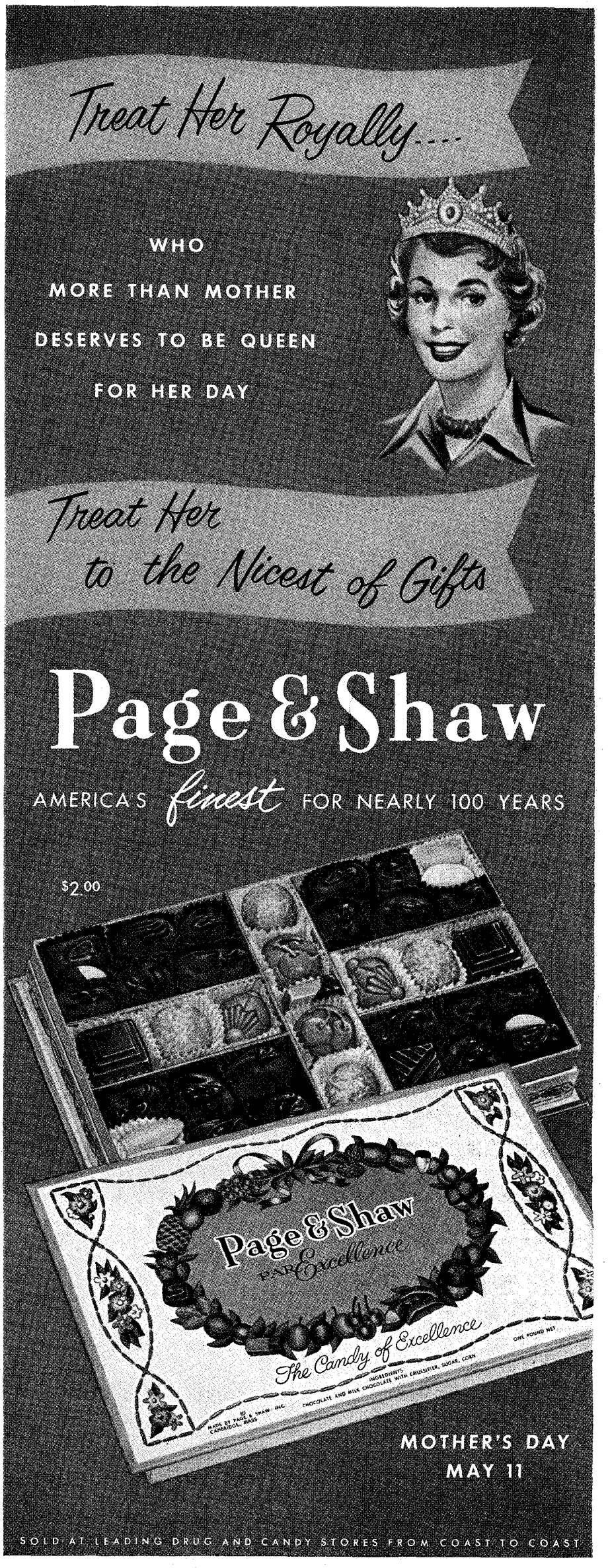

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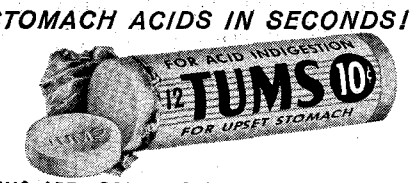

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the throttles back to ninety-six per cent r.p.m. "Oh, God!" said Mitch, on a long, let-out breath, and he could not have said whether it was a curse or a prayer of gratitude.

In the rear cockpit, now, there was ominous silence. The major would be sitting there doing a burn over Mitch's refusal to abort take-off, as ordered, because from his position he could not possibly have seen the buses. Not that it mattered. Even if he agreed that the split-second decision was a correct one, it would save no heads. A crew that couldn't preflight its own plane efficiently enough even to get it off the ground could expect short shrift indeed from Maj. Bradley J. Thomas.

Puzzledly, Mitch's glance raked the instrument panel. What had gone wrong? The center of gravity was now within the range controlled by the trim tabs. What possible explanation was there for the dangerous take-off condition which had sent the craft out of control? Whatever it was, Major Thomas would be the happiest kid on the block tonight, and Crew 82 was now Crew D-82, D-for-Dead! *The hell with it*, Mitch thought, *and the hell with Major Thomas.* He felt like bawling.

They remained aloft, in the local area, for two hours, burning off fuel so their gross weight would be within safe-landing range. After a little, Major Thomas unlimbered his tongue. For long moments he spoke with scathing eloquence into the interphone, and Mitch listened in almost disinterested silence.

What was it Kay had said about him—his "refusal to admit defeat"? *O.K., baby, here's how it is with me. I'm tasting it now, I'm eating it—great gobs of defeat without salt or pepper.*

Mitch and Jerry walked silently together out of the debriefing room where they had completed the routine flight forms. The major had stayed at the aircraft after they touched down, with the flying safety investigation team which had met them on the ramp. Now, as they walked through the crisp night toward the locker room, Jerry tried for the light touch. "That was an interesting tour you took us on. I enjoyed it ever so!" and Mitch said sourly, "My pleasure!"

"Well, as Duke would say, that's how the mop flops sometimes, dad!"

"Yeah."

"I don't get it!" Jerry's tone turned aggrieved. "I'll swear we didn't miss a check point on the preflight." Someone was hailing them.

Turning, they saw Major Thomas striding toward them, calling, "I'd like a word with you, Captain Sprague."

Go fly yourself around the moon. Mitch felt all the muscles of his face tightening up. "What do you need from me, major? You were there; you know what happened. I ignored standard operating procedures. Why not leave it at that? Put it all down in your report that I'm completely unqualified for aircraft command!"

The major said mildly, "Don't shout at me, Sprague! My audio equipment works perfectly! Who said anything about procedures? The first page in the book says the commander makes the decisions—and as for my report, I can hardly make that until we fly the rest of the mission—which we'll do tomorrow, by the way. As to your qualifications, I'm not in much doubt of them."

Mitch stared at him. "Odd, sir. I'd have said you were."

The major's eyes glinted. "It's difficult to like a man, captain, who wears a chip on his shoulder. That's neither here nor there. We had a time element involved, but you were rated 'exceptional,' and that made you worth trying for, because we need exceptional men. My job is to make good crews, not break them. Tell me, would you have worked quite so hard against the odds, d'you think, if I'd—stayed off your back?" Without awaiting a reply, he added abruptly, "The tower officer told me about the buses. Why didn't you?"

Mitch was looking a trifle dazed. "I'm not sure. You were doing all the talking, sir, and it didn't seem to me you were in any mood for excuses, so I decided it wasn't that important."

"Oh?" The major gazed thoughtfully at him. "Well, it seems quite important to me. You see, my kids were on one of those buses." There was an awkward little silence. The major broke it to say, "Oh, one other thing! About our take-off condition."

"Yes, sir?"

"We were carrying fuel in the bomb-bay tank. That was what caused the aft center of gravity."

Mitch looked blankly at him. "But I don't understand ——" The bomb-bay tanks were normally empty, save on long-range flights where reserve fuel was required.

The major said grimly, "Some nincompoop in Maintenance will catch bloody hell for filling that tank! The bomb-bay gauge was disconnected on Empty, so there was no way your crew could have detected the error until the plane was in motion." He gave Mitch and Jerry his thin smile. "I thought you'd like to know that tonight, so you wouldn't lose any sleep over it. Good night, captain. Lieutenant."

They saluted in unison. The major touched his cap briefly and strode away. Jerry watched him out of sight and drawled bemusedly, "You know, he's not such a bad guy, when you come to think about it. Now, is he?"

Mitch grinned faintly. "Don't rush me," he said. "I'm thinking about it."

Their regular flight gate was locked after midnight, so they had to leave the flight line through Base Operations. In the brightly lighted foyer, Mitch came to an abrupt halt. Duke Halloran was sprawled in one of the lounge chairs, asleep, and beside him, looking pale and weary, was Kay, her glance watchful on the door which led to the flight line. When she saw Mitch she arose and came to him.

"I'm back," she said, and drew a deep breath. "I didn't go away, really—not far. Only to my brother's house. He wasn't very glad to see me, I'm afraid. He said I had run out on you just when you were beginning the most important step of your career; that I'd been around the service long enough to know there are some things a man just can't compromise. Mitch, all I know is that I've missed you. I began to realize that I'd rather have you belong to me only now and then than—never at all."

Mitch looked at her, his love, his need for her, fanning through him like a flame. Kay said levelly, "I guess I just—just grew up, darling. I knew that a home and all the rest of it wasn't what I wanted most, not unless you were going to be somewhere around. I needed so terribly, all of a sudden, to talk to you, and I went to the club on the chance you might be there. You weren't, but Duke was, and we talked, and then he brought me here to wait for you."

"I guess we both had some growing up to do, baby," Mitch told her. "I know now that it wasn't fair of me to expect you to understand a dream I hadn't even shared with you or to let you feel so shut out and forgotten that you couldn't share yours with me. I wanted to tell you that. I wanted to tell you a lot of things, but I was afraid I'd waited too long."

They stood gazing deep into each other's eyes, and at Mitch's shoulder Jerry gave a discreet little cough. Kay looked blankly at him; then she gasped contritely, "Oh, Jerry, I'm sorry! I've embarrassed you!"

Jerry fidgeted and grinned shyly. "Don't you worry about that. I'm just mighty proud, for both your sakes, that you aborted your take-off, ma'am." Then, confounded by his own florid choice of phrases, he blushed violently.

They aroused the protesting Duke from his blissful slumber and herded him out into the night. On the way to the parking lot, Jerry gave him a brief, excited run-down on the evening's events, and Duke, fully awake now, gazed admiringly at his commander.

"You are the one, dad," he said, raptly. "Man, you are the one!"

Mitch disclaimed it modestly, "Shucks, it was nothing any exceptional genius couldn't have done," and the laughter of the four trailed after them in the quiet night.

THE END

"Darling, I have a surprise for you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Widow's Kid (Continued from Page 30)

She did her husband proud, serving fried chicken that looked as if it had come straight from a magazine ad, Green Mountain spuds mashed so they billowed like thunderhead clouds, and peas that needed no soda to make them shine. She stuffed Hadrada with apple pie till his belt was creaking; herself trim and pretty with her brown eyes and curly brown hair, her blue-and-white polka-dot dress setting off a mighty fine figure. But she made no move to correct Mervin's sauciness or his table manners, which would have shamed a pig.

Hadrada shoved back at last with a groan of pure content, and reached for his jacket, which he'd shed.

"They told me your missus was cute as a trout, Yo," he rumbled. "Now I find she's a highball cook to boot." His round face shone like a harvest moon as, chuckling, he worked packages from bulging pockets. "Gifts for all!" Bill Hadrada cried. "Something for everyone!"

For Isabelle, he'd brought matched abalone shells on yew-wood bases, their insides polished so they glowed like scoops from a sunset sky. For Joe, spring-salmon spoons of his own making—fish-killers you couldn't buy at any outfitter's. Lastly for Mervin, a pukka knife with silver horsehead pommel and birchbark haft.

"Here, boy," he said to Mervin. "You can shave with this when you got something to shave."

He laughed loud at his own joke, but Isabelle didn't crack a smile, and young Mervin only twisted the corner of his mouth. "It'll do to peel potatoes," he said, and ran his thumb along the edge.

A red line seeped through the sliced skin. His mother rose up with a little gasp.

"Oh, darling," she said, "you've cut yourself!" And to Hadrada, smooth and cold as pond ice, "It's very kind of you. But really, I don't think that thing is a fit toy for a child."

Bill Hadrada, he sat looking hurt and bewildered. "The cut's nothing," Joe Beckett said quickly, to ease the strain.... "You go tie a rag around it, Mervin."

Isabelle gave him a tight-lipped look, then led her lamb away.

"I'm sorry, Yo," Hadrada said. "Me, I ain't had much to do with kids, I guess."

"Forget it," Joe urged him. "It's just that Belle's real fond of the boy." He got up and fetched glasses and a bottle from the sideboard—aquavit he'd been saving for when Hadrada should call by. When Isabelle returned, she acted as if nothing had happened, but Hadrada wasn't long in taking his leave.

"You're staying the night, Bill," Joe protested as his old partner pulled on his jacket. "We count on it."

Isabelle didn't support him, though, and Hadrada clumped toward the front hall. He said, a lot too politely, "Thanks, Mrs. Beckett. Wish I could be around to help eat that humpbacked salmon I brought you, but I got to get north while the weather lasts." He summoned a smile of sorts. "If your white sauce is a match for the rest of your grub, that humpy'll be a proper feast."

Mervin scowled from the window seat where he was fiddling with his overdue government-correspondence-school homework. He had a fat white bandage on his thumb, and he spoke loud and clear, "She won't cook it for us, dopey. We don't like fish, ma and me. It'll go to the hogs."

Joe stiffened, feeling the heat leap to his cheeks. "You little weasel!" he burst out—and it was the first time he'd ever loosed his anger on the boy. "You get straight to your room and bed!"

Hadrada said woodenly from the doorway, "No need to walk me down, Yo." He turned the knob, but before he could head for his dinghy, Isabelle was there beside him.

"Perhaps you'll take this with you, Mr. Hadrada," she said with a tight smile, and set the sheathed pukka in his hand.

The door closed. Joe looked at his wife and she at him, and though they'd never quarreled in half a year of marriage, the gale signals were flying.

"You've shamed me, Isabelle," Joe Beckett said in a hard and quiet voice. He didn't wait for her answer, but hurried out to the night.

He caught Hadrada up as the big man was loosing his dinghy. "Bill, hold it," he begged. "Don't go off sore like that."

"I ain't sore at you," Hadrada said. "Sorry for you, kind of, Yo. The boys told me how it was, but I figured—well, hell, you and me fishing so long together ——"

"Look," Joe said. "There's a thing I want to make you understand." Two loyalties tore at him; he'd as soon lose his right hand as Hadrada's friendship, but he'd never thought to discuss his wife's failings with anyone. "It's not that Belle dislikes you personal, or any other fisherman. She's just scared. All the time worried I'll go back to the trolling."

"Maybe you ought to," Hadrada said, and dropped his dinghy painter inboard.

Joe's tongue stumbled on, "Her dad was a trollerman, Bill—old Chase-Along Mavity that never could stay in one place long enough to make it pay. After he drowned off the Raggeds she had to quit school and support the family. Then, soon as her kid brother was old enough for a license, he set off in a skiff to be a handliner and was lost first gale. So she up and married this farmer, her hardly more'n a kid herself."

Hadrada said heavily, "You was a trollerman, Yo. Yet when her farmer was took, she snagged you. It don't make sense."

"Don't to me either," Joe said. "But I'm right glad she did." And he meant it, too, with all his heart. "She's a fine wife, Bill. So good I hardly miss the fishing. I've got solid work, roots put down in a place I like ——"

"Also," Hadrada said, "you got Mervin."

"Yes, Mervin. That takes some savvying too. Only friend the poor little runt has is one of these pen pals, as they call them, belongs to a gang down in the city that spend their time raising assorted hell. They've made Mervin a member, but they can't supply anybody for him to play tough with. So I figure he practices on me and such few callers as we get."

"Well," Hadrada said, "you carry a cure for that." He was losing his offended stiffness, and Joe's heart lightened to hear him. "Maybe you wear bib overalls like a hayfoot, Yo, but you still own a belt, don't you? Wake up and use it!" His boots squealed and his voice boomed louder still, "Yo, believe me, I have caught sharks I liked better than that—that ——"

But he didn't get to finish. A drift chunk came whirring out of the darkness across the creek and smacked him full in his ribs. Joe heard a rustle in the grass and a laugh as shrill as a kingfisher's.

Hadrada shook his beefy shoulders, his voice a tearing growl, "Out of my way! I'll catch that devil and do what you should of done long past!" He bulled forward, bawling his rage.

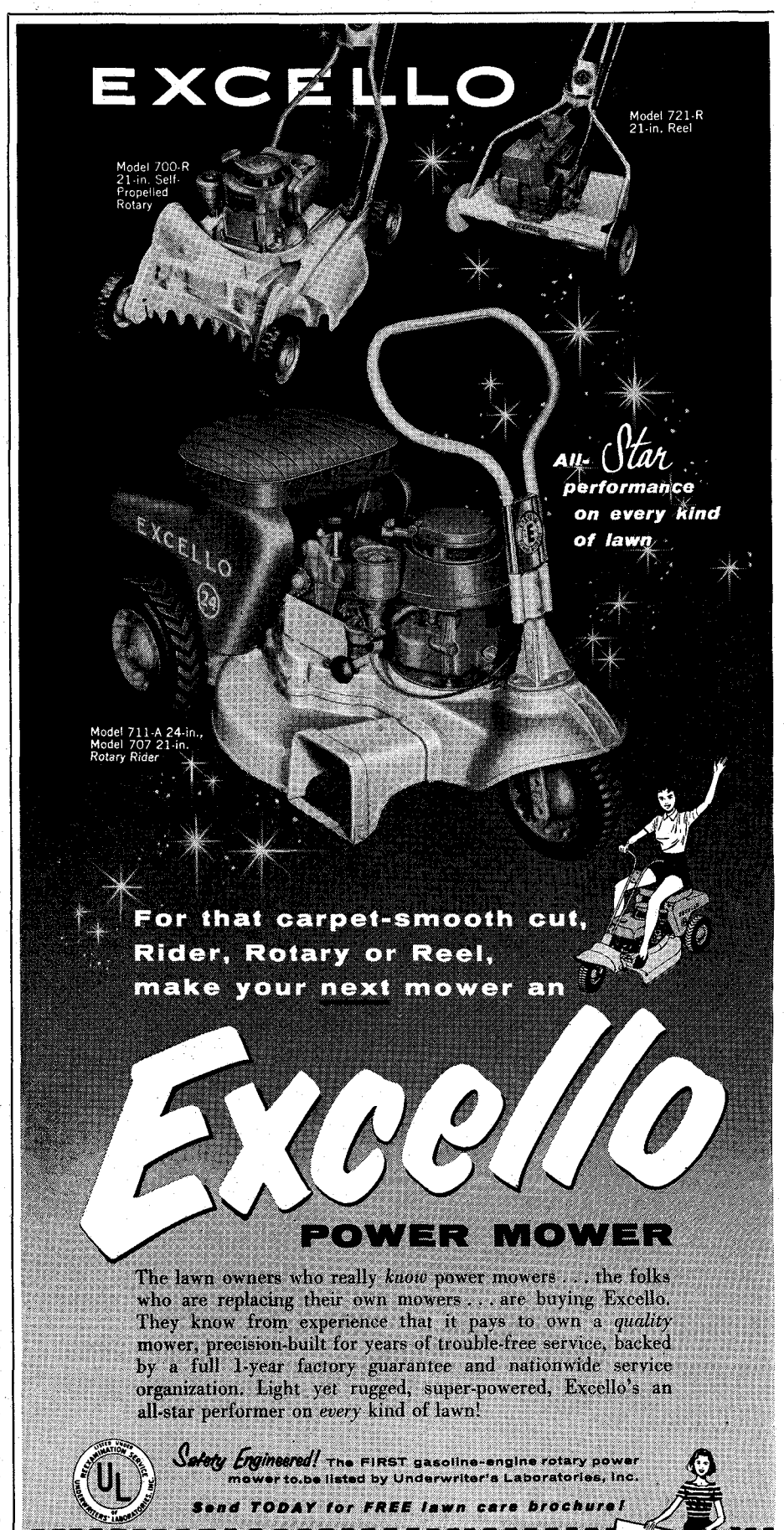
"Hold it," Joe pleaded. "Bill, listen! You leave him to me!" He was shocked through by what his stepson had done—sneaking after them from the house, letting fly with the chunk—but he couldn't abide the notion of Mervin being licked by another man.

"Lay off, I tell you!" he warned hoarsely, and when Hadrada made to sweep him aside, did the only thing left to do. He uncoiled one fist into his friend's belly and laid his other against Hadrada's jaw so hard the big man landed sitting.

"Sorry, Bill," he mumbled. He knew, distractedly, that Isabelle had come down from the house and was tugging at his arm, her voice strained and frightened in his ear. But he threw her hand off and plunged into the creek and across it, his long patience snapped at last.

Striding through the pasture, Isabelle hurrying after him, he heard an engine cough and catch, then settle to its chesty beat as Hadrada took Skyliner out. He'd lost his best friend for sure now, the man who'd rescued him as a busted kid on the Vancouver skid road and made him a highliner with his own boat under him before he was old enough to vote.

"Joe, Joe!" Isabelle was sobbing at him, stumbling after him. "Don't hurt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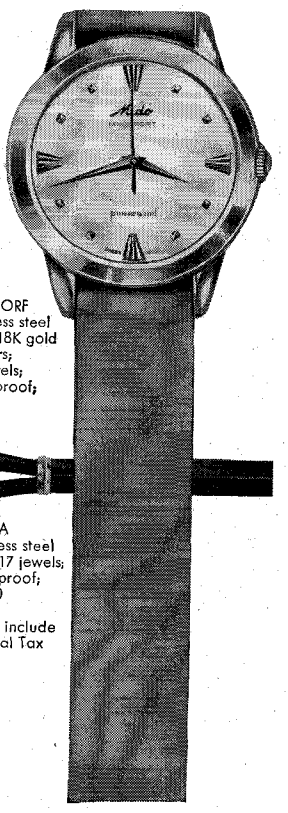

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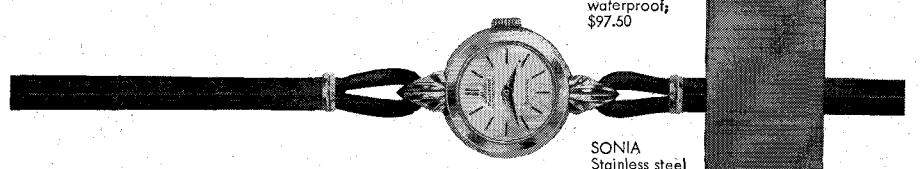

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him! Please don't beat him! He's been hurt too much already! He'll never forgive you!"

His ears trapped a sound small in the night—the scraping rustle of canvas being shifted. It came from where his old troller, Vantage, sat on her skids with a spring tide lapping the grass around her.

The tarp with which he'd sheltered her after section trailed overside. Joe boarded and dropped below decks, hearing Isabelle's dress catch and tear as she blundered after him. He hauled Mervin, twisting and clawing and biting, from the forepeak.

Joe's belt swung doubled in his fist. But the little white blur of face glaring up at Joe scarce reached the height of his chest, and the arm he held felt brittle-thin in his grip. Something deeper even than anger stayed Joe Beckett's hand.

He loosed his grasp, the breath going from him in a sigh. He turned to his wife, the three of them crowded in the cramped dark of Vantage's cabin.

"Belle," he said, "why in thunder did you marry me?"

"Because you were gentle." Her voice shook. "Because I thought you'd be kind to us."

"And I ain't been?"

"You have! Oh, Joe, you have! But you don't understand, you can't see——"

"I see, all right. I see a grown woman scared of her own shadow and a boy going on fourteen years still a spoiled baby." Yearning for her gentled his voice. "You have to see that, too, Belle. We got to do something about it."

She made no reply. He spoke on, feeling the boy's hate like a solid thing driving at him from the dark. "You can't help him, honey. We've tried it your way and it hasn't worked. Now we'll try my way."

Fear sharpened Isabelle's voice, "I don't know what you mean."

"Just this: I'm taking him a cruise, Belle. Maybe out from under your wing, him and me together, we can work it out."

"Hell you will!" Mervin shot at him. Then, as Joe reached for his shoulder, "Ma, help me! Don't let him take me away!"

Joe turned the boy and set his hand against his narrow rump, boosting him forward. Mervin yowled, but his din was muffled as Joe clapped the forepeak hatch shut behind him.

"That's how it has to be," he said to his wife. "Now you better go back to the house."

He expected protests, a storm of tears. But she moved away in a silence that was somehow worse. Joe helped her over the side, the ache in him nearly more than he could bear.

"Those reasons you gave me," he said to her, looking down at her dim face. "Were they the only ones?"

Had she given him the answer he longed for, told him she'd married him out of simple love, it might have made the difference. But she only said in a cold and bitter voice, "You're not doing this for Mervin. You'd snatch at any chance to go back to the fishing. So run out on me if you want. But you won't take my son to drown as my father did, and my brother. I'll stop you, Joe. I'll find a way."

Then she was gone and Joe Beckett was alone in the dark—more alone than he'd ever been in all his lonely life.

Except, of course, for Mervin, banging his fists against the hatch cover. Moving swiftly, Joe worked his way round the hull, tapping and prodding with a four-by-four timber till Vantage began to complain as if fretful for the tide. One last scotchman remained to stay her keel. Joe knocked it free, then hauled himself inboard as Vantage glided clear. She was fueled and ready; he'd kept her that way, scarce knowing why he did so, telling himself it was just to help fetch the crazy price he'd set on that troller. The engine took hold, the fans bit. They slid smoothly out of the home cove with the sea fire of the summer night ashine in their wake.

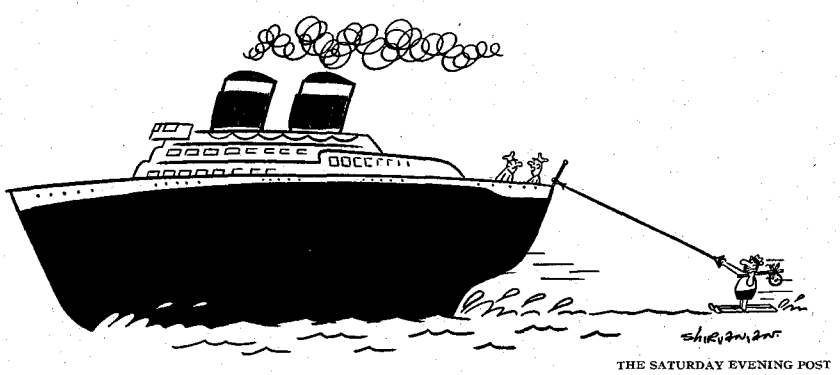
Only once did Joe look back. The farmhouse windows were squares of light, the open doorway an empty rectangle. He loved Isabelle no less than he loved the fishing, and it fair twisted his vitals to leave her. But tonight's business had brought matters to a head; it was make or break for him and her and Mervin.

He loosed the boy presently from his place among the spiders. No word passed between them. Joe left Mervin huddled on a bunk edge and returned to his place at the wheel. Not till they were near across Queen Elizabeth Sound, the Orca Rocks astern and the mainland sky reddening for day, did he go below again. At least, he saw, the kid had found the sense to break out blankets. Mervin lay asleep in the narrow bunk, face turned to the gray light. A child's face, except for the drooping sadness of his mouth. Joe reached to settle the covers, and at his touch, Mervin drew up his knees so that he lay in a tight, protective ball. An arm crooked itself to shield his face.

"Don't hit me." It came in a broken whimper. "I'll work hard, papa; I'll grow big. Don't lick me any more."

Joe stayed bent over the bunk, while a chill ran its fingers along his spine. His own voice was rusty in his throat. "No one's going to hurt you, sonny. Nobody'll lick you without he takes me first. Just you snuggle down now."

The nightmare passed, the taut body relaxed. But still Joe stayed there, thinking and wondering, seeing himself all too plainly in one of those clear-sighted moments that can drop on a man at dawn. Isabelle was right. He was here not because of a farm that wouldn't pay or a boy that needed straightening out, but because the sea hunger in him had pried him off the land. As for Mervin, sure, he had put up with his stepson, and properly righteous he'd felt about it. But in his



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think we have a stowaway."

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heart he hadn't really cared a hoot about the boy, accepting him only because Belle would never have married him otherwise. He did care now, though. Just in those few seconds, it seemed, the boy's need had found an answer deep inside him.

For himself—and knowing it shook him more than gale or rip tide ever had—he needed Mervin's love no less than Belle's. Till he'd won it, they'd never be a family.

For an instant he was strongly minded to turn back, point Vantage south for home. But that wasn't the solution; and anyhow, being the mule-stubborn man the Lord had made him, he'd stick by the course he had charted.

Another thought struck Joe Beckett as he padded topside to face a painted sunrise. "Papa," the kid had muttered in his dream. *Maybe he thinks of me that way in his sleep*, Joe reflected. *Could be I've got a chance with him spite of all.*

They chunked into Magdalene Bay late that evening, and Joe was tempted to run right out again, for Bill Hadrada's Skyliner lay among the motor vessels at the cannery dock. Before they'd even made fast, though, Skyliner had loosed her strings. Joe watched, Mervin lounging sulkily beside him, while Hadrada took his boat cross-bay to drop hook off Icehouse Point.

"Looks like fatso don't fancy your company, Mr. Beckett," Mervin said—the first words except a tongue-in-cheek 'Yessir' or 'Nosir' he'd spoken in a long day's fishing.

"Can you blame him?" Joe asked bleakly, and got his stepson's lip-twisted sneer for answer.

"You see who's coming down?" Mervin said. "I knew ma wouldn't let you get away with this!"

"Uh-huh," Joe said, watching the Mounted Police constable stride out along the float string. "Well, my son, was I you I'd convince that officer you want to go the trip with me."

"You're even stupider than I thought," Mervin said nastily. "Why should I?"

"Because I got a letter in my pocket come last mail," Joe told him, playing his hole card and trying hard not to feel a skunk. "Mervin, you're expelled from the government correspondence school. They say—on account of the low caliber of your work, and the messages writ on the back of it—you're plain incorrigible. You know what that means?"

"Sure," Mervin said, as the constable hopped from one float to the next. "Means I'm through with school!"

"And you know what it'll do to your mother?"

"Ah, she'll get over it," Mervin muttered, but with a lot less brag in his tone. Isabelle was a real heller for education, she was everlastingly looking ahead to the day when her boy would step out of college a lawyer with a briefcase full of writs and torts and such.

"So," Joe put it to him, "do we head back and give your mom that letter or do we run on north and work the kinks out of your mean little carcass?"

Mervin was still studying on it when the Mountie hailed. Joe answered calm and easy, "Guess we know why you're here, constable. The wife aims to keep our boy in cotton wool, but him and me, we see it different."

Mervin opened his mouth and shut it again. He swallowed once. Then he said sullenly, "That's how it is, copper. I'm here because I want to be, so whyn't you bug off?"

The constable's sunburned face turned a shade redder. "Not quite how we had it from the lad's mother," he said to Joe. "Still, if he's your son by law, you're entitled to take him fishing." He stared hard at Mervin, taking in the big black motorcycle boots with the shiny chains, the black leather jacket hanging off his skinny frame, and the sheep-dog haircut. "Matter of fact," he said crisply, "a summer's trolling might benefit him. One other thing, Mr. Beckett. We understand a fellow by the name of Hadrada has uttered threats against you. I'd suggest you watch yourself."

Now, trollermen are worse than Indians for chaffering to and fro, but this trip it seemed as if friends Joe Beckett had shared a hundred anchorages with had forgotten his face and name. Only one man hollered him over, and that was little Ollie Brand, fresh in from downcoast and so behind in the news. They sat in Ollie's Geisha Girl's snug house, Mervin nodding from the hard day, Joe with a bottle of beer scarce tasted in his hand.

Ollie kept shooting glances at the boy. After a while, between swigs, he leaned to Joe.

"Youngster with you," he whispered. "Wasn't his father a farmer down Protection Creek way? Ugly big bruiser called Morgan? Got himself killed showing a bull who was boss?"

"That's right," Joe said. "I've married Morgan's widow, a fine woman. Mervin, there, is my stepson."

"Not claiming you're such-a-much," Ollie said with a grunt, "but that's a break for the boy. Let me tell you what I saw one time I put in at Protection for water and garden truck." He popped the cap off another bottle. "Made my blood boil, Joe! I tell you, if I'd been within fifty pounds of Morgan's heft, I'd have knocked him kicking! He had that kid by the slack of his shirt and was whaling him with a buckbrush limb the thickness of your thumb. Boy's mother tried to stop him. Morgan, the slob, backhanded her right across her face." Ollie lifted his galley-stove lid and spat. "Well, I cleared out fast. Ran ten miles on to China Point for my water and stores."

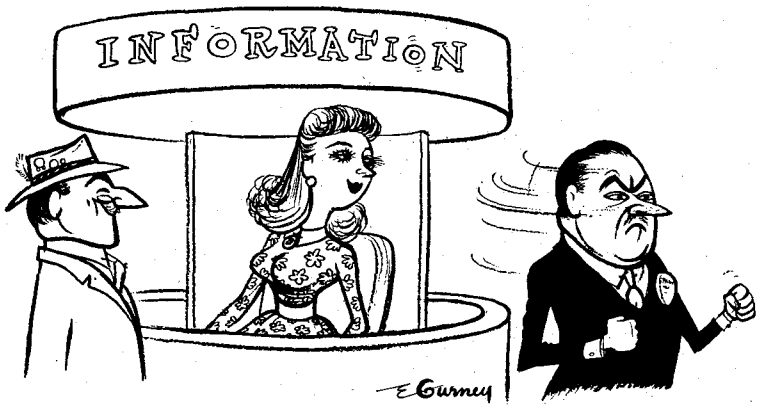
Joe nodded, his heart one hot ache for the hurt done a woman and a little runty kid. And even though it was pointless to hate a dead man, he felt the metal taste of hate rise in his mouth. *Had you been mine then*, he thought, *had I been your dad, boy, things would have been different.*

He crossed to Vantage, Mervin walking sleepily alongside, and helped the boy to bed. It came to him, studying the face that was only a child's face, now that sleep had sapped its put-on toughness, that even knowing at last what ailed Mervin mightn't be too much help. Still, the sea might cure him—that old gray North Pacific is pretty skookum medicine—and at least he wasn't the one his stepson flinched away from in his sleep.

Mervin hadn't said a word. But his blue eyes were open, and the look in them withered Joe's hopes.

"I'm never going to like you," he said then. "You'll never be anything in my book but just another big, dumb creep that shoves kids around. I can't fight you, Mr. Beckett, sir, but one day I'll sure as hell get even with you!"

Days spun out to weeks. They pulled fish and sold fish along a hundred miles of coast, and still they were like enemies cooped in that thirty-footer. Not that Mervin dogged his work. He took hold as if he'd been born to the trollerman's trade, doing all his step-pa bid him. He learned to handle the gurdies—the power-driven spools that yard the steel salmon lines in—and to keep Vantage on course and nurse her safe through the roaring holes where wind crashes against tidal current. But he *(Continued on Page 98)*



The Perfect Squelch

Joe Bundy, a middle-aged wolf in salesman's clothing, breezed up to the new girl at the information desk with his best smile on. "Well, well," he said, "a brand-new lovely. You and I must get to know each other. We must cement business relations."

A phone call prevented the girl from answering, but Joe went right on with his patter. He told her about himself in glowing terms. He mentioned his success as a salesman, suggested a dinner date and hinted that she could enlarge her future with his expert help.

When the girl turned from the phone to take care of another man, Joe leaned over her desk. "Tell me," he said, "what is a luscious blonde like you doing here?"

Turning from the other man, the girl said crisply, "I'm here to tell people where to go. May I give you that information?"

Esther Chestnut

the **BLACK HILLS**
of South Dakota

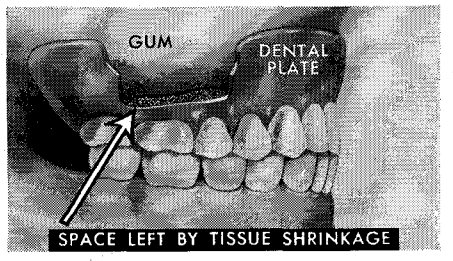
Real cowboys and Indians . . . brooks for wading and angling . . . lake-shores and mountain trails—what *more* could a youngster ask? And for *you*, this 6-million-acre wonderland weaves a spell no work-time worries can disturb. Visit a real Western rodeo, see majestic Mt. Rushmore—the world-famed Passion Play. Vacation this summer in the Black Hills of South Dakota!

WRITE FOR THIS FREE COLOR FOLDER! ...32 pages of things to do!

SOUTH DAKOTA DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS
H. R. Dixon, Pub. Dir., Pierre, South Dakota

DENTURE WEARERS

When Mouth Tissues Change
Plates Loosen—See Your Dentist



UNLESS you are a dentist—don't attempt a "do-it-yourself" job of refitting or "relining" your dental plate with materials that harden and may ruin the fit of the denture or injure tender tissues of the mouth.
UNTIL you can see your dentist, FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline powder, holds plates more firmly. FASTEETH is entirely removed when you clean your plate and it does not sour beneath the plate. At all drug counters. Write for free sample to 25 Wall St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Delightful!
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"Sir Sta★Nu" says:
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Guards the Life of Your Clothes
For the finest in dry cleaning and a "finishing touch" that makes garments look and feel "like new" again, send all your clothes to your Sta★Nu Dry Cleaner! Sta★Nu finishing revitalizes all fabrics—actually restores the original lustre, color and softness to all your clothes—makes them wrinkle-resistant too. All this at no extra cost to you! You'll be delighted!
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Look in the Yellow Pages for the dry cleaner nearest you who offers the exclusive Sta★Nu Finishing Process.
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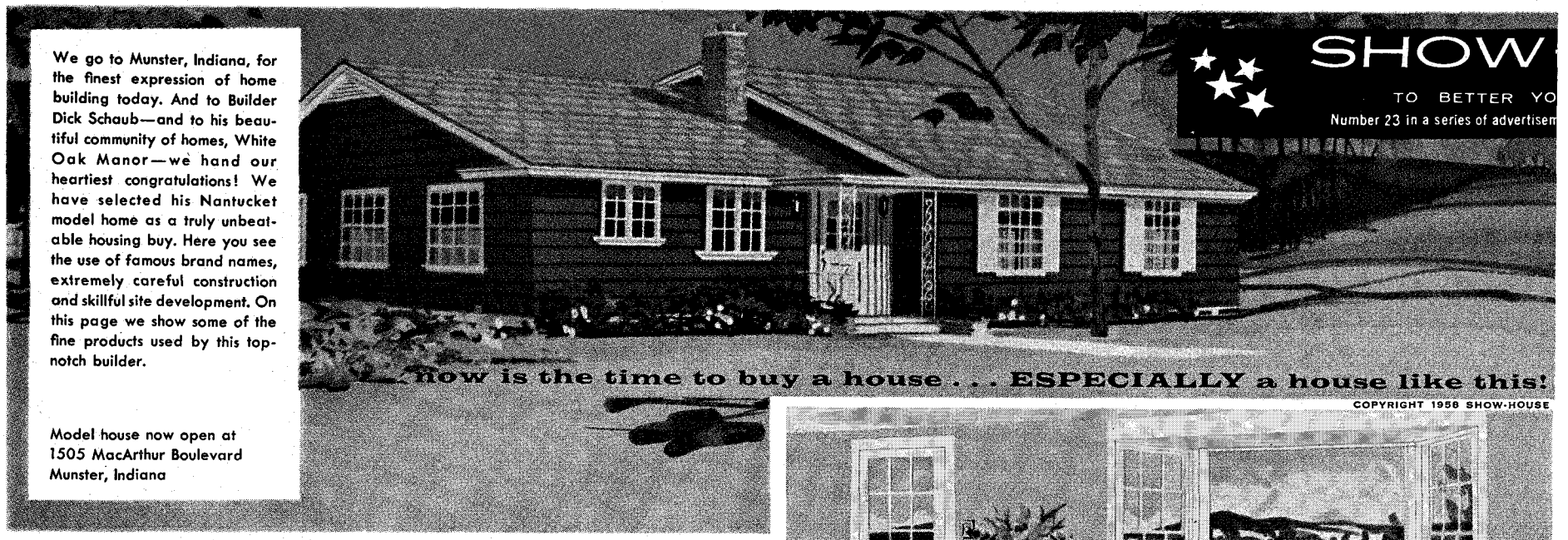

We go to Munster, Indiana, for the finest expression of home building today. And to Builder Dick Schaub—and to his beautiful community of homes, White Oak Manor—we hand our heartiest congratulations! We have selected his Nantucket model home as a truly unbeatable housing buy. Here you see the use of famous brand names, extremely careful construction and skillful site development. On this page we show some of the fine products used by this top-notch builder.

Model house now open at
1505 MacArthur Boulevard
Munster, Indiana

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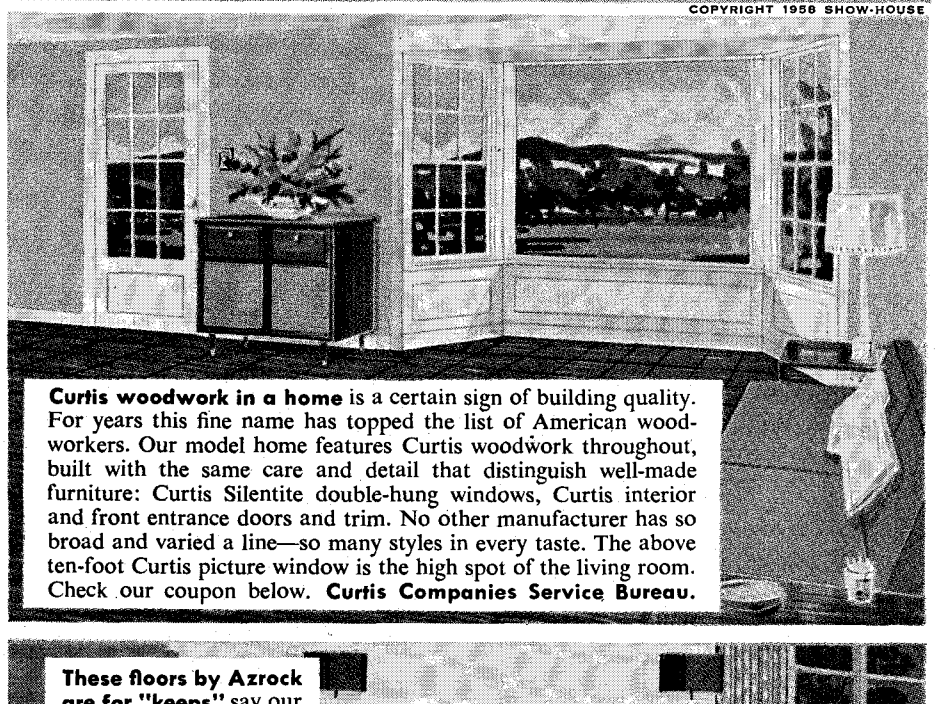
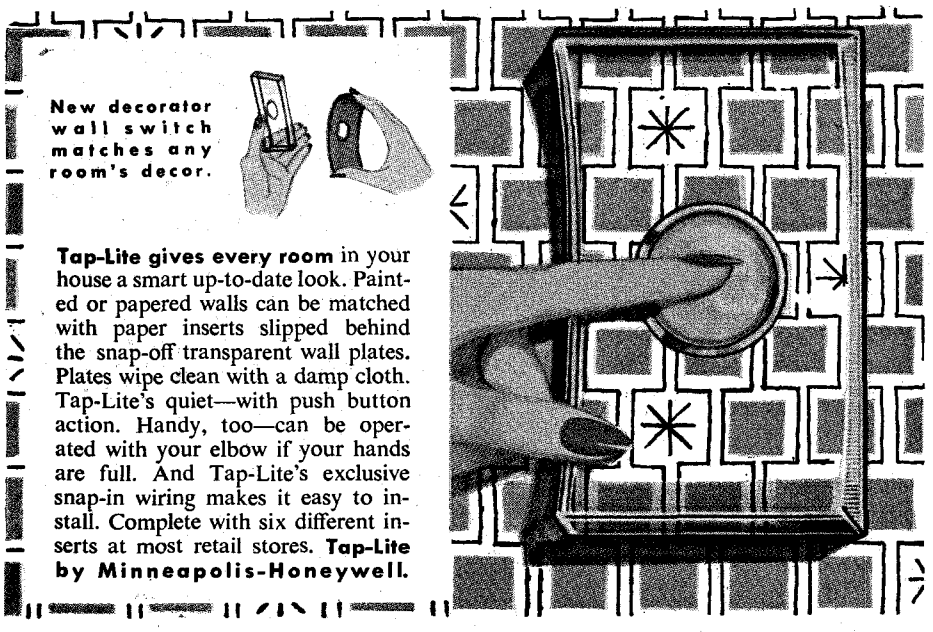
WHY BUY A HOUSE?

The first time you call a house your own... the first time you survey it and proudly say "It's all ours—every stick . . ." is one of the biggest rewards of life. Its gleaming hardware . . . welcoming front door . . . multiplicity of windows speak of the irresistible strength of a family standing firm and together . . . of mellowing years . . . of a child's loving hug . . .

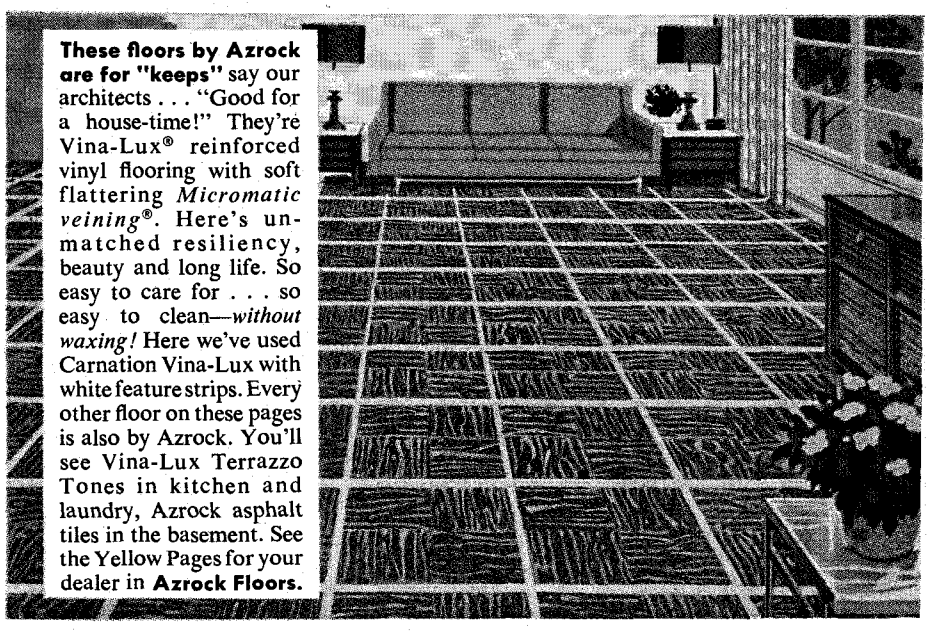


Curtis woodwork in a home is a certain sign of building quality. For years this fine name has topped the list of American woodworkers. Our model home features Curtis woodwork throughout, built with the same care and detail that distinguish well-made furniture: Curtis Silentite double-hung windows, Curtis interior and front entrance doors and trim. No other manufacturer has so broad and varied a line—so many styles in every taste. The above ten-foot Curtis picture window is the high spot of the living room. Check our coupon below. **Curtis Companies Service Bureau.**

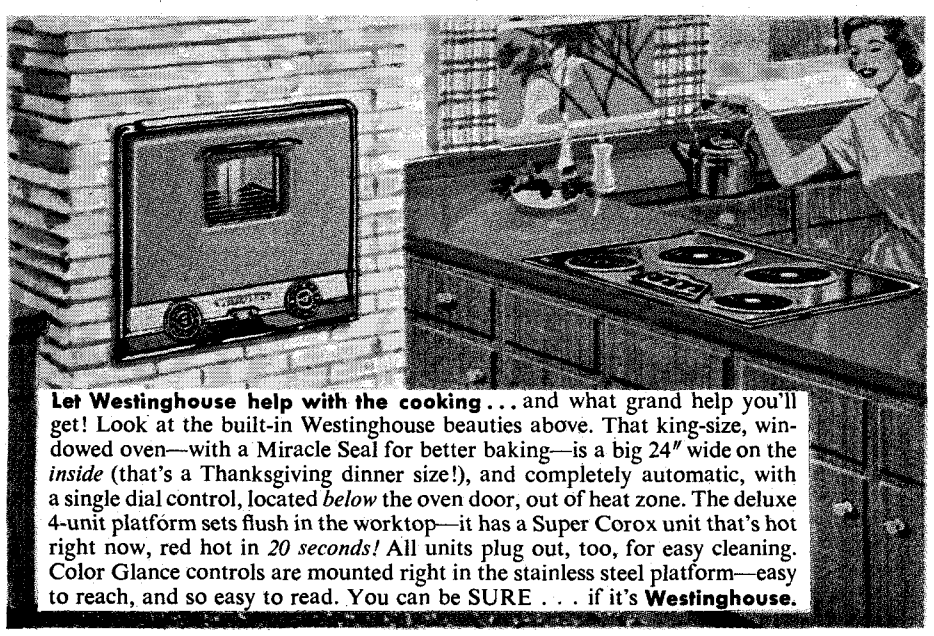


New decorator wall switch matches any room's decor.

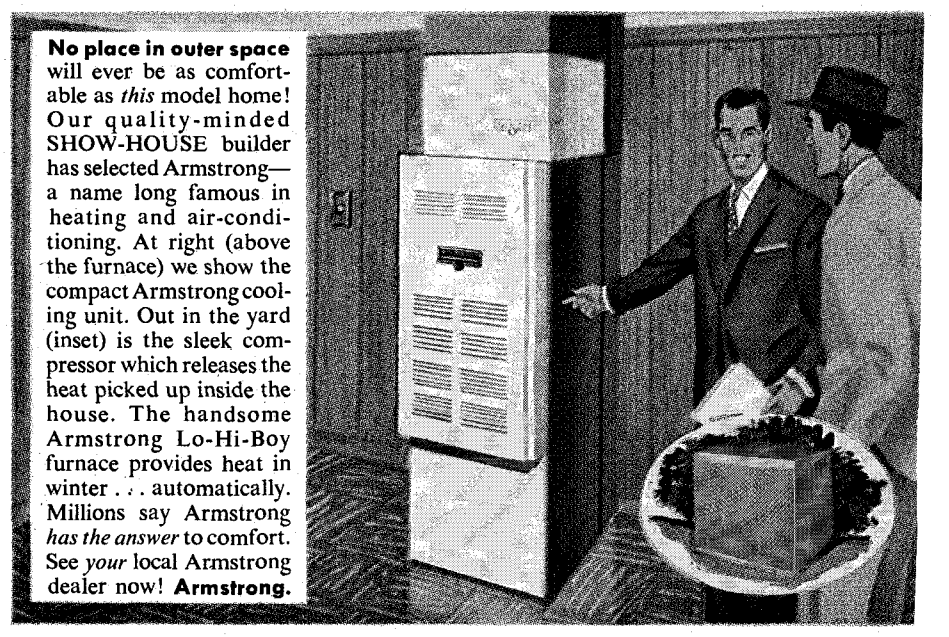
Tap-Lite gives every room in your house a smart up-to-date look. Painted or papered walls can be matched with paper inserts slipped behind the snap-off transparent wall plates. Plates wipe clean with a damp cloth. Tap-Lite's quiet—with push button action. Handy, too—can be operated with your elbow if your hands are full. And Tap-Lite's exclusive snap-in wiring makes it easy to install. Complete with six different inserts at most retail stores. **Tap-Lite by Minneapolis-Honeywell.**



These floors by Azrock are for "keeps" say our architects . . . "Good for a house-time!" They're Vina-Lux® reinforced vinyl flooring with soft flattering *Micromatic veining®*. Here's unmatched resiliency, beauty and long life. So easy to care for . . . so easy to clean—*without waxing!* Here we've used Carnation Vina-Lux with white feature strips. Every other floor on these pages is also by Azrock. You'll see Vina-Lux Terrazzo Tones in kitchen and laundry, Azrock asphalt tiles in the basement. See the Yellow Pages for your dealer in **Azrock Floors.**



Let Westinghouse help with the cooking . . . and what grand help you'll get! Look at the built-in Westinghouse beauties above. That king-size, windowed oven—with a Miracle Seal for better baking—is a big 24″ wide on the *inside* (that's a Thanksgiving dinner size!), and completely automatic, with a single dial control, located *below* the oven door, out of heat zone. The deluxe 4-unit platform sets flush in the worktop—it has a Super Corox unit that's hot right now, red hot in *20 seconds!* All units plug out, too, for easy cleaning. Color Glance controls are mounted right in the stainless steel platform—easy to reach, and so easy to read. You can be SURE . . . if it's **Westinghouse.**



No place in outer space will ever be as comfortable as *this* model home! Our quality-minded SHOW-HOUSE builder has selected Armstrong—a name long famous in heating and air-conditioning. At right (above the furnace) we show the compact Armstrong cooling unit. Out in the yard (inset) is the sleek compressor which releases the heat picked up inside the house. The handsome Armstrong Lo-Hi-Boy furnace provides heat in winter . . . automatically. Millions say Armstrong *has the answer* to comfort. See *your* local Armstrong dealer now! **Armstrong.**

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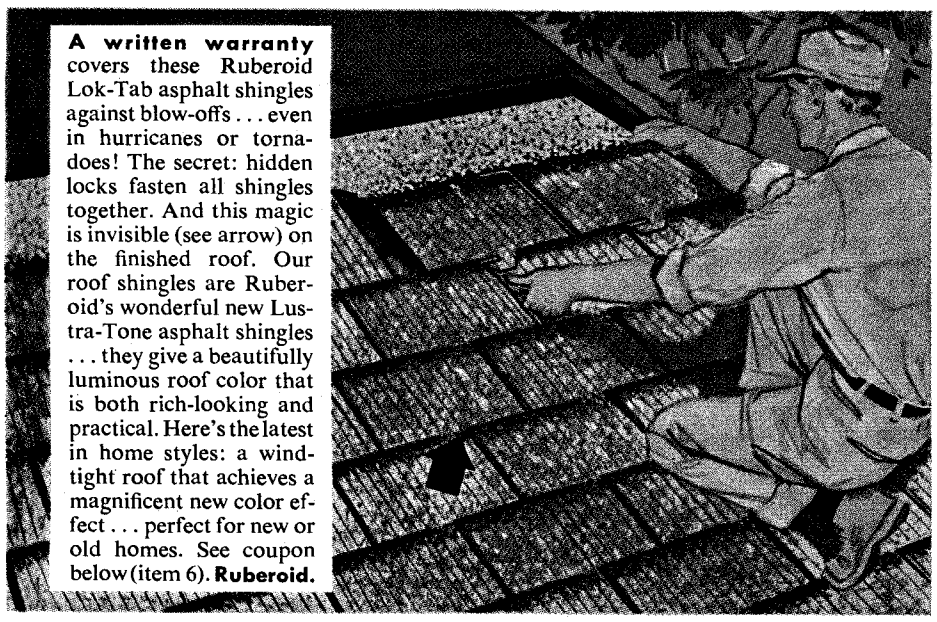
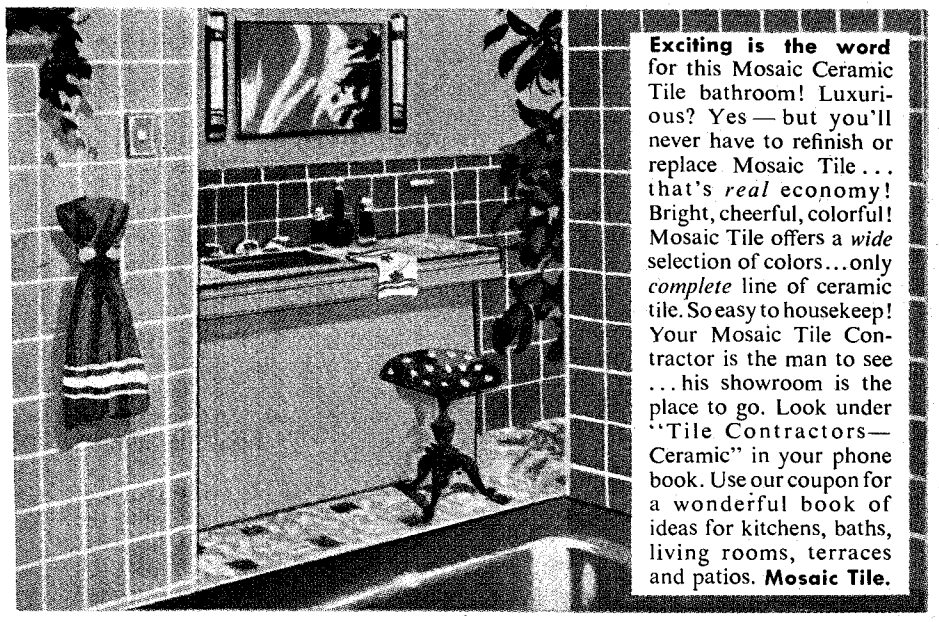
Overlooking the beautiful Beverly Country Club—just minutes away from Chicago's "Loop"—we found this fashionable community of homes. The builder, Howard B. Quinn, is famous for the *extra* quality he builds into each of his well-designed homes. Our home-planning experts toured each one of these outstanding models. They report: "Here is a builder who gives the nicest *extras* to home buyers!" Below, we show some of the exciting extras Mr. Quinn features in our celebrated Chicago SHOW-HOUSE. See it today if you live nearby!

Model house now open at
BEVERLY TERRACE
2650 West 84th Place
Chicago, Illinois



A written warranty covers these Ruberoid Lok-Tab asphalt shingles against blow-offs . . . even in hurricanes or tornadoes! The secret: hidden locks fasten all shingles together. And this magic is invisible (see arrow) on the finished roof. Our roof shingles are Ruberoid's wonderful new Lustra-Tone asphalt shingles . . . they give a beautifully luminous roof color that is both rich-looking and practical. Here's the latest in home styles: a wind-tight roof that achieves a magnificent new color effect . . . perfect for new or old homes. See coupon below (item 6). **Ruberoid.**

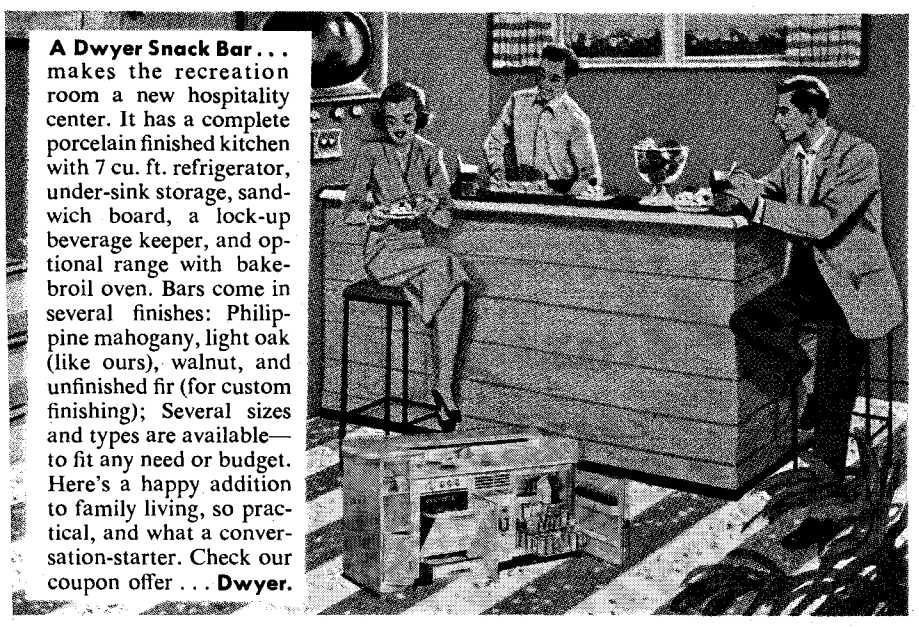
Meet the new look in water softeners! It's the new Lindsay and it's completely automatic—no valves to turn, no buttons to push, nothing to set or forget. Its compact, appliance-styled cabinet encloses the exclusive, rust-proof Lindsay fiberglass tanks—guaranteed for life against rust or other failure! Why put up with old-fashioned hard water a day longer? Unlimited soft water is such a pleasure the Lindsay way, and you can save over a hundred dollars annually. Write for interesting booklet, "Better Living With Soft Water." It's free. **Lindsay.**



Exciting is the word for this Mosaic Ceramic Tile bathroom! Luxurious? Yes — but you'll never have to refinish or replace Mosaic Tile . . . that's *real* economy! Bright, cheerful, colorful! Mosaic Tile offers a *wide* selection of colors . . . only *complete* line of ceramic tile. So easy to housekeep! Your Mosaic Tile Contractor is the man to see . . . his showroom is the place to go. Look under "Tile Contractors—Ceramic" in your phone book. Use our coupon for a wonderful book of ideas for kitchens, baths, living rooms, terraces and patios. **Mosaic Tile.**

here's NEWS about EXTRA Fine High-Fidelity . . .

High-Fidelity music, from radio or records, by famed Stromberg-Carlson with equal emphasis on superb cabinetry and quality of sound. From this maker's numerous models, priced from $129.95, we selected the "Choral"—an elegant, contemporary design, housing an 11-tube AM-FM radio, a complement of perfectly matched and acoustically chambered high-fidelity speakers, wide-range undistorted power and an imported British 4-speed changer. Send coupon for free folders. "There is nothing finer than a **Stromberg-Carlson.**"



A Dwyer Snack Bar . . . makes the recreation room a new hospitality center. It has a complete porcelain finished kitchen with 7 cu. ft. refrigerator, under-sink storage, sandwich board, a lock-up beverage keeper, and optional range with bake-broil oven. Bars come in several finishes: Philippine mahogany, light oak (like ours), walnut, and unfinished fir (for custom finishing); Several sizes and types are available—to fit any need or budget. Here's a happy addition to family living, so practical, and what a conversation-starter. Check our coupon offer . . . **Dwyer.**

clip this helpful coupon . . .

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

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2. WESTINGHOUSE: ☐ Package of color literature on Built-in, Free-standing and Electronic Ranges, 10¢.
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4. AZROCK: ☐ Free packet of floor planning folders with color charts.
5. ARMSTRONG: ☐ "New World of Comfort" how to get economical air conditioning. ☐ "Home Heating Has Changed, Too" . . . better heating for every house.
6. RUBEROID: ☐ Free color folder showing decorator-designed Lok-Tabs and ☐ "High Fashion" Autoclaved Sidewalls.
7. MOSAIC TILE: ☐ "The Mosaic Tile Book of Beautiful Homes," 25¢.
8. DWYER: ☐ Snack Bar Catalog showing complete line—free.
9. LINDSAY: ☐ FREE illustrated booklet, BETTER LIVING WITH SOFT WATER.
10. STROMBERG-CARLSON: Full-color literature on ☐ Console phonographs and radio-phonographs ☐ Components for built-in installations.
11. ☐ Architect's Blue-Plans of both houses, 25¢.

This coupon good until July 31, 1958. Please print name and address. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

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(*Continued from Page 95*) stayed the same sullen, man-hating punk he'd been from the start. Salt water stiffened his fancy boots so he could no longer crowd his feet into them. His black jacket whirled overside one night in a summer blow. Joe bought him a sweater and gumboots; and though the rig was sizes too big, that jersey touched in more spots than Joe had expected.

Boy's growing, he thought, as he and Mervin tramped down from the cannery store. *The trip's done that much for him, anyhow.*

"I see you got another letter," he said, still trying, still hoping Mervin might have begun to change in other ways as well. "It'd be from your mom, I suppose."

"Who else?" Mervin answered him. "I write her regular, don't I?" And he did, twice each week, hunched at the swing-down table with a pencil stub in his fist.

"Happen there's any news?" Joe asked. Himself, he'd tried a dozen times to write, but the trouble between him and Isabelle seemed to shrivel his words before they ever made paper. "She put in anything, any message like, for me?"

Mervin rammed the envelope deeper in his pocket. "If there was, Mr. Beckett," he said, "do you think I'd tell you?"

They pulled into Fog Harbor at the top of their northern swing on a day late along in August. They'd not set eyes on Bill Hadrada since leaving Magdalene Bay; but there lay Skyliner now, snug to the inner float with Ollie Brand's fat-beamed Geisha Girl astern of her.

"You'd better shove off, Joe!" Ollie shouted, as Mervin swung down spry with a line. "Bill Hadrada's uptown, tying one on!"

"Always does," Joe replied, "this stage of the season."

"Yes," Ollie came back at him, his bristly head poked from his house and worry puckering his face. "Except this time, besides being loaded worse than I've ever seen him, Hadrada's yelling for your blood. Keep away from him, Joe. I tell you, he means trouble!"

Young Mervin straightened from making Vantage fast. The breeze ruffled his bright red hair and the twisted smile was on his dark-tanned face.

"Whyn't you stay safe here, Mr. Beckett?" he asked. "Hide yourself below? I'll go see if there's mail—not that you'll draw any."

"I never was much at running," Joe answered him calmly. He'd had a deal of practice by now, in not letting Mervin get under his hide. "You'd best stay, though, son. Me, I seem to recall Hadrada owes you a licking."

"Let him try," Mervin said. "He'll get a fish knife in that beer belly." He swaggered off along the float, and it wasn't Joe's imagination. He'd grown a full inch, and his chest was deeper, his shoulders wider. "Come on, Mr. Beckett, sir," he taunted from the gangway. "I wouldn't miss this for a holdful of spring salmon!"

They found no mail for Vantage uptown, no letter from Isabelle, not so much as a post card. There was only of a sudden a Swede-Finn built like a bulldozer and red in the face as a windy sunrise, bearing down on them from the beer parlor with fists like a pair of tackle blocks and big voice roaring.

"Beat it!" Joe snapped quick and low to his stepson. In a standup fight he knew he hadn't a cat-in-hell chance against this wild man. "Get down to the boat and stay there." Scared though he was—and braver men than he steered clear of Bill Hadrada on the warpath—he couldn't run away. Still and all, the boy didn't have to watch him get his lumps.

He had no time to see whether Mervin would obey him. In spite of his bulk and load of hooch, Hadrada moved quick as a singed cat. Joe heard his voice in a near bellow, then felt his ribs crack as an oversize fist slammed into him. He tried to fight back, but another fist hurled him off the boardwalk. Last thing he saw was a boot with a Size 12 foot in it swinging toward his head.

He came to in the cannery first-aid shack. Through the one eye he could see from, he looked for Mervin, but there was only the aid man with his tongue between his teeth and an iodine swab in his hand.

"My boy," Joe whispered through split lips. "Where's he at? He all right?"

"Don't know anything about a boy, my friend," the aid man told him. "I was eating my dinner when they packed you in here. Lay still now, and be grateful for a thick skull."

When Joe limped down to the dock he saw no sign of Hadrada, though Skyliner still lay in her berth. Mervin sat cross-legged on Vantage's foredeck, polishing salmon spoons. Joe tried to hail the boy, glad even in his misery to see Mervin hadn't come to harm. But his voice failed him and his rubbery legs barely carried him to his bunk; and he knew nothing more till he woke from a tangled dream to the pitch and toss of a vessel in a tideway.

He staggered to his feet, that strange dream still dogging him. Outside, fog hung thick and woolly. Mervin stood at the wheel with salt-stained cap shoved back, steering a compass course from the chart under his elbow as Joe had taught him.

"You took her out yourself?"

"Don't see anyone else on board, do you?" Mervin answered him, grinning. "And you sure couldn't have, Mr. Beckett, the shape you were in."

"Boy," Joe mumbled to him, "there's a thing I have to ask you. I had a dream. Seemed I lay on my back bleeding into the air and you stood over me, pegging rocks. Seemed I heard a voice holler, 'You leave my pop alone!'"

"When you dream," Mervin said to him, hard and saucy as ever, "you really lay it on!"

At that, the very last drop of hope drained out of Joe Beckett. He had it in him right then to hate his stepson. Not for standing by while he took a beating, because Mervin could have done nothing to prevent that.

But, damn you, he thought, *were you even halfway human, you'd not act so happy about it.*

He'd failed, and at last he was ready to admit it. Tomorrow he'd turn Vantage south, dump Mervin back in his mother's lap. *Then I'll light out*, he told himself in bitter anger, *and they'll both be right glad to see the last of me.*

Roughly, he shouldered Mervin away from the wheel. "Drop those main poles over," he ordered. "We're here to fish, not lallygag around."

The boy's eyes widened and he stared at Joe, an odd, measuring look. But he answered as always, "Yessir. Right away, Mr. Beckett, sir."

Joe's head ached, his taped ribs pained at every move. The fish were there, though, and Mervin pulled coho salmon while Joe steered, with his head spinning and the fog swirling around him. He could hear the exhaust thud of another vessel running parallel, to starboard. Dimly he recognized that chesty beat, and once he heard, or thought he heard, a bull voice hailing. But he only sheered deeper into the fog, wanting to be alone with his bitterness and grief.

Vantage plugged on, dipping and scending to the uneasy swell. A spring salmon hit on a deep line, a lunker that set the pole creaking. The fish fought hard, spending its strength against the drag of lead and the boat's forward way, coming up at last with silver side agleam. Mervin leaned from the narrow trolling cockpit with the gaff; and at that moment, with devil a breath of warning, Vantage heeled sharp beneath them. Joe staggered, gripping the spokes, feet skidding on the fog-slick deck. He laid Vantage deep into the trough while the waterlogged deadhead they'd fouled scraped past along the quarter.

"Mervin," he called, still not daring to turn his head, "you O.K.?"

A sea gull cried an answer from the fog. Joe did turn then, and his heart froze solid in his chest. For the cockpit was empty.

No gull astern, but a boy battling water that could kill a strong man in minutes. Joe glimpsed his face, white against the black-green of a hollow. Long before Vantage could swing and run back, the fog would swallow him.

Not pausing, nor even thinking, Joe killed his power, snatched a life jacket in his lunge aft and dropped over the stern with it. Tide caught him. He kicked his boots free and threshed down with the tide, hollering Mervin's name—a troller-man who couldn't swim a stroke. The pale oval showed again as a sea lifted him. He floundered into the trough, spitting salt water. Then his hand locked in Mervin's jersey and they floated chest to chest with the kapok jacket between them and the cold already spreading its numbness like poison through their blood.

Mervin's lips parted. "Let go of me. You can be rid of me now. Leave go and let me drown."

"Like hell I will."

"Why not?"

"Because you're mine." Now, when it didn't matter, with the snatch of death upon them, Joe found the words he'd never managed to speak. "Because I love you, you crazy little fool, you and your mom both."

Yesterday's beating had taken his strength with it. The cold was right through him, sapping his will to live, slowing his brain.

Mervin's voice seemed to come from far away, "Hang on, pop. I've got you. Help's coming."

Something strange, mighty strange in the way the boy had spoken. Joe's mind fumbled at it while a sea crested, toppled and drove them under. Choked, blinded, but still together, they fought to the surface. Then bows were over them, a voice was roaring, and the line that slapped Joe's shoulder was life given back to them.

Later, warm in Bill Hadrada's bunk with Vantage tied alongside and sunshine burning away the fog, Joe Beckett dreamed himself another dream. Only this time his eyes were open and the faces above him, Mervin's and Isabelle's, were real.

"There was a message for you in that last letter," Mervin said to him. The hardness had gone from the boy's face and he spoke as he never had before, hesitant and low. "Ma said to tell you she was coming north to meet us." His mouth quivered, and the wet on his cheeks wasn't from the sea. "You didn't dream it yesterday either. It was me, heaving rocks." For the first time, Joe saw a true smile on that young face. "I landed him a good one, pop."

"That's no lie," a big voice growled. Hadrada crowded his bear bulk into the cabin. A bandage sat low on his ears. "You got a wildcat for your son, Yo." His grin spread, and his hand reached down. "Also, a crazy woman for your wife. She bawled me out like no one ever did, then made me spend the day hunting you." He said to Mervin, "Come away from here, boy. It happens I've dug up a gift for you."

Only then did Joe shift his gaze to Isabelle. She nodded as if answering what he lacked the words to ask.

"It showed in his letters, Joe. More and more, the change in him showed. But I had to be sure, to know your way was right." She leaned to him and kissed his bruised mouth. "I'm not scared now, darling. I won't be any more. The sea gave me back two men."

"Honey," Joe said, "I was only partly right. I had a power of learning to do, myself." He could see Mervin's legs in the companion, his jeans in need of a mother's patching, but the Finn knife Bill Hadrada had given back to him bright against his thigh. "What we waiting for?" Joe Beckett said. "We've got it made; we can go home now, Belle." THE END

"Your case is most remarkable, Mr. Kitchel. All tests indicate that you seem to have the Dutch elm disease."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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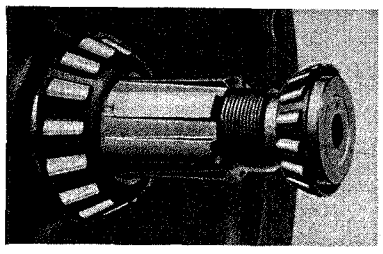
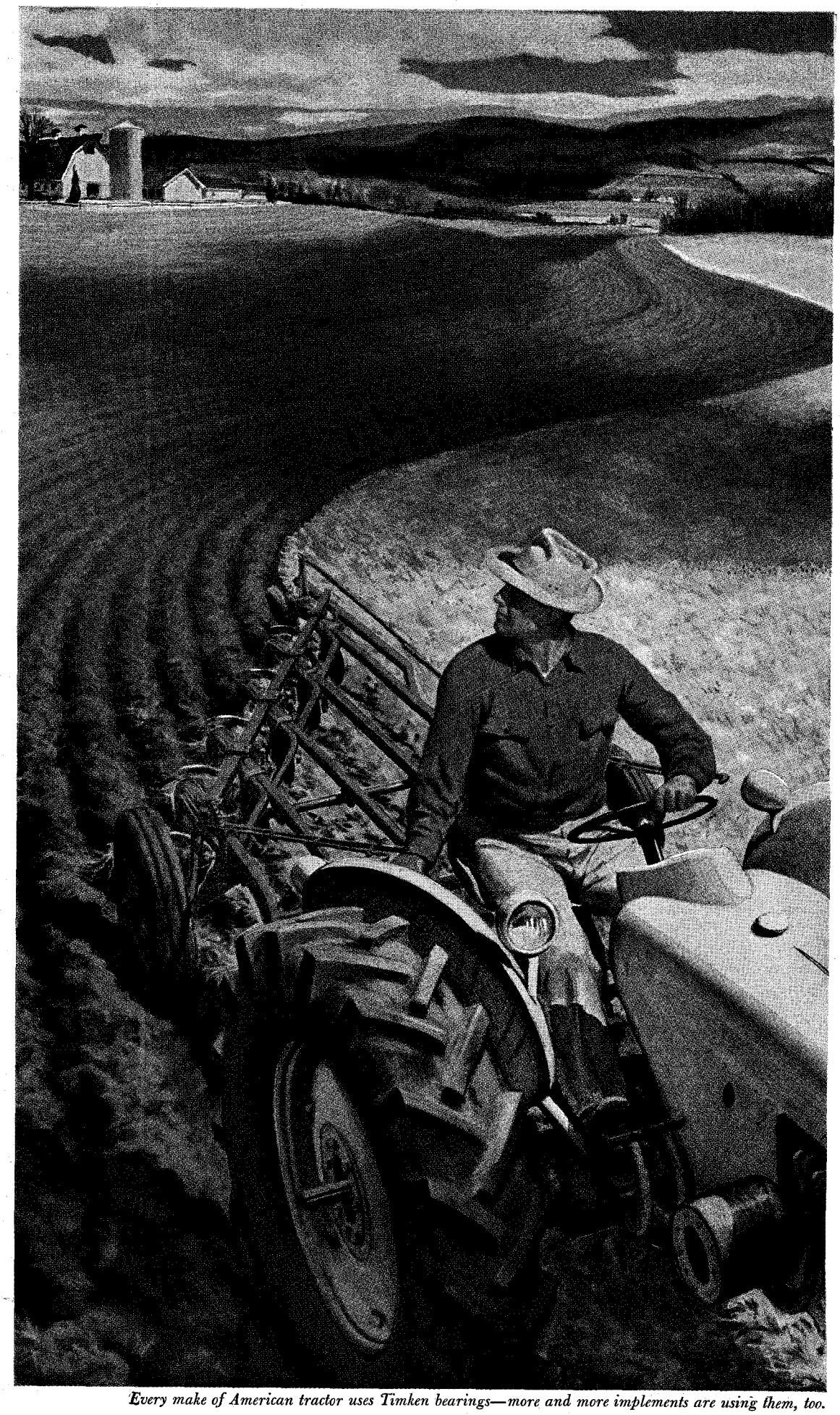


Typical application of Timken bearings on tractor axle.



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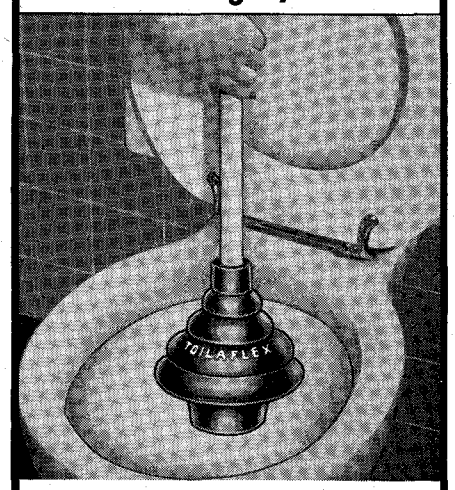

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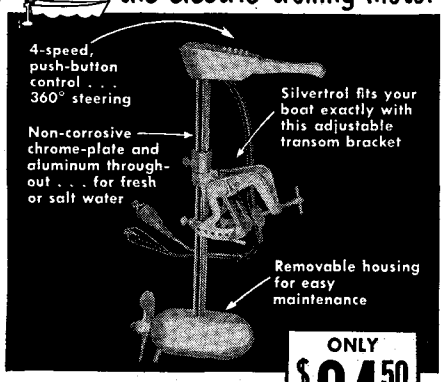
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Too Smart for Your Job?

(Continued from Page 36)

real attraction for him, usually finds that he has made a poor bargain.

At least, these are the conclusions drawn by psychologists who have analyzed millions of aptitude and personality tests, searching for the keys that spell success or failure in every conceivable line of work. They don't lack for material. Except for recluses living in caves, it seems that everyone less than fifty years old has been exposed to brain-picking research in school, the armed forces or business. Once, tests were used chiefly by educators to measure students' capabilities, but now industry has adopted the idea enthusiastically. Approximately 70 per cent of the country's big corporations give psychological tests to applicants for jobs and to employees in line for promotions.

One of the largest outfits in the business of providing testing service to industry is the Klein Institute for Aptitude Testing, of New York. It is a busy operation; a staff of ten Klein analysts processes about 3000 individual examinations each month at fees ranging from twenty dollars for appraising a foreman to $150 for a policy-making executive. Strangely enough, the founder and head of the institute, Jack Klein, is a former salesman and sales consultant who did change his vocation in midstream. His organization now grosses more than $1,000,000 a year from 1100 clients, among them the United States Rubber Company, the Polychemicals Division of du Pont, and the National Cash Register Company.

The Klein Institute tests only adults who are candidates for jobs requiring specific qualifications. The 250,000 tests given by his firm since 1940 are thus especially useful for checking the theory that most of us land in the right kind of work by a process of self-selection.

"We rarely find vocational misfits among people who have held the same job for several years and have performed to the satisfaction of employers," Klein says. "If a person's work doesn't fall within the scope of his basic interest, the chances are he'll be fired for incompetence or quit of his own accord. Conversely, we see few people who missed the boat for more important or creative work. There never was a truer proverb than 'Talent will out.'

"Some people will dispute that last remark. It's human nature to rationalize failure by saying, 'We didn't have the right contacts,' or 'We had to support parents instead of going to college.' Thousands of people in Who's Who overcame more serious handicaps. I'm not a trained psychologist, but I realize the also-rans need excuses to bolster morale. Aptitude tests clearly show that successful people derive tremendous satisfaction from doing their jobs well."

Incidentally, there are few significant psychological differences between men and women in business. A woman is more likely to switch positions for immediate gain because her ultimate objective is marriage, not job tenure. This flightiness is balanced, though, by her superior capacity for keeping personal crises, such as divorce and death in the family, out of her work. Very successful career women tend to be more self-sufficient and aggressive than men only because those traits are needed to overcome the prejudice against them.

The technique for determining vocational interests was evolved by Prof. Edward K. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University, in the 1920's. He submitted 400 questions pertaining to hobbies, habits and intellectual curiosity to thousands of people in forty occupations. The results convinced Strong that people in the same line of work tended to give uniform answers to the questionnaire. Other studies of personality traits disclosed a striking similarity in patterns of social attitudes and reactions among people in the same fields.

The next step was a method of putting this research data into practical use. Psychologists proceeded to classify vocations in general groups, or "job families," according to the predominant traits they had found among topflight practitioners in each group. Professor Strong recognized eleven groups, but colleagues have reduced the list to seven categories in recent years. These job families and the salient traits that apply to four out of five workers in each category, according to the experts, are as follows:

Biological science (Doctor, dentist, artist, architect)—Introspective, analytical, patient. Like precise, creative work with their hands. Concerned with objective data. Not too sympathetic with people.

Physical science (Engineer, mathematician, chemist, physicist)—Much the same as above, plus an interest in manipulating symbols.

Subprofessional technical (Mechanic, artisan, farmer, policeman and other big-muscle jobs)—Introverts interested in things rather than people. Often are highly self-sufficient. Limited creativity.

Social welfare (Minister, teacher, social worker, nurse, institutional work)—Idealistic extroverts. Strong interest in people and community affairs. Stimulated mainly by outside sources.

Business detail (Office worker, accountant, banker, purchasing agent, production foreman)—Introspective, perfectionists on small details. Often take refuge from people in impersonal matters. Limited creativity. Artisans with paper and pencil.

Business contact (Salesman, merchandiser, owner of small business)—Strong interest in people, but not necessarily extroverts. Like to influence others.

Persuasive arts (Lawyer, writer, advertising, public relations)—Introspective, not particularly sympathetic to people, though they desire to manipulate them, the lawyer within an established framework, the writer in a world of his own making.

If you will kindly put aside your ball bats, we will hastily consult a member of Klein's staff and thresh out some statements that have annoyed or outraged you. The rundown makes most of us appear to be brooding sourpusses who dislike people. A not-too-sympathetic label is pinned on doctors. What about the benign family physician who is a friend and confidant of his patients? Is he extinct?

"He exists as an ideal in the minds of his patients," says Dr. (of psychology) Jack Bernard. "Doctors cultivate a comforting bedside manner because it's expected of them, but they're interested in people mainly as media for exercising their skill and knowledge."

Ministers and teachers are described as deriving stimulation from other people. That suggests they lack inner resources. What about their traditional function as inspirational forces?

"If you don't mind, I'll stick to teachers," Bernard said. "Are you a college graduate? All right. In sixteen years of education you had approximately one hundred teachers. Can you honestly say more than two or three really inspired you? I thought not.

"A good example illustrates a significant point. One of our oldest clients is a book publisher. Thousands of teachers work for it as salesmen in their spare time. Some do so well they want to quit teaching and become full-time commission salesmen, but we usually advise most of them against it. We know from experience that they need the emotional anchor of a regular salary."

This raises a question about the American dream—the opportunity to go into business for oneself. People often hesitate to give up the security of steady jobs because they don't know whether they can cope with the strains and uncertainties of self-employment. Can this facet of personality be appraised in tests?

"Yes. The key factor is self-sufficiency, and it can be measured pretty accurately. A self-employed person must have the capacity to make independent decisions and get along without other people. It's purely a matter of temperament and has nothing to do with intelligence or ability.

"By the way, there has been a distinct change in the American dream in recent years. The attitudes of Americans reflect the welfare legislation enacted during the last generation. Big companies report an increasing percentage of kids are more interested today in pension plans than chances for advancement. Whether this marks a good or bad trend depends on your social philosophy."

The identical question is posed by critics of industrial aptitude tests. Since the Klein Institute is prominent in the business, let's look at its procedure in screening applicants for a client and upgrading old employees. First of all, the candidates never are seen by Klein's staff. Its deductions are drawn entirely from written tests by analysts who hold masters' degrees or Ph.D.'s. Klein maintains that this method insures complete objectivity and, besides, the tests give a truer picture of an individual's potential and personality than can be gained in a face-to-face interview.

Before anyone is tested, however, Klein and the client establish the specific

Second Chorus

By Herbert Merrill

Frogs, I hear you in the night,
Crying that the moon is bright.
You're correct, no doubt about it;
Spring is here, but must you shout it
All night long like witless sheep
Baaing when I need my sleep?
Look, I am in favor of
Lakes and lily pads and love,
Moonlight spilling down like cream
Over every pond and stream
And fringing with a ruff of lace
Every popeyed froggy face,
But now I beg you on my knees
No more encores, if you please.

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ability and personality traits required for a given job. In other words, round pegs are fitted into round holes; individuals are matched to prefabricated patterns. Varying factors govern these criteria—the customers and employees with whom the candidate will have contact, his basic interest, his prospects for graduating to a better job, and the company's competitive position. For example, a firm entrenched as the leader in a retail field should select low-pressure salesmen to retain the good will of merchants, whereas an outfit struggling for more volume needs aggressive pushers who can get favorable shelf and display space.

Changing conditions affect job criteria from the top echelon down to the production line. In the last decade, founders of many businesses have been superseded by boards of directors representing stockholders. The founders, rugged individualists who once ran the show as they jolly well pleased, often resist the board's authority. One of Klein's major assignments is to spot executives who can resolve intramural hassles and eventually take charge of the operation.

On the other side of the fence, the dictatorial foreman and personnel manager are as passé as the quill pen. Supervisory jobs now call for tactful negotiators who can promote management policies without antagonizing organized labor. Technical background is another qualification in big demand. An office manager doesn't have to know how to repair machines, but he should understand the capabilities of the equipment his staff uses. Salesmen who tell funny stories and deliver canned spiels on their products are losing accounts hand over fist to bright hustlers who can answer the tough questions that druggists, appliance dealers and delicatessen owners are asking.

It seems logical to match people to jobs best suited to them, but commercial tests for that purpose are criticized by sociologists and thoughtful laymen on three counts:

1. Appraisals of personality are not valid scientifically, because an individual is the product of abstract and complex qualities that cannot be measured accurately.

2. Probing into an employee's subconscious drives is an invasion of privacy.

3. Fitting round pegs into round holes marks a dangerous trend toward dull conformity which penalizes superior ability. In his best seller, The Organization Man, William H. Whyte, Jr., contends the tests are loaded with "team" values that "reward the conformist, the pedestrian, the unimaginative, at the expense of the exceptional individual." Whyte also argues that as more people are molded into rigid patterns, the more difficult it is for dynamic men and women to gain an audience for the bold, provocative ideas a progressive society needs.

Klein, a short, bland man, was put on the stand to answer these attacks. "I'll concede there are elements of truth in two charges if you'll give me half a chance to expose fallacies in the arguments against testing," he said amiably.

Fair enough. Are personality tests valid scientifically?

"Not to the degree I'd like them to be. They're a lot more accurate, though, than the snap judgments people make when they meet strangers. A test can rectify a misleading impression an employer often gets of an applicant in one short session."

In which facet of personality is the test least reliable?

Klein winced. "On incentive, a major force in success. Incentive can't be evaluated because it's affected by external influences such as interaction with people and changing conditions. We can't pick future stars. Our service is designed for jobs below the policy-making level, where aptitude and intelligence are the main considerations. Personality is a prime factor in the make-up of executives, but anyone who says they conform to a pattern is crazy."

Are there other limitations of the test?

"Yes. Tests are not substitutes for managerial judgment and responsibility. They are not meant to take the boss off the hook in hiring, promoting or firing. We've canceled contracts when companies have tried to use the tests as excuses for firing people. When there's a sharp discrepancy between performance on the job and the test, we tell a client to ignore our report and rely on his own judgment."

Then why give a test at all?

"Because it's a valuable tool for broadening information on an employee. We immediately suspect something serious is disturbing a man who has a good work record, but scores poorly on the test. When that happens we advise the client to give the man a thorough physical checkup. In our files there are many dramatic examples of men who didn't know they had nervous disorders, brain tumors and cataracts until we found evidence of worry in their tests."

What about the charge that the tests are an invasion of privacy?

"Nonsense. The ordinary application blank digs deeper into private affairs than we do. We don't ask questions about marital relations, personal finances, religion, previous jobs or education. The only biographical information we want is the age, height and weight of a subject."

The most strenuous objection to Klein's type of testing is that it concentrates on selecting people who can conform to a company's personality and mentality.

"By and large, that's true, and I deplore the concessions the individual must make to group pressures. But conformity is the story of every responsible person's life. Business efficiency demands the acceptance of authority. The big boss' definition of teamwork is, 'Do it my way or else.' That's how it always has been and always will be. Someone must call the shots."

To be sure—but where does the creative, ambitious fireball fit into the picture?

"At the top of the heap—if he has brains and ability. Critics say tests penalize the exceptional man who has too much drive to go through twenty years of routine progress before he reaches his objective. But the criteria for all jobs don't call for routine talent. Industry always needs smart, aggressive men to introduce new ideas and products, open new territory and tackle unusual problems. The fireball may have trouble finding such a spot, but in the long run he winds up all right.

"In his book Whyte makes a big to-do over the fact that none of a dozen well-known corporation leaders he tested made ratings they expected of employees. He claims that proves tests are worthless, but it supports two points I've made—that executives don't conform to a pattern and that fireballs manage, one way or another, to get the chances they deserve.

"Look, industry got along fine long before psychological tests were invented, and it will flourish if another one never is given. Businessmen wouldn't continue to pay testing firms big fees if they weren't convinced we help them. I like to think we perform a more valuable function for employees. A company that hires a worker for the wrong job loses

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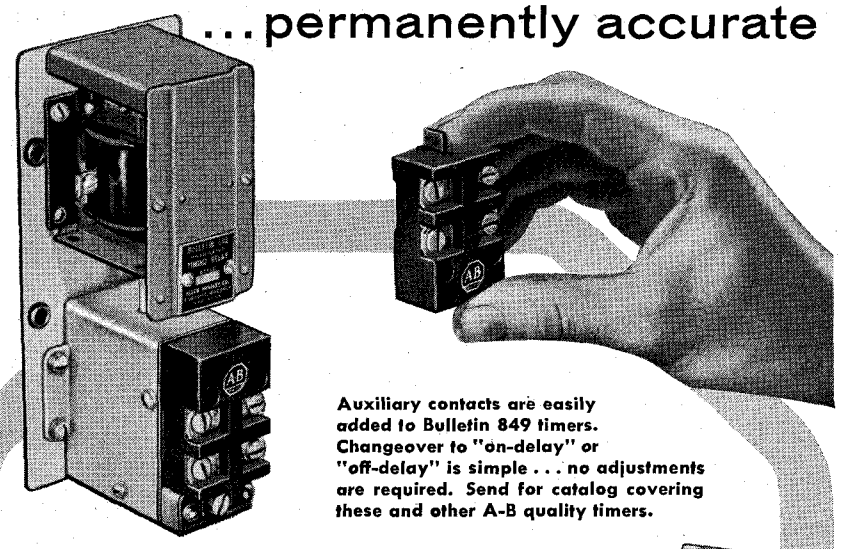

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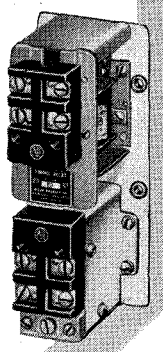

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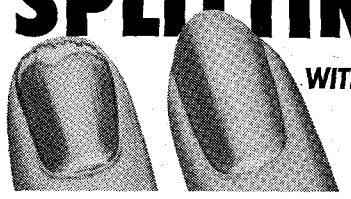

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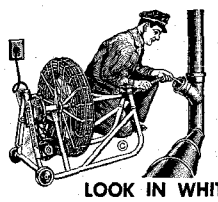

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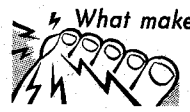

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money which can be recovered, but the individual loses time and opportunity which never can be recaptured."

The most fascinating part of this story, to me, was the test I took myself. It was a battery of eight standard exams covering vocational interests, personality inventory, social intelligence, vocabulary and sales sense. There were, by actual count, 1517 questions and it was quite a workout. It lasted five and a half hours, but I got off easy.

The test for a policy-making executive takes twelve hours. My test confirmed everything I knew about myself, including a number of traits that do not endear me to people. The upshot was that I'm in the proper field.

With the exception of thirty arithmetic problems on the tenth-grade level, all the questions involved a yes, no, or a choice of one of four answers. Some of the queries were so ambiguous they seemed ridiculous. For example, one read: "Do you often feel just miserable?" Preceding it was a note stating there were no right or wrong answers.

"How do you evaluate the meaning of 'often'?" I asked Phil Launer, who interpreted my test. "Twice a week, twice a month, twice a year?"

"Tell me the job and I'll give you the answer," Launer said.

"Polishing Marlon Brando's sneakers. It's no sillier than the gobbledygook that there are no right or wrong answers."

"Each answer is a small chip that fits into the mosaic of an individual's total personality," Launer said patiently. "When the pieces are put together, we have a picture of his attitudes and reactions to various working conditions and types of people. Whether his personality is right or wrong for a field cannot be determined until it is related to the specific job.

"For example, it would seem that an even, sunny disposition should be a business asset. Most people in creative work, though, answer that they often feel miserable. Their definitions of 'often' may fluctuate wildly, but a fellow who admits he is moody reflects one index of temperament for creative work. On the other hand, efficient personnel managers have a good deal of patience and emotional stability, so we look for those traits in appraising an applicant for a supervisory job.

"There are many surprises in these personality profiles. A salesman generally is thought of as an easygoing, good-time Charley. But he won't get far if he is. The best salesman in some lines fails to get orders on a fairly high percentage of his calls. If he takes rejections too complacently, he doesn't have the drive to increase his calls. That's the payoff."

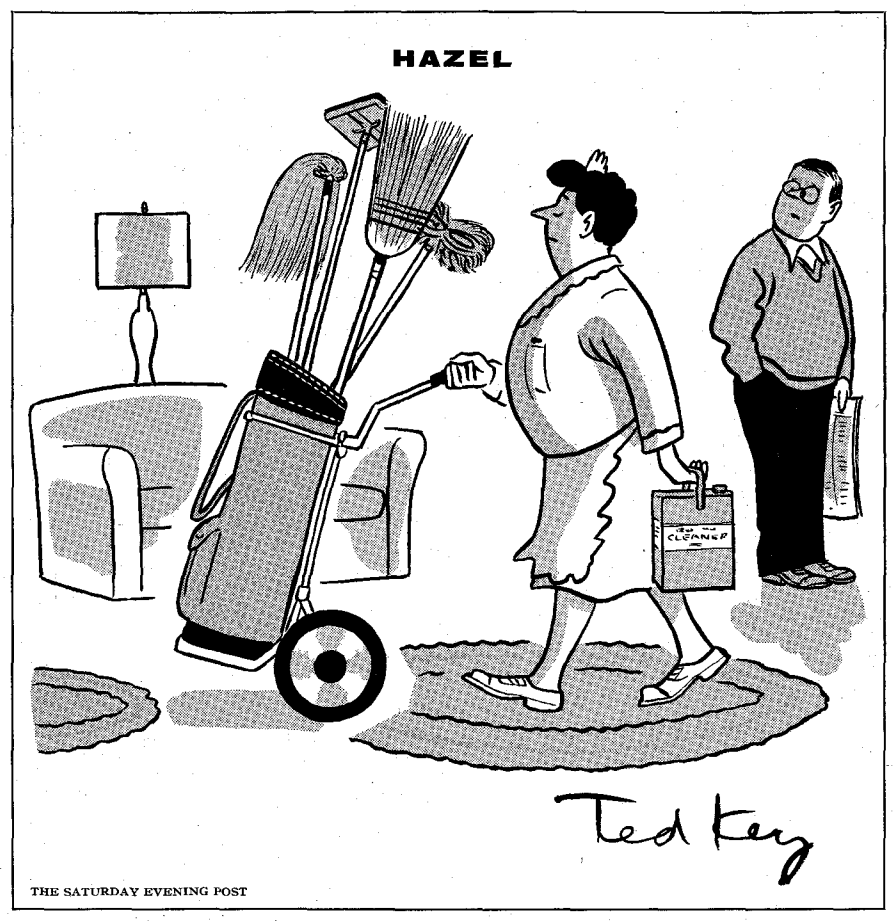
Can a shrewd applicant make an educated guess at the criteria for a job and gear his answers accordingly?

Launer smiled. "Several articles have been written giving tips for beating the test. They're worthless because the authors don't know the different weights assigned to the answers in the final score. Besides, it's difficult for anyone to be inconsistent with himself. He may fake the answer to an obvious question, but he invariably gives himself away on a subtle question. There are built-in checks that immediately expose a contradictory pattern of answers.

"Don't forget we also measure aptitude. It's almost impossible to get away with faking there. But suppose a guy does beat the test. He's fooling nobody but himself; his incompetence will catch up with him. Actually, most people are painfully honest on the tests. You'd be amazed how often they sell themselves down the river when they're in line for promotions. Not all men want the responsibility of a bigger job."

From a backlog of 250,000 tests, Klein can whip up a large batch of cases demonstrating that his service is effective in placing the right people in the right jobs.

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, plagued by an annual turnover of 77 per cent among salesmen, reduced it to 11 per cent in seven years by adopting Klein's screening methods. Aptitude testing is highly endorsed by David J. Richards, vice president of E. F. Houghton and Company of Philadelphia, a leading manufacturer of industrial oils and chemicals. "Over the years we've found that ninety-eight per cent of the engineers, junior executives and salesmen recommended by Klein work out to our complete satisfaction," Richards says. "When an emergency forces us to hire men against Klein's recommendation, about sixty per cent of them don't pan out."



The most unusual assignment ever undertaken by Klein was selecting civilians for the DEW (Distant Early Warning) line, the chain of radar stations stretching across the desolate wastes of Northern Canada. Trouble was anticipated in recruiting enough electronic specialists—the exact number is classified information—but the monthly wages of $800 and up attracted five applicants for each opening despite the grim conditions attached to the jobs. Men would be obliged to sign up for eighteen-month tours of duty in isolated shacks with only one partner for companionship and one contact a month—by plane—with the outside world.

The bleak setup obviously called for men with strong emotional stability and self-sufficiency to avert mental breakdowns. Klein's people originally thought the most likely candidates were unattached fellows with no family ties, but the rush of applicants suggested that salary was the big incentive. The staff concentrated on picking young married men with no children, who wanted to accumulate nest eggs to start their own businesses. That slant on the job led to a new record for the arctic. Although the men were free to quit any time they chose, more than 80 per cent stuck it out for eighteen months. And when their hitches expired last October, an unprecedented 40 per cent signified their intention of going back.

Another offbeat order was filled by Klein last fall when the Kansas City Athletics were put through the psychological wringer at the request of Arnold Johnson, the owner. "I wanted to find out whether the players have unsuspected ability that can be useful to them after they're washed up in baseball," Johnson explains. The tests were conducted by Robert G. Bernreuter, formerly Klein's technical director and now professor of psychology at Penn State. His findings are calculated to stun fans who believe the hulking heroes are muscle-bound between the ears.

"The players as a group scored surprisingly high in intelligence and social awareness, well above the man in the grandstand," Bernreuter reports. Outfielder Bob Martyn needn't worry about his .267 batting average of last year. His range of interests and personality profile are those of a college professor. Hector Lopez has a strong bent for welfare work with kids, and Vic Power could do extremely well as a draftsman if he had formal training. "I wouldn't hesitate to hire three other of my players for top executive spots in my organization," Johnson declares.

Johnson has been high on aptitude testing since 1955, when he merged his Automatic Canteen Company, a firm that sells food and drinks in vending machines, with the Rowe Company. In the deal he inherited Rowe's 200 branch managers and supervisors. Performance records on the new men were so sketchy that Johnson commissioned Klein to analyze all the men. Klein recommended keeping 127 in their jobs, transferring seventy-two to new territories, and giving one a six-month leave of absence for medical treatment.

"Klein's fee was the best investment I ever made," Johnson says. "His advice on those new men was the major factor in tripling my sales."

Psychological testing, once a clever experiment confined to college laboratories, has spread prodigiously since Klein went into it through the oldest of all motives, self-preservation. He was a $20,000-a-year sales manager for the B. C. Forbes publishing company when the depression laid a clammy hand on business. "I was heading for a series of salary cuts, so I had to find another way of making a living," he confides.

He opened an office as a sales consultant and was appalled by the slipshod methods his clients used to select personnel. Klein was positive the whole thing could be done scientifically, but he didn't know how to go about it until he heard Prof. Samuel Stevens, of Northwestern University, was tackling the problem with 400,000 vocational tests he had given to students. Klein and Stevens started an industrial testing service under conditions that hardly reflected favorably on their own business acumen.

Management had no money to spend on fancy gimmicks and labor was suspicious of tests as a devious trick to bounce older workers out of jobs. The partnership was dissolved in 1937, but Klein, with his wife's assistance, continued to dabble with tests in consultant work. In 1939 a surprise call came from Syd Chamberlain, of the Kendall Company, a textile concern in Boston. Chamberlain had written to Sales Management magazine asking for advice in selecting salesmen, and the editors referred him to Klein. He made a sporting offer to Klein. He proposed that Klein test fifteen of his men and rate them in order of efficiency. Then Klein's appraisal would be compared with a rating made by Chamberlain on the basis of his personal knowledge of the men and their sales records. Klein jumped at the chance, and the editors of the magazine agreed to serve as judge in an open hearing.

Klein first read his rating of the men, who were identified only by numbers. Then a sealed envelope with Chamberlain's rating was opened. The lists coincided on thirteen of the fifteen men. The experiment was publicized extensively, but Klein's service did not get off the ground until the manpower pinch during World War II accentuated personnel problems.

The widespread acceptance of testing was underscored two years ago at the Carpenter Steel Company of Reading, Pennsylvania. Four plant workers were qualified by seniority and merit for promotion to a foreman's job, but the company preferred one man and the union another one. Both sides agreed to settle the dispute by having Klein test the four men. Neither the company's nor the union's candidate was nominated. Klein recommended one of the dark horses, who showed the highest capacity for getting along with people, and he got the job. He still holds it and is doing fine.

Not all aptitude tests are given with paper and pencil. Hollywood uses a tape measure for starlets, and tone deafness seems to be a prerequisite for apprentice pop singers. Then there is the classic story of the young man who started as a shipping clerk with a manufacturing company and made such a splendid impression on his superiors that he soon was appointed supervisor of the department. In rapid succession he was promoted to plant superintendent, chief purchasing agent and vice president in charge of sales. After two meteoric years, the president summoned the phenom to his office.

"You have made such remarkable progress," the boss beamed, "that I have decided to step aside and let you run the business."

The youth flushed and kicked the rug shyly. "Thanks, dad," he said.

THE END

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May 3, 1958

Billy --
I've borrowed your Smith-Corona to do the P.T.A. minutes. You'll find it in Dad's study when you're ready to do your homework.
Mom
P.S. after me
— Sis

Smith-Corona

World's first and fastest portable typewriter. See it at your dealer's. Also have him show you the newest of Smith-Corona Portables — it's the world's first Electric Portable Typewriter!

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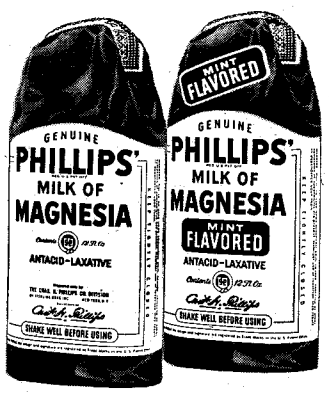
Feeling "HALF-THERE" due to Upset Stomach?

Settle Your Stomach in Seconds with Milk of Magnesia!

Scientific tests show that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia actually settles your stomach in *seconds!* That's because Phillips' is one of the *fastest, most effective* stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered!

So whenever upset stomach, gas, heartburn or other symptoms of acid indigestion have you feeling only "half there", take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia right away. In almost no time at all you'll be back to normal —feeling bright and chipper again. Get Phillips'—either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing.



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
REGULAR • FLAVORED

Keeping Posted

Bulletin From Diaper Lane

Mr. Clarke (at right, of course) and Miss Gilroy have fun at a party.

Here is a nice last-minute bulletin from **Philip Clarke,** who on page 32 tells how he flew to Greece, selected an orphan baby to adopt, overcame a welter of legal obstacles, and brought the boy back to his delighted wife, Carol, in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.—all in three weeks' time. Before this the Clarkes had been childless.

"Our son, Nicholas," says the father, "is the happiest, healthiest baby in Diaper Lane, our apartment building's new nickname." Nicholas already has an American girl friend, a blonde named Kathleen Gilroy; she's one day younger and he recently invited her to his first birthday party. Other late news: a court order has come from Athens officially making Mrs. Clarke a mother and her son an alien in good standing, opening the way for him to become a U.S. citizen in two years. Meanwhile Nicholas, says his father, seems to have been giving other people happy ideas. "Mr. Lambrinidis, my lawyer in Athens, writes that he's going steady with Maria Agapitou, welfare supervisor at the Metera orphanage where I found Nicholas; and John Rigos, Greek correspondent for Newsweek magazine with which I am affiliated, sends word that he and his American wife, Beth, now are expecting their first-born this spring." But best of all, says Philip Clarke: "Our own doctor says that if all continues to go well my wife will herself be doing the honors next September!"

Afternoon of an Author

Although F. Scott Fitzgerald had a productive career of only 20 years, he wrote not only The Great Gatsby and other superb novels, but also some 150 short stories and 40 essays. However, less than half of his short subjects have ever been made available to the public in book form. Thus many readers will welcome Afternoon of an Author, a book of hitherto uncollected material selected by Arthur Mizener, who wrote Fitzgerald's biography, The Far Side of Paradise. In his introduction Mizener says, "Fitzgerald's first mature stories were designed for The Saturday Evening Post." Well, Scott's by-line was in this magazine just 70 times, and eight significant selections from the Post have been included in Scribner's just-published book.

Scott Fitzgerald.

The Triumphant Hennons

In the Feb. 1st Post **Myron Cope** wrote about Don Hennon, University of Pittsburgh basketball star who is only five feet eight, and about his father, Butler Hennon, principal and basketball coach at Wampum, Pa., High School, which turns out terrific teams from a student body of about 65 boys. So how did the Hennons do after the Post came out? Don Hennon, despite playing his last nine games handicapped by injuries, hit a season average of 25.9 points per game, set three new Pitt scoring records, and made both the A.P. and U.P. all-American teams. Meanwhile, Wampum High, including Don's brother, Bill (same height), won the Class B state championship. Principal Hennon recently withdrew as a candidate for county superintendent of schools so that he could keep on coaching.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"We Found a New Northwest Passage"

Capt. Thomas C. Pullen, R.C.N., who first broke through the long-sought route for big ships across the Arctic, describes his perilous voyage.

Printed in U.S.A.

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